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THE PRINCE OF WALES WINNING THE HOG-HUNTERS' CUP.

# PIG-STICKING OR HOG-HUNTING

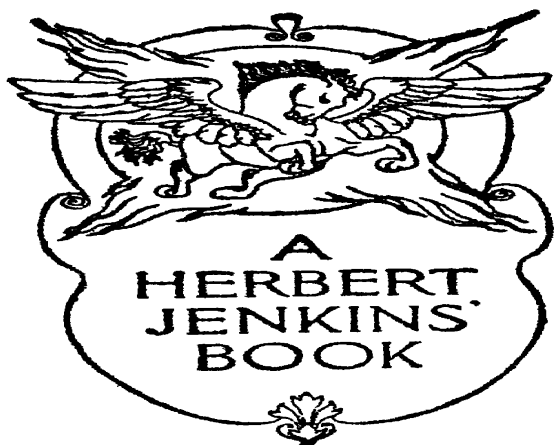
A COMPLETE ACCOUNT FOR SPORTSMEN—  
AND OTHERS

BY  
SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, BART.

A REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION WITH FORTY-TWO NEW ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN  
BY THE AUTHOR

"DUM SPIRO SPEARO"—*Old Shikari.*

HERBERT JENKINS LIMITED  
3 YORK STREET · ST. JAMES'S  
LONDON S.W.1 ⌘ ⌘ MCMXXIV



DEDICATED  
by permission  
to  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
the  
PRINCE OF WALES  
who in the Pig-sticking field proved himself  
in the fuller sense of the word  
A Prince among Sportsmen.



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## AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

**I**N the Great War a subaltern was snugged down in the funk-hole of his observation post, when to his horror the alarm was given that a general was at the post.



GENERAL AND SUBALTERN. N.B.—NOT PORTRAITS.

General Wardrop it was, and he was beginning to be nasty about the absence of the officer concerned.

“Well, sir, and why weren’t you here when I came into your post? Where were you? What were you doing?”



The guileless lad, with that innocent George Washington look that is only to be found in the blue eyes of a subaltern, said : " Please, sir, I cannot tell a lie. I am very sorry, but I was so absorbed in my book that I did not see you coming."

" Book ? What the ——. What on earth book were you reading ? "

" Oh, sir. It was a book by a General Wardrop ; a beautiful book ! A book called ' Modern Pig-sticking ' ! "

" H'm ! Ha ! Found it a good book, did you ? Well—don't let it occur again, my boy."

Thirty odd years ago I, too, was a subaltern, perhaps not so blue-eyed, but mighty keen on pig-sticking, and there was no Wardrop's book then to guide me. But one was much needed, and I rushed in where my betters feared to tread and wrote the original of this book, " Pig-sticking." Now I am asked to bring out a new edition of it.

Of course it is a joy to me to revive the memories and re-live some of the happiest days of my time and to recall the good fellows who were my companions in the sport.

I can only hope that their recital may yet be helpful to beginners at the game, and may even have its interest for some of those old-timers who with me " also ran."

But at the same time I am very diffident about it since I am now very much of a back number, and my pig-sticking was long ago.

Still—you know what publishers are. So, here goes !

PART I

THE NATURE AND VALUES OF  
PIG-STICKING



# PIG-STICKING OR HOG-HUNTING

## CHAPTER I

### HISTORY AND NATURE OF THE SPORT

#### HISTORY

**I**N the first place, before going into details, I have to assume that you are totally ignorant of what is meant by "Pig-sticking" (as it is called in Bengal), or "Hog-hunting" (as it is termed in Bombay).

Of course, it is customary, in beginning a book, to commence with the grammar or the ancient history of the thing—and in this way to bore not only one's readers but oneself as well.

So forgive me, but when people buck about the ancienty of, say, golf, or polo, or fox-hunting, one may be excused for just saying that in this direction (as, indeed, in every other) pig-sticking yields nothing to any of them. Perhaps, excepting murder (ref. Genesis, chapter 2) pig-sticking is one of the oldest sports in the world.

If you want to go into the archæology of the thing

you can study its history in various encyclopædias, Natural History books, Egyptian hieroglyphics, and, for all I know, in cuneiform records.

I have had the luck myself to come across both Roman and Greek tombs with bas-reliefs on them relating to the prowess in the pig-sticking line of



A PIG-STICKER'S TOMB.

their respective incumbents ; and they are at least interesting as showing that in the old days a good pig-sticker was appreciated and honoured as an asset to the nation.

Times have changed, and to-day I do believe that the public would put up a statue to a politician in preference to a pig-sticker—a pig-sticker, mind you, being a man who goes straight to his point, plays fair, rides with courage and judgment to help to kill the pig, and not to win the suffrages of the

gallery ; and yet—well, I will leave it at that, but there it is.

St. George himself—the Patron Saint of cavalry, of chivalry, of scouts, and of England—gave us a lead for pig-sticking. If he wanted to kill the dragon he could easily have done so without risk to himself by leaving a bit of poisoned pork in its way, but as it was he was a true sportsman and preferred to attack it with a hand to hand weapon and to give himself the further handicap of having to manage a horse which probably hated a monster that breathed fire in its face.

I remember a veteran pig-sticker, being charged with cruelty in his pursuit, retorted by calling up St. George as a historical precedent.

Anyhow, pig-sticking dates a long way back as a manly and tip-top sport.

The form now in vogue in India is, however, of more recent origin. Like fox-hunting in England, which only gained its regular standing as such on the decease of stags about 150 years ago, pig-sticking as now practised in India became recognised only at the beginning of the last century as a substitute for bear-sticking, which had until then been the most popular sport of Bengal.

The bear was hunted by mounted sportsmen armed with a short, heavy, broad-bladed spear, which was thrown *à la* javelin ; but bears became scarce, and the bear-hunters took to spearing pigs in the same way, and soon found that in the latter beast they had a foe more worthy of their steel.

In order to lend an additional interest to the proceedings it became usual to get up a sweepstake

before starting to ride a boar, which was won by him who first succeeded in throwing his spear so that it stuck fairly into the boar's body, and to avoid mistakes each competitor's spear was decorated with ribbons of a different colour.

The eventual death of the pig was not, in those days, an important consideration. To-day it is the whole aim of the run.



OUR GRANDFATHERS PIG-STICKING.

The more modern conditions of pig-sticking are a bit different, though I am bound to say that they haven't altered very much in the last fifty years. This keeping up the sporting character of pig-sticking has been, in part, thanks to men like General Wardrop, who, as Secretary of the Meerut Tent Club, set his face against introducing new rules and artificialising the sport: and, indeed, it needs few rules beyond the unwritten ones of good sportsmanship.

#### SHORT OUTLINE OF THE SPORT

Well, pig-sticking is briefly—very briefly and coldly—this. One or more parties of three riders

apiece go out armed with spears. A number of the local inhabitants are engaged to beat the jungle and drive out the pig.

If a cover is being beaten the different parties wait at likely points outside ; or if an open grass plain is being driven they ride with the line of beaters, just as the guns move with the beaters when walking up grouse or partridges.

And then—well, I've said I will deal with it coldly, so I merely state that when a boar is presently sighted and goes lobbing away at his stiff-looking canter you all go crazy. You can't help it ; horses and men, it's a mad race for all.

The sporting old boar lets you get up a bit and then his canter, without any very perceptible change, lengthens its stride and carries him over the ground at a pace that takes you all you know to keep him in sight.

For half a mile or more he can keep ahead on the flat and, if obstacles intervene, he may gain on you considerably.

But presently you begin to overhaul him. Your horse, who has seen a pig or two in his time, is all on for a rush, especially with others on either side eager to win "first spear" ; but you have to ride him with judgment and to keep a bit in hand for the final work.

Then comes the time when you begin to get within range, and you turn your spear ready for use.

I tell you, even now my blood—but, no, I must drop that—I'm dealing with it *coldly*. But all the same it's like drawing swords in the gallop for the charge. It means suddenly business.



If you are in the happy position of leading, your heart is in your mouth—there are so many slips betwixt the point and the pig.

You've got to keep one eye on him lest he should give you the slip, and the other on your rivals who may come cramming past and beat you in the last stride ; or the pig may turn his head the least bit to one side to cock his eye at you, and the next second *he is not* ; he has flung himself off to one side or the other, leaving you to swing round, while the man lying second or third gets a short cut across on to the pig's new line and so gains your place in the lead, unless you are very quick.

Then, when all are going at full split the pig may suddenly " prop " off the line with his legs stiffened and head down, and then swinging back again with ears pricked and every bristle on end with rage, he will come hurtling at you in a wicked, snarling charge, determined to rip your horse and get you down.

You catch your mount by the head, grip him fast with your legs, and meet charge with charge.

At him you go as hard as time and space will allow, and if your horse knows his business, he will leap the boar while you, on your part, drive your spear deep through his back or shoulder and roll him over if you can.

You will thus know the joy of winning first spear ; but the game is by no means over. In fact, this is where the fun begins. Mr. Boar will no doubt be on his feet again in a twinkling, with murder in his eye, ready to tackle the next man coming up.

Then there will be another charge and another

wound, and still more before the gallant old brute sinks down to die.

On the other hand, he may turn the tables on you, or he may—oh, there are thousands of diversions that may happen. No two runs are the same ; but in all coldness and brevity I have given you a general idea of what is meant by pig-sticking, so that you will better understand the motive of the following chapters.



SKETCHED AT 9.15 A.M. ON 21ST OCTOBER, 1922.

(I don't say I saw it—I sketched it.)

And you will better understand, and perhaps sympathise with, old pig-stickers who, when they meet, forget all else and talk pig-sticking to the utter boredom of the other unfortunates who may be present. I once heard an old sportsman say in vindication of this, "Generally speaking, nothing is more low than 'bucking,' but when pig-sticking is the theme a man not only may, but positively

ought to buck, since pig-sticking is *the* sport par excellence."

Bucking is, therefore, your duty so long as you stick near the line. I mean to say—well, don't stray off it as I once had to do in order properly to impress a stay-at-home scoffer. I drew him a sketch of pig-sticking from camel-back, and to make it appear more authentic I added the date and hour at which I sketched it, though I omitted to say that I did not sketch it from life.

#### COMPARISON WITH OTHER SPORTS

Pig-sticking demands the assistance of a horse, and this in itself commends it more particularly to the Anglo-Saxon race.

Moreover, the quarry is not only fast and crafty, but he is also plucky, powerful and cruel; he enters fully into the spirit of the chase, and he will generally give you a good fight as well as a good run for your money.

That pig-sticking has an affinity to the sport of all true British sportsmen—viz., fox-hunting—cannot be denied, but that there exists a neck and neck resemblance between them is not so easy to see; in fact, they are not to be compared.

Yet much midnight oil and gas, liquid and tobacco smoke have been consumed in country house billiard-rooms over the discussion of their respective merits.

As a matter of fact, pig-sticking may equally claim an affinity with polo and with racing, and to the glorious attractions of these it adds a taste of

the brutal and most primitive of all hunts—namely, the pursuit, with a good weapon in your hand, of an enemy whom you want to kill.

In pig-sticking every man *rides to hunt*, whereas in fox-hunting (although for some occult reason we seldom own to it) we *hunt to ride*.

The first part of a pig-sticking run partakes rather of the nature of a point-to-point race, since each man is endeavouring to be first across country to come up with the pig and so to gain the honours of the run.

When the “first spear” has been won, the dodging and turning and quick rallies required for fighting the boar resemble pretty closely the galloping *mêlée* of the polo field till, with your worst passions roused as the grizzled old tusker pits himself against you, you meet charge with charge and, blind to all else but the strong and angered foe before you, with your good spear in your hand, you rush for blood with all the ecstasy of a fight to the death. And then—

“All’s blood and dust and grunting curses.”

Well—this is a different thing from the pleasurable enjoyment to be got from a gallop with hounds in a peaceful English county. Yet, in the Indian sport—for all its excitement—you do not get the home surroundings, the stretching gallop over fences and grass, the keen air, the neighbourly pageant and all the halo of Old Englishness that go to make fox-hunting the lovable sport that it is. Perhaps, indeed, it is only after tasting other wilder sports that you really appreciate the beauty of this more homely one.

The fact is that pig-sticking is a rough, wild sport, with somewhat strange and foreign surroundings, eminently suited to a keen sportsman, even though he be needy, who in India finds himself in a position to buy horses at a more reasonable price than at home ; and who, in addition, by reason of the settled nature of the weather, can be sure of at least four



PIG-STICKING IS A ROUGH SPORT.

months of continuous hunting, without the risk of finding his horses thrown idle on his hands to eat their heads off during sudden visitations of frosts or storms. Lastly, it is a sport in which a savage quarry has to be warily hunted and boldly fought, and where the whole object of the chase is his death. Fox-hunting, on the contrary, needs money, and although of a tamer nature, has just as many delights

born of the glamour of its peculiar home associations, surroundings and comforts. But here the main point is a good gallop over a fenced country, the death of the fox being a secondary consideration. Sir Thomas Seaton, in "From Cadet to Colonel," gives a spirited, though somewhat one-sided, comparison of the two sports. "Hog-hunting," he says, "is the king of sports. Fox-hunting in England is all very well; a mob of pretty dogs yow-yowing musically after a poor little beast that is only too happy to escape if he can. The only excitement is the gallop and the jumps, the 'raspers,' flying over a brook, or tumbling into it, etc., etc. Still, when he finds himself at his own fireside, the hunter expatiates on the 'glorious sport' he has had. Glorious sport indeed! The hypocrite! Let him go to India and try a turn or two at hog-hunting. Put him on a good horse, place in his hand a sharp, nicely balanced seven-foot spear, and station him just inside the edge of the jungle with a bit of open before him. Let him hear the elephants coming trumpeting, and the beaters giving their warning cry, let him see the sounder break cover and get into the open; then let him gallop after them, and with a friend, single out a big boar and try for first spear. If the boar is a good one he will go at a splitting pace for perhaps a couple of miles, and if he finds he can't escape, will stop at once, turn, and charge down like lightning upon one of the two. Let it be our sportsman. He may perhaps stop the brute's rush, but he won't kill him, and then when he turns and tries for second spear, the really dangerous one, he will see what a devil the wounded boar is. He won't think

much of fox-hunting after he has once succeeded in despatching the more formidable animal."

The above account was written some years ago, when it is reasonable to suppose that the balance between the sports was more equally disposed than it is now, for, while pig-sticking has of late years improved without changing its characteristics, fox-hunting has, on the other hand, become a more artificial pastime with less real sport in it. A good authority on the subject has recently said: "The hunting field is nothing if it is not amusing. It must be very amusing even now when the railway brings crowds of strangers to the covert side, when every covert is expected to hold a fox or two, and the chase is a mere race across country. It is hunting, no doubt, but there is much less of real downright *hunting* than there used to be, and as to woodcraft there is no longer any call for it. The hounds are perfection, if there is such a thing; so are the horses, and the riding is as good as ever; but the hunting is gone, and with it the pleasures attending the gratification of an instinct in a hunting animal."

Pace is everything now; thoroughbred hounds and horses; well-drained lands; and the fly-ahead spirit of the age, all help to this end; there is no time nor need for steady hunting and exercise of woodcraft; all that is "slow" and out of date, not up to the requisite modern steeple-chasing ideas. Even that enthusiastic sportsman, the late Mr. Bromley Davenport, feels bound to confess that, as a sport, fox-hunting has seen its better days. He says in his delightful book: "Perhaps no greater anomaly, no

more palpable anachronism exists than fox-hunting in England."

It is true that among its devotees the *pastime* is as popular as ever it was, in spite of bad times. It is computed that well over a million pounds are spent weekly by hunting men in wages, forage and stabling. But still, for all this, it is little more than a pastime, although the most exhilarating and enjoyable that exists, and as such, with its happy English surroundings, pig-sticking need not be run against it.

Major Moray Brown, in his "Shikar Sketches," compares the two sports in words that well express the opinion of a great number of us who have had experience of both sports during late years. He writes: "You cannot compare the two sports together. To begin with, in fox-hunting you are dependent on 'scent.' Granted the excitement of a fast burst over a grass country, and that you are well carried by your horse, the end—what is it? A poor little fox, worried by at least forty times its number of hounds. Has he a chance, bar his cunning, of baffling his pursuers? No. Now, how different is the chase of the boar of India! There you must depend on *yourself* in every way, and at the end your quarry meets you on nearly fair and equal terms, and though certain chances are in your favour the odds are not forty to one against your killing him, as is the case in fox-hunting. Please do not think I am decrying fox-hunting, for I am not. I *love* it; I adore, with a sort of venatic worship, both a fox and a hound; but if I were given my choice of the two sports, I should choose hog-hunting, just as you, dear reader, would prefer a



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gallop with the Quorn or Cottesmore to a day's 'jelly dogging' ! ”

Doubtless, as a cross-country rider and sportsman, a fox-hunter would be the first to take to pig-sticking should fate ordain that he must visit India. And, in fact, with all the modern conveniences, rapidity, and economy of travel, there is no reason why many a hunting man should not nowadays take fate into his own hands, and at the wind-up of the season at home start for the sunny East, there to set himself up with a few horses in a good locality for two or three months after the pig, from, say, the beginning of April till the middle of July, when the rainy season will interfere with his further sport there, just as the autumn shooting will be calling him home again.

He can then compare the two sports for himself, and probably find, as General Wardrop does in "Modern Pig-sticking," that the sport he prefers is the one he happens to be enjoying at the time. And so say I.

## CHAPTER II

### OTHER VALUES IN PIG-STICKING

#### HEALTH TO BODY AND MIND

**B**UT there is something more than mere pastime underlying this sport.

I knew a man once who was a big game hunter in Central Africa. After a long spell of it, desperately solitary work coupled with the never ending hardship of eternally "roughing it," he sought a contrast, and got it, by indulging in comfort and ease in the douce climate of the Seychelle Islands. But here he woke up one day to the fact that indolence and lotus-eating existence is not life. Neither occupation had ulterior aims to it: some useful purpose was needed to give it substance, which he afterwards found was the salt of the more active life he eventually took up, viz. Boy Scouting.

Pig-sticking is a pastime which taken alone would be a fine sport, but merely that: it has, however, some very useful attributes and possibilities underlying it, and these go to make it not only an enjoyable sport but also one that is well worth while.

For one thing, it gives a mental tonic and a jollier outlook on life in a land and climate where such revitalising is sorely needed at times. It gives a man power to say, "Every day and in every way

I am better and better"—yes, and not only to say it but also to feel it.

Then, it is one of the few wild sports in which the hunter is almost always associated with others of his kind.

In most big game expeditions the shooter is attended by only a few trackers, or beaters—more guns would spoil sport; and, although there may be, and is, a certain charm for a time in such solitary life, yet eventually the sportsman longs for companionship of his fellows in his camp.

Nor is it good for a man to become accustomed to a solitary life; Englishmen are already quite misanthropical and reserved enough, in all conscience, without such further training.

In pig-sticking, on the other hand, the hunters live and move and hunt in parties; and yet individual excellence is as necessary as ever to success, while it gains the additional spice born of friendly rivalry with one's fellows.

The hot weather which at first used to appal one as a long nightmare became, with pig-sticking, the healthiest and the happiest part of the year. So long as there was pig-sticking to be got one never wanted to go away to the usual poodle-faking at hill stations. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that hundreds of lives and thousands of livers are saved every year by the exercise and outdoor life of pig-sticking.

It is also equally true that hundreds of young soldiers have, in the Kadir, picked up experience, an eye for country, horsemanship, endurance, quick decision, and determined attack, that has

stood them in good stead later on in other sterner fields.

#### PIG-STICKING'S PLACE IN POLITICS

Although at first it may seem far-fetched, there is yet a deeper significance and possibility about pig-sticking in the present days of political unrest and evolution.

I visited India last year after a long absence. I found changes and I found samenesses, and these contrasts were pretty well typified in the wonderful lay-out of the new capital of India at Delhi and in my squalid old bungalow where I first made my home as a youthful griffin in 1876. Yes, there it was as of yore, and yet changed. The trees which used to surround it had gone, and new, sketchy kind of saplings were coming up in their place. But the same old servants' hovels and stable-sheds remained, and even the same old hole in the wall into which my bearer had put his hand and got bitten by a cobra. How I dosed him with my one precious bottle of old liqueur brandy and sat up with him trying to keep him awake during the night! In spite of all we could do he sank into a stupor and we felt that the end was not far off. As the day dawned to that long night of anxious watching someone went to dig out the cobra, and found after all that it was but a scorpion who inhabited the hole. One realised then that the stupor was merely the happy somnolence of drunkenness, and the patient was presently aroused by hearty direct action. But the brandy was gone for ever!

But I am diverging ; the bungalow itself, when one came to examine it, was exactly as it was on the day I left it forty years ago. There seemed to be the same kutchra colour-wash of doleful blue on the walls, the same old punkah frames, the same old kerosene wall lamps, the same sloppy bathroom humming with mosquitoes, and its outlet hole which used to let in the snakes.

No modern progress there. One might reasonably expect that in all these years water would have been laid on, electric light and mechanical fans supplied civilised bath-rooms added, etc. Not a bit of it.

So it had been, so it must be. Yet, in Government buildings, where everything was really up to date, there was enough contrast to show what was possible. It was very typical of the administration of the country. Progress is going on, vast and perfect offices are erecting themselves at Delhi (which will need armies of clerks to fill them). Avenues of splendid palaces are planned or being built. Millions are being spent on concentrating the Government in one spot. But out in the villages things are just as they were forty years ago. Progress has not filtered down to them yet, at least not from above. If there is any change at all it is of another kind coming from another quarter—and that not a healthy one.

Collectors and Commissioners don't have so much time as they used to have for visiting their districts. They are fully occupied nowadays in compiling all the reports on all the subjects that are required by all the heads of Departments, so that they cannot go about making the personal acquaintance of the

headmen in their districts, and looking into local needs or local progress for themselves.

I used to yarn with these village headmen, and found them like all country folk—as opposed to townsmen—simple honest fellows to whom a personal patriarchal ruler was everything and government by an unseen bureau nothing. They wanted one to whom they could go with their little troubles, or from whom they could get advice when political snakes in the grass were around. The sahib is no longer there to help them.

I am no politician, but I am a sympathiser with patriotic desire for freedom for one's country, and I can well understand the dislike of a people for bureaucratic rule by an alien race, as is the case in India. But, at the same time, it is difficult to see how you are going to make a "nation" out of a number of different races speaking different languages, and having different religions and customs and characters, on a continent—not in a mere country—where, in the three hundreds of millions of inhabitants, only 6 per cent. can as yet read and write!

A paternal, if alien, government has at any rate brought security, good order and prosperity to this vast aggregation of rival peoples, and has to some extent raised their standard of education and living. It has given the Indian also a considerable and increasing voice in the management of the country. All this seems to be forgotten by a few eager spirits who are racing, ahead of time and of qualification, to rouse up the inert masses to throw out the alien and to institute—well, they are not quite clear

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what, but most probably some hearty old ructions between themselves. They seem to want to consolidate all the various races into one nation at a moment when they have the object lesson in Europe of the unwieldy governments being decentralised, and of races and tribes seeking and securing their autonomy.

### PIG-STICKING'S VALUE TO THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

What has all this got to do with pig-sticking ?

Well, it may seem odd, but pig-sticking can be helpful to a considerable degree. The cry of the Nationalist is, that there can be no sympathy between Indian and Briton. East is East and West is West. The present attempt at unnatural alliance must end.

But pig-sticking has shown that, in spite of racial differences, the white man and the Indian can be mutually good friends and comrades where they have a sport in common. Pertab Singh, who died recently, was admired and beloved by every Briton who ever met him, and he had a large circle of real friends among us in England. So, too, have many other Indian sportsmen, like the Maharajas Patiala, Bikanir, " Ranji " Singh, Kapartala, Jodpur, Dholpur.

(The fun I've had with the " Hathi " of Patiala and Indur bir Singh—better known as " Ginger Beer " !)

And the comradeship between the white officers of Indian regiments and their men is proverbial. And it has been sealed by their blood.

If the young Indian were, in the course of his education, encouraged to make himself more of a sportsman and less of a highbrow, he would find himself more of a man and in full mutual friendship with his European brother.

Therefore, when I become Governor-General, I shall make this book and General Wardrop's "Modern Pig-sticking" the text-books for the examination for the Indian Civil Service, with possibly a further practical examination in the field.

Neither the Indian Army nor the Indian Civil Service are attracting the same class of young man as formerly. This is a matter so serious that its importance cannot be exaggerated just at this period of evolution in the country, when better men than ever are needed.

Depreciated rupee-value is one reason for the change, but this could be compensated for. I believe that half the planters of olden days were attracted to Behar and other parts by the sport and adventure as much as by any thought of money-making. If sport, particularly pig-sticking and shooting, were made ostensibly available to compensate for the increased routine work of modern days, it should possibly bring in many a good man to the Service, and it would most assuredly make his work there far more effective. Not only would it give him health, energy and spirit, but it would take the young civilian out into his district and bring him into that all-important personal touch and friendship with his headmen, which cannot be got through official correspondence and chuprassies.

Moreover, now that Indians are taking their part



in the Civil Service, the men of both races, instead of forming separate cliques in the office, would mingle together as comrades of the hunting-field, with common aims and common pursuits.



THE FIRM HAND AND THE LIGHT SEAT OF THE GRIFFIN.

Many a young man among those who pass annually the examination for the Indian Civil Service has not had the opportunity of learning the difference between a horse and a cow, and whose horsemanship comprises a firm hand and a light seat ; and yet on joining his district he finds how essential it is to

good work as well as to personal health to be able to ride.

Polo and pig-sticking are the very best riding schools for beginners and, though both are common in India, pig-sticking will generally be the school more readily available for a Civil Servant, since it can be enjoyed in out-stations where only two or three are gathered together and are not enough for polo.

The Prince of Wales, speaking on his recent visit to India, spoke of the need of healthy recreation for Civil Servants, police officers and others, whose lives are spent in strenuous work in an exhausting climate, and for whom home-leave and hill stations are rarities. It is for these that pig-sticking, if encouraged, could do so much good and bring a return in more efficient work.

#### AS A SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERING

Sir Arthur Cunynghame, in common with such authorities as Sir John Malcolm, Colonel Ord, Sir Lionel Smith, and others, states that, "Pig-sticking is most useful for developing the attributes so necessary in a soldier, viz., eye, hand, a firm seat, courage, and activity."

Many an officer has won for himself the reputation of being a smart leader on a field-day ground, and yet completely and conspicuously fails when put to the real test of actual campaigning in a strange country. He is capable of putting bodies of troops through most intricate movements in good order on a level parade, but once on unknown, wild, or

broken country he is all at sea. He does not possess by nature, or has not developed by practice, the power of taking in at a glance the peculiarities of the terrain and making the best uses of them, nor of recognising his opportunities and seizing them with dash and determination : two of the most useful



A SOWAR.

acquirements in a cavalry leader. These are the two faculties that are particularly developed in pig-sticking.

Apart from the fact that any hardy exercise conduces much to the training and formation of a soldier, pig-sticking tends to give a man what is called a "stalker's eye," but which, *par excellence*,

is the soldier's eye. It teaches him to keep looking about him both near and far, so that by practice he gets to notice objects in the far distance almost before an ordinary man can distinguish them even when pointed out to him. In difficulties of ground he will learn to keep a look-out to the front and not only see his way over present obstacles, but also the best line to take when these have been successfully disposed of. The habit of looking for and noticing the smallest signs of pig teach a man to note and carry in his mind those little marks by which he can often obtain important information, and will always get the country more or less mapped into his brain by a succession of insignificant signs and landmarks, the value of which can be duly appreciated when he has once had to perform a reconnaissance by night ; or to work through an unknown country in time of hostilities.

I was once attached to a certain column of troops for a day or two, in a campaign against a savage enemy in South Africa.

I was riding with the Commanding Officer at the head of the party when we came upon a good deal fresh spoor and "sign" of enemy being about us. I could not help anxiously hoping that his scouts were on the *qui vive*.

He explained that, as a matter of fact, he had no scouts out, as he considered scouting only knocked up the horses and, after all, even if there were foot-marks, there was nothing to show that they were necessarily those of the enemy !

Fortunately for us all he was persuaded after this to use his scouts and his wits.

I afterwards learned from the enemy themselves that this particular officer and his column were often under their power. They nicknamed him "The Bell Wether," because he led his column harmlessly and aimlessly about the country, like a flock of sheep.

Fortunately for him the enemy were astute enough to hold their hand, so as not to give away their presence in the tract of country watched by him, until their time came for bigger strategic action.

One felt, however, that had the enemy given way to the temptation that was open to them there would have been a pretty regrettable incident to record.

And on the other hand,, had there been a pig-sticker in the force the spoor would have been noticed and the enemy's presence and intentions deduced.

The hunting-field has been described by the best authorities as *the* training school for the cavalry officer, and, without doubt, hog-hunting, which in India takes the place of fox-hunting, is not one whit the less useful for that purpose; for, on a minor scale, it possesses many of the requirements of cavalry service. To excel in either, in addition to the necessary preliminary qualifications of being a good rider and skilled in the use of one's weapons, one must have acquired the art of getting over the ground by the shortest way, and must be ever on the look-out for opportunity, and ready to seize it when it occurs and make the best of it, to the extent of one's gifts of dash and determination; in a word, one must have matured not only the "pluck"

which brings a man into a desperate situation, but that "nerve" which enables him to carry the crisis to a successful issue.

General Gilbert used to say that a good hog-hunter could not be a bad soldier, and in himself he fully bore out this axiom. The description of him at Sobraon paints in equally true colours many a good sportsman on more modern fields of battle—

"He on his good steed erect appears  
As when he met the boar,  
But now a worthier foe inspires,  
A deadlier game his skill requires."

David Johnston describes hog-hunting as "the most entertaining, noble, and manly of all sports; the best school for young cavalry officers. They learn to ride and to manage their horses so as to encounter any difficulties they may meet with, in going through unknown countries, better from one day's keen hog-hunting than from a year's exercise with their regiment." Major H. Shakespear, another proved soldier and sportsman, says in his "Wild Sports of India," *à propos* of pig-sticking, "The training that makes a sportsman makes a soldier; it gives him endurance and it gives him an eye for a country and a familiarity with danger."

#### VALUE TO THE FARMER

It has been said of fox-hunting in England, that you cannot afford to do away with the sport, not because of the pleasure it gives to hunting people, but on account of the good that it does to the

farmers as horse breeders and suppliers of forage, as well as to trade generally connected with horses and hounds.

So pig-sticking, in a minor degree, also benefits the country folk in whose district it is carried on.

There is money to be made by the villagers for beating the jungle and spooring the pig. The great thing for them is that the pigs which damaged their crops are killed or harried out of the neighbourhood into the more uncultivated parts.

Their best looking country-bred horses are sold at good prices; their forage is bought; their bullocks and carts are hired for the carriage of the tents and camp paraphernalia. One pig-sticking meet is as good as three market days to the village in whose neighbourhood it takes place. Then again the peasants are brought into more frequent, pleasant, and profitable contact with Europeans, and get to look upon them as friends and honest employers, instead of dreading their appearance, as mere tax-gatherers or magistrates going about levying fines and inflicting punishment. The Englishman, whether civilian or military, thereby becomes better acquainted with the natures, customs, and interests of the people with whom he is placed, and naturally regards them with kindlier feelings.

In both respects mutual advantages result, and governor and governed are brought into relations of a human instead of official kind.

And this principle, if it were more widely extended, would mean the whole difference in the present

situation. It might mean the solution of much of the political unrest in India to-day.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

These, however, are problems a bit outside the sphere of this book.

The Prince of Wales, during his recent tour in India, gave a concrete example of what can be done in this direction by personality and tact. But he went further than this.

Pig-sticking shows up a man's character, and is a better test of it than any sport that I know. It was, therefore, with special interest that many an old *qua hai* watched His Royal Highness' doings in the Shiny East in that, to him, new field of sport. The result has been a revelation which has hardly been appreciated at home at its proper value.

On November 30th, 1921, the Prince made his first acquaintance with the grizzly boar at Jodhpur, and showed himself up to the mark by killing him in good style.

In February, 1922, in the course of a meet at Patiala, he had one run after a boar of the rather small but, therefore, particularly quick and active type.

The boar suddenly turned and charged. The Prince responded, and with quick eye and wrist did what is a difficult feat even for a veteran pig-sticker to achieve—he killed his pig dead with a single thrust through the heart.

His Royal Highness attended the finals of the Kadir Cup pig-sticking competition near Meerut, in March, but other duties had detained him till too



late for him to enter for the preliminary heats ; so he had perforce to be a looker-on.

At the end of this competition the Hog-hunter's Cup is run. It is a point-to-point race over four and a half miles of " fair pig-sticking country."

Fair ! Long grass, standing in many places four to six feet high ; jhow, a whippy bush which wraps itself round and round your own and your horse's legs ; tussocks, hummocks, and tall ant-heaps of hard-baked earth concealed in the grass ; dry water-courses with steep, rotten sides ; deep river pools and quicksands hidden among bush and rushes, etc. And that is what they call " fair pig-sticking country " !

One who was an eye-witness on the occasion told me that before the start for the Hog-hunter's Cup, to the horror of everyone, the Prince suddenly said that he would ride in the race.

It is one like the Grand National, where falls are the rule, and often pretty bad falls at that. On one occasion out of twenty-two runners ten fell, one man fractured his skull and four or five others were carried in.

So the dangers of the trappy nature of the ground were explained, as well as the fact that, even if he came in first, he could not win since the race was for those who had run in the Kadir Cup competition.

But the Prince was—well——. My informant put it this way : " You know what it is when you have had a good punching from a better boxer and your pal says that it is not good enough to go on, better chuck it ; that is just the spur needed to make you go

at it with added stubbornness—and probably win. Well, it was just that way with the Prince.

“He said he must have a horse. We got him one. A good one. And off he went as one of a big field, but at such a cracking pace that it was difficult to keep him in view.

“But by those who took a short cut to see the finish, he was seen at the closing phase of the race to be lying third, the leading man apparently with the race in hand and a hundred yards to the good.

“But in such a country you never know. The leader going his best, jumped some green bush and landed, splosh, in a river. (Don’t I know the game !) It was only with the greatest difficulty that his horse was rescued from drowning with its forefeet tangled up in the martingale.

“Meantime number two and the Prince made their way through the river and made a great race of it in the struggle up the far bank with dead-beat horses.

“But the horsemanship of the Prince and an extra turn of endurance on his part carried him to the front and he won a ding-dong race by a couple of lengths.

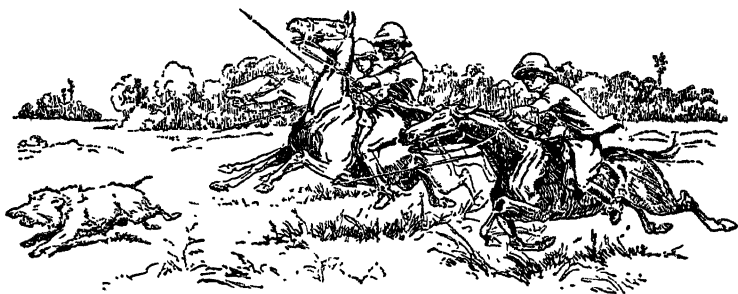
“It was a splendid exhibition of pluck above all things, and of good horsemanship, eye for country, and sporting endeavour.”

It was a remarkable coincidence that while my informant told me this story there lay on my table a note informing me that Sir I. Gollancz has lately discovered that the motto, “*Ich dien*,” under which so many generations of Princes of Wales have formed their actions, is not the complete original.

It has remained for the missing part to be restored in the present Prince’s time, and never in the whole

succession of his predecessors has there been one for whom the motto should be more worthily restored.

It stands, in the ancient language of Guelderland, "*Ho mout : ich dene*," which means, "With high courage I serve."



"WE GIVE HIM A START JUST TO MAKE HIS LINE CLEAR, AND THEN—HELL FOR LEATHER—WE RIDE FOR 'FIRST SPEAR.'"

His Royal Highness' devotion to his public duties shows how he serves, and the high courage of that run for the Hog-hunter's Cup alone shows him to be a true Prince of Wales as well as a true Prince of Sportsmen.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE AIM OF THIS BOOK

The main motive of this book is to help beginners and other fellows to find sport where they have not had the chance of doing so before.

More than once I have known men quartered in a district that was perfectly rideable and full of pig, and yet they were not using their opportunity

through want of knowledge of the nature of the sport and its conduct.

In the *Gymkhana Review* of October, 1922, I read an instance of a good hunting country having been re-discovered near Poona after thus lying fallow for some years.

"We had only one veteran pig-sticker among us when we came here in 1920, and under his experienced eye we were able to revive the hunt, which has been going strongly ever since."

[And it makes one's mouth water, too, to read that "a good boar round here averages thirty-one to thirty-three inches, and is invariably a magnificent fighter."]

Of course, the easy way to kill a wild boar, if you want to kill him, would be that employed by Kaiser Bill. You dress yourself in a smart uniform, have a lot of stout nets rigged up between the trees, and wait in security behind them while an army of beaters, also in uniform, drive the pig—big and little, male and female—into the nets, and you let them have it with your rifle as fast as you can fire. But that does not always appeal to a sportsman. The British sportsman seems to hold that a true field sport is that which best fulfils the following conditions :—

*First*, that a quarry worthy of one's steel be found.

*Secondly*, that there should be lots of obstacles and dangers to be got over before you win success. These may mean an active and aggressive quarry, difficult country, inadequate weapons, and so on.

*Thirdly*, the enjoyment of the chase is heightened by the alliance of a good horse or hounds, etc.

*Fourthly*, the enjoyment is yet further heightened by competition with fellow sportsmen.

Considered in these lights pig-sticking seems to fulfil the conditions better than any other sport.

For these reasons I will endeavour, in the following pages, to show generally the components that go to make pig-sticking the sport that it is, and for convenience I group them in four Parts, under the following heads :

The nature and quality of the quarry.

The dangers and obstacles that intervene on his behalf.

The animal allies of the sportsmen.

Steps to success in pig-sticking.

PART II

THE PIG

A QUARRY WORTHY OF ONE'S STEEL IS FOUND



## CHAPTER III

### POINTS OF PIG

**T**HE *Boar*.—The “zoological attributes” of the wild boar may be found in any encyclopædia of natural history, but the following summary of his points may be of practical use to the pig-sticker, and are not all to be found in the school books. The pig is generally described in such works as belonging to the artiodactylate ungulata species of animals, his feet being even-toed, two functional and two rudimentary; but Aristotle, who classed all animals under the heads of whole-hoofed, cloven-hoofed, and digitated, shows the pig as obstinately “ambiguous,” since in Pœonia and Illyria whole-hoofed hogs were common. That is just the pig all over—he is obstinate and eccentric.

Again, in the usual course of Nature, animals are the less prolific as they are larger in size, and digitated animals are more prolific than hoofed beasts, but the sow is an obstinate exception to both these rules. She produces more young for her size than any other animal, and in the structure of the ovarium and in fecundity somewhat approaches the egg-laying species.

The wild boar of India (*Sus Indicus*) is known by Englishmen in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies



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as the "hog" (deriv. Welsh, *hwch* ; Breton, *hauc'ha*, to grunt), while in Bengal and Northern India he enjoys the more common title of "pig."



A FOE WORTHY OF ONE'S STEEL.

In the native dialects he is known as follows :

Soor (Hindustani).

Bad.

Dukar (Mahratti).

Paddi (Gondi).

Kard hundi, Currijati (Canarese, Mysore).

Banela.

An old English writer tells us : “ An old boar you must call a Singular or Sanglier ; he hath left the sounder four or five years since.”

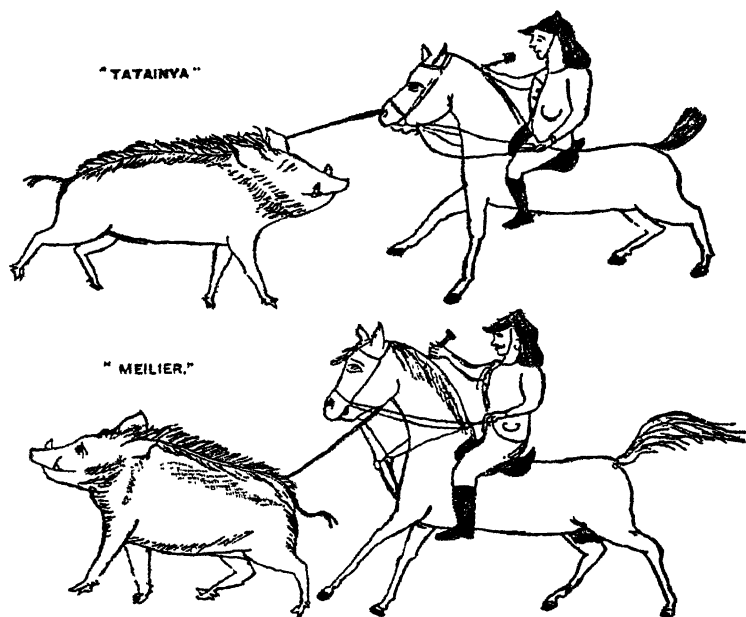
To describe him generally, he is an animal of low and powerful build, standing from 28 to 36 inches at the wither. Head long and narrow and carried low, with a short thick neck ; the back and limbs particularly muscular. The top of the head and neck, the throat, withers, and rump, are covered with long brownish grey bristles, and the rest of the body with shorter hair of the same description ; tail straight and tapering, with tag of bristles at the end. The male is armed with two tusks on the lower jaw, tapering, sharp, and pointing upwards, and two shorter and thicker in the upper jaw, also curling upwards. These, in conjunction with his small, yellowish-red eyes, deep set in his head, give him a particularly wicked appearance, which does not belie his genuine nature.

The character and size of the “ pig ” vary much according to locality ; for instance, the species found in Afghanistan is more like the European boar (*Sus scrofa*) in general appearance, being large-headed and heavy shouldered, with a particularly thick growth of bristles, and an undergrowth of woolly hair.

The Deccan boar is a game-looking animal, with lighter-made body and long muscular legs, weighing comparatively little for his size, owing to his practice of going far afield for his food ; while his neighbour, the Gujerati boar, is of coarser build, with less speed

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and less pluck; but the latter lives in a more civilised district, where he finds crops ready to hand, and probably is not infrequently crossed with a strain of the village pig of civilisation.



Facsimile of sketches by Milal, Shikari to the Muttra Tent Club, showing the difference in body and spirit between the Tatainya and the Meilier breeds of pigs.

*Varieties.*—The following are the chief varieties of breeds likely to be met with by the hunter in India—of two of which I give facsimile sketches by a native Shikari.

- i. *Tatainya*, *Tātira*, or *Mooghun*: with small, lean head, broad chest, thin rump, and

high wither. In colour, dark brown and black, with reddish bristles on neck ; big tushes ; fierce and fast. Common in grass, jhow, hills, and ravines, hard to drive from jungle, and generally pauses on leaving the cover before taking to the open. Frequently jumps and cuts at rider's leg when charging. Other varieties of pig do not usually inhabit a jungle in which Tatainya live.

- ii. *Meilier*, *Muckna*, or *Gagas* : large and coarse breed ; with big head and feet ; thick tushes ; not very fierce ; slow and easily caught. Found chiefly in jhow, grass, and crops, particularly sugar-cane, where a boar will live for months in the same field, thus becoming very fat.

(A certain class of elephant is also called " Muckna," being similarly of a stouter build than ordinary males, with short, thick tusks. A Muckna elephant is, however, merely a *lusus naturæ*, not a distinct breed.)

- iii. *Kookunnee* or *Taana* : is small in body, feet, and tushes ; of a light colour ; and very fierce and enduring.
- iv. *Sooeur* is small and compact ; with long toes, and fair-sized tushes set deep in the jaw. Fast, active, and enduring, and " exceeding fierce."

*Age*.—The colour of a boar depends partly on his breed and partly on his age. The following are the signs by which the age of a boar is estimated :—

Up to *three years* the boar is very small, from the size of a rat to that of a young lamb, very hairy, with dark longitudinal stripes on back and sides. At this period of his existence he is termed a "squeaker," and is not ridden. The horn of the feet is soft and immature.

At *four years* old he is brown, and the stripes have disappeared. He is long in the legs and thin in body. Depends almost entirely on "jinking" (turning suddenly from the line of his flight) to effect his escape when pursued. Tushes very small, sharp, white, and unground. Feet still immature.

At *five years* he darkens in colour, and his feet are fully formed.

From *five to eight years* he is of a dirty black colour. Runs fast, and jinks when overtaken, and fights when driven to it. Tushes come to full size at six years and become worn, the lower against the upper, after that age. The feet, too, begin to wear away after six years.

At *eight years* the colour becomes bluer; the boar reaches his full measurement of height and length. The muscles of the shoulder and forearm are more fully developed than in the "black" stage; the feet wear down.

At *ten years* a new hoof of harder texture is formed, which thenceforward shows little sign of wear until great age is reached. The lower tushes begin to wear down and become very discoloured. Speed and activity decrease, but the boar grows proportionately fiercer and more prone to charge.

At *twelve years* the colour becomes greyer, the lower tushes wear down and the upper ones become

very long and curled and discoloured. The boar fiercer than ever.

At *fourteen years*, old age sets in. The boar becomes grey and often mangy, as Colonel Rice describes him, "dirty grey all over, like an old worn-out white felt hat." His tushes are worn or broken to stumps, and he cannot hold his own with younger rivals, and so takes to a solitary life, with a soured temper, like the old of the buffalo, tiger, elephant, and other animal tribes. He will not run far or fast, preferring to make the best fight he can for his life so soon as pressed.

At *sixteen to eighteen years* his teeth drop out, and his muscles subside away.

*Twenty years* is probably the limit of age he attains, though a case is on record of a boar living till thirty years of age.

*Size.*—The largest complete measurements of an Indian boar that I have been able to verify are as follows :—

Height at wither,  $38\frac{1}{2}$  inches ; length, 60 inches ; girth, 55 inches ; girth of forearm, 14 inches ; tushes,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches ; weight, 300 lbs.

I also have those of an Afghan boar :—

Height,  $37\frac{1}{2}$  inches ; length, 62 inches ; girth, 55 inches ; girth of forearm, 11 inches ; tushes, 8 inches ; weight, 266 lbs.

An "Index number," as a standard of comparison, might be obtained by adding together the above figures, in which case the above champions would be represented by the figures 476 and 439 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*Height.*—Sportsmen are generally satisfied, however, to measure the height only of any boar they

kill. The extreme height attained by the boar has often been a subject of discussion, and ever will be until all sportsmen consent to use the same methods in measuring. The method generally employed nowadays is given on page 279.

The following are the greatest height measurements of which I can find trustworthy record:—

One of 42 inches, recorded by J. M'Leod in Chumparun.

One of 39 inches, recorded by Mr. Williamson in Bengal (he had also seen two of 42 inches).

One of 37 inches, recorded by Tent Club Log at Nagpore.

One of  $36\frac{1}{2}$  inches, recorded by Tent Club Log at Muttra.

One of 36 inches, recorded by Tent Club Log at Cawnpore.

One of 34 inches, recorded by Tent Club Log at Ahmedabad.

One of 34 inches, recorded by Tent Club Log at Meerut.

The Nagpore Hunt have been exceptionally fortunate in getting big boar; in 1870-71 they killed six over  $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and five of 34 inches.

One of 43 inches is recorded by Daniel Johnson (1827) in Bengal, but there is nothing to show how the measuring was carried out.

Hence it would appear that 42 inches is attainable, but that anything over 36 inches is rare.

*Tushes.*—The lower tushes of a full-grown boar average from 8 to 9 inches in total length, of which nearly two-thirds is embedded in the jaw.

The largest tush recorded is that of a boar which

was shot in unrideable country in the Gheer, in Kattiawar. This measured  $12\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Mr. Williamson states that he has seen a single tush 11 inches long. The boar recorded above as standing 43 inches had a tush of 10 inches. Any tush over 9 inches would be decidedly above the average.

A perfect pair of tushes should, if placed point to point and base to base, describe a complete circle.

The upper tushes are very much thicker, shorter, and more curled than the lower, and are blunt. One I have now mounted as a stick handle measures  $4\frac{7}{10}$  inches. In passing I may remark that tushes are perhaps best utilised as stick, umbrella or parasol handles.

The author of that curious book, "The Gentleman's Recreator," published 1686, writes of the tushes of the boar :—"The two biggest do not hurt when he strikes, but serve only to whet the other two lowest, with which they frequently kill." He adds :—"If he but touch the hair of a dog he burneth it off ; huntsmen have tried the heat of his teeth by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and they have shrivel'd up as with a hot iron."

*Sow.*—The sow attains her full height at five years of age, but does not stand so high as the boar in his prime (eight years). The highest I can find record of is 32 inches, but that is exceptional. She is more heavily bodied, and does not possess such well-developed limbs and quarters as the boar. Several sows live in company and form the harem of one boar.

A sow is in her prime from five to ten years of



age, and produces two litters a year, the period of gestation being four months.

The first litter will consist of two or three young ones, but each successive litter will increase in numbers up to nine or ten.

Wolves, hyenas, and particularly jackals are great destroyers of young pig, and a sow with young at heel is in consequence very watchful and fierce. In many places their method of attack is by biting instead of "tushing."

*Barren Sows.*—Barren sows are commonly met with, and are often difficult to distinguish from boars. They are lean and leggy, and, having no cares of maternity to tie them to one neighbourhood, are addicted to roaming far afield, like boars, in search of good food, so that the muscles of their backs and limbs become similarly well developed. The most conspicuous points of difference that distinguish a boar from a barren sow are the long tushes; but a barren sow also shows tushes and very frequently has a tuft of hair on the belly, and another below the tail, which at a little distance give her all the appearance of a boar. I have known two such sows ridden and killed in one day by old hands at pig-sticking in mistake for boars.

The tushes of the barren sow, as in the case of the tusks of the female elephant, are thinner, shorter, and more curved than those of the male.

At Okhamanda two sows were killed, one of which had tushes  $8\frac{1}{8}$  inches long, and the other showed  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches projecting from the jaw. These tushes, unlike the boar's, are thickest at the gum and taper again towards the root.

Barren sows have all the speed, endurance, and viciousness of the boar, with none of the utility of the matron sow, and they may therefore be considered lawful game for the hunter's spear. But it is otherwise with ordinary sows, whose persons should always be held sacred by sportsmen, except only in the extreme case of running-off cup competitions in thinly pigged districts. In the rules of the Calcutta Tent Club, it is decreed that anyone spearing a sow should be fined a dozen of champagne, nor is this too severe a punishment (always excepting barren sows), when one considers the vital importance of their existence for the future prosperity of sport. For not only do they produce fresh boars as fast as the older ones are killed off, but also they attract roving old gallants to their jungles from other districts. And it is needless to point out what unsporting butchery it is to kill a slow, soft, and defenceless sow, in lieu of her fast, muscular, and vicious lord. A man who would wantonly "stick" a sow is well classed with one who would wantonly shoot a fox. In the rules of the old Harra Hunt, framed at the beginning of the century, it was laid down that "to shoot a hog, except when self-preservation or that of others may demand it, is unworthy of a sportsman, and such a proceeding on the part of any member of this club will entail his expulsion."

The practice of running sows "because there are so few boars" is on the face of it a most suicidal one, and has resulted in frequent instances in the extermination of the sport in given districts; but men are unfortunately selfish and very nomadic

in India, and so long as they get their runs for the few months they may be in a station they do not pause to consider what sport will be left for their successors. The only remedy lies in the hands of sportsmen themselves, for to expect government intervention with close-time regulations at any date before the extermination of the last boar is, according to all experience, to expect the impossible.

## CHAPTER IV

### HAUNTS OF PIG

**H**AUNTS of Pig.—The usual homes of pig in the plains of India are :—  
*Woods*, with thick undergrowth of bushes and grass.

*Open plains* of Rana grass (which is used by the peasants for thatching purposes, and grows to a height of 3 feet).

*High tiger grass* (10 feet) and covers of tamarisk (*jhow*) bush (4 feet), usually found along dry river beds.

*Reeds and grass* in marshes (*jheels*).

*Broken hills*, ravines, and dry watercourses (*nullahs*).

*Crops*, such as sugar-cane (*gunna*), 10 feet high ; lentil (*dhall*), 5 feet ; wheat (*sunnee*), 3 feet ; indigo (*leel*) ; millet (*jowar*), 8 feet ; gram (*chunna*), 2 feet ; cotton (*rooe*), 3½ feet ; spiked millet (*bajri*), 8 feet ; barley (*jow*), 2½ feet, etc.

*Clumps of prickly pear*, a close-growing thorny cactus, from 5 to 20 yards in diameter, or in long, thick hedges.

*Groves of date palm trees*.

*Jungles of trees, bushes, and grass mingled*, growing along the banks of the canals.

In the jungles pig usually select tufts of grass or

bushes in which they make "forms" for themselves. In these they lie during the day, leaving them in the evening to go in search of food during the night, returning to them just before dawn. If living in crops they do the same, cutting down with their teeth what straw they want wherewith to make nests for themselves and young.

Outlying patches of bushes near a jungle are very often selected, especially by very old and solitary boars, as residence. Cocks of millet stalks, isolated tufts of tiger grass, heaps of dry camel thorn, are also favourite lairs, the latter in particular when lying in a dry watercourse.

It is surprising what a small amount of cover of this kind suffices to conceal a whole "sunder" (family) of pig. They will lie crowded up together, and will often not move though the bush in which they are is beaten and shaken; indeed, they will often bolt more readily if rendered suspicious by the beater simply standing still close to their lair.

When inhabiting hills or ravines, they usually select holes and corners in winter which are dry and open to the sun, and in summer which are moist and shaded.

*Crops of sugar-cane* are very favourite haunts of pig, because they afford not only very dense cover but also most succulent food, and being subject to frequent irrigation they ensure him a constant water supply for drinking and bathing purposes. The crop stands twelve months from sowing to cutting; and so a boar, on coming into residence, has at least nine months of quiet ease before him

without any necessity to move a yard in search of food. This life suits very old boars particularly well, and when a sugar crop is beaten out such an old *bon vivant* is almost always to be found in it ; but it is a most difficult matter to persuade him to come out ; he knows how unprepared he is in wind and limb for a race for life across country, and so long has he been a stay-at-home that he cannot be certain that his former distant places of refuge can still be found : like the Taquir's description in Igd-i-Gil, he is

“ . . . . . void of wisdom,  
Being o'er filled with food, even to the nose.”

And when at last he has been forced from his stronghold he will not run far nor fast, but will probably take to fighting, instead of fleeing, for his life.

A pig will change his quarters from one cover to another as he finds the water supply fail in the one, or a favourite cultivated crop, or wild root or berry, come into season near the other ; or on account of the destruction of his home by jungle-fire or flood, or of its too frequent intrusion by beaters. Hence a cover which is one month full of pig may during the next not contain even a single squeaker.

These points, should, therefore, be remembered by the hunter when selecting a cover to beat out.

Many a Shikari has obtained the name of being preternaturally cute in finding pig, when in reality he was doing no more than use his common sense, in acting on the above considerations.

To sportsmen inquiring as to the presence of pig in certain jungles, peasants of the neighbouring villages are very apt to give misleading reports : in one village they will say there are plenty of pig and will describe their huge size and fearful depredations with staring eyes and outstretched thumbs ; these simple peasants have very likely not seen a pig for



ITNA BURRA DAHNT WALLAH.

months, but they have a lot of mouldy grain or other commodity in their granaries which they hope to sell should the Sahibs muster a large camp near their village ; in the other village perhaps the crops have not been a success and the headman, while he treads out a boar's footmark swears by all his gods that no pig has been seen within miles of the place. He knows that the advent of a camp will mean a clear-out of his scanty store, or he owns some tender

crops that will ill bear being ridden over, or occasionally, I fear, he may bear in mind some past act of ill-treatment at the hands of the white man.

Apart from the injustice of it, it is fatal to the interest of sport to ill-treat the villagers or to let your servants or Shikaris do so, as they are very apt to do under cover of your prestige. The secretary of a Tent Club or manager of the beat ought not only to be well up in Hindustani but able to speak that patois of it that is common in his particular district. And he ought to have an immense fund of patience. Shouting and cursing at a coolie already dumb-founded at the very sight of a white man is not the way to clear his understanding. A good Shikari should therefore be sent two or three days before a meet to the proposed jungle and find out for himself the state of pig there ; in this way much inconvenience and disappointment may often be saved.

*Strange Lairs.*—The pig is not particular where he takes up his residence when bent on being near a favourite crop for the period that it is in season. I have seen a pig's lair within 20 yards of a watchman's hut in a melon garden.

In 1873 a boar took up his quarters in the Memorial Gardens at Cawnpore—gardens not unlike a large London square, surrounded by iron railings with two or three gates. Half a dozen enterprising sportsmen went one morning with spears and dogs to interview the intruder, on foot. They closed all the gates and advanced to the attack. The boar, alarmed by their bold front, took to his heels, but



finding after three circuits of the grounds that the outlets were closed and his enemies were still pursuing him, turned on them and charged the first comer, Mr. Kingscote, with all his force. The result of the encounter was that the spear went clean through the boar, and Mr. Kingscote threw about three back somersaults and remained prone, while his unfortunate hat chancing to catch the pig's eye became the immediate object of his ire and was in a few seconds reduced to atoms. In the meantime the rest of the hunt came up and eventually the boar was killed but only after a very plucky resistance.

Another peculiar case of eccentric selection of quarters occurred also in Cawnpore. News was brought to Mr. A. W. Cruickshank, the magistrate, when presiding in his Court, that a boar had taken possession of a native house in the city that morning and was at present unwilling to leave, being engaged in "playing old Harry" with the furniture. The majesty of the law was not appealed to in vain. The Court was promptly adjourned, and the magistrate, attended by Mr. Rogers (a host in himself), proceeded, mounted and armed, to the spot indicated. Here they found a large crowd collected in the narrow street, and the owner of the house standing outside his door, which he had locked on the visitor, listening anxiously at the keyhole as one article after another of treasured ancient furniture was being reduced to matchwood. The magistrate supposing that some infuriated village sow was the cause of all the disturbance ordered the door to be thrown open ; no sooner was this done than much to his surprise a



A BOAR IN THE BAZAAR.



real good boar bounded out and went without a pause for Mr. Rogers. This gentleman, however, had seen a boar or two before in his day, and met him half way with a spear clean through the body. The pig then made off up the alley, and eventually, after a good run through several streets, was overtaken by Cruickshank who succeeded in bringing him to with a spear in the spine. He proved to be a fine boar of 32 inches, but the reason for his presence in the city remains to this day a mystery, like Pope's fly in amber or toad in a stone :—

“ 'Tis not that he's beautiful, wondrous, or rare,  
But the mystery is—how the de'il he got there.”

*Preserving Pig.*—With a full knowledge of the ways and favourite haunts of pig a great deal ought to be possible by sporting individuals or clubs in the way of preserving pig in their districts, and thereby ensuring for themselves and their successors unflinching sport. And in this way much waste land or desert may be most profitably utilised.

It is a regrettable fact that the frequent changing about of the civilian as well as the military servants of His Majesty from one station to another in India strongly militates against the well-being of sport in each centre, since these gentlemen are naturally inclined only to think of the present, and to make the most of the sport to their hand without regard to its future in that particular place. But I am confident that it only requires to be suggested to them, as sportsmen, to think of those who are likely to succeed them, to ensure their ready co-operation

in securing a safe future for the sport, they benefiting by similar conduct on the part of those they succeed in their own new districts.

In many stations where pig preserving has been carried out sport has improved year by year, and this is notably the case in many centres, over three hundred boar being killed in a season where not half that number were got twenty years ago. On the other hand there are many stations now quite devoid of pig which bear names rendered famous in pig-sticking records of former days, but whose future interests have never been cared for betimes.

In almost every hunting centre there are jungles or "churs" (islands) that are useless to the land owners and can be easily rented for very small yearly payments. If these happen already to be favourite haunts of pig they should be left untouched, with a *chowkedar* (watchman) or two permanently retained (his wage is only a few shillings a month), to keep off poachers and trespassers, and to kill all wolves and jackals, the devourers of young pig.

In a district where pig are scarce, such a preserve might be acquired and then stocked with pig brought from elsewhere. In selecting such a jungle, common sense should be employed in taking one which is close to water, and which contains the favourite roots and nestling places of pig.

If there is local opposition on the part of the agriculturalists and farmers it will be necessary to wall in your preserve and top the wall or wattle with thorn bushes. This is not the very expensive

matter it might appear, owing to cheapness of labour and material in India.

In some preserves it may be found necessary occasionally to beat in the cover itself, but this should be done as rarely as possible (except in the case of a walled cover, where it does not drive pig away), and even then only certain parts of the cover should be invaded, one portion being granted as an inviolable sanctuary to the pig, to serve as an undisturbed breeding-place.

In a walled cover, for the purpose of getting the pig to leave it on a hunting day, one of two systems may be employed. One system is to have a good portion of one end of the boundary fence made of wattle and capable of being temporarily removed while the beat is going on. There should be some jungle outside the fence at this point so that when they come to the opening the pig will be tempted to continue their progress; the beaters of course commence from the opposite end of the cover and work up to the place whence the wattle has temporarily been removed; here they stop and replace the fence, making plenty of noise all the time to induce the pig who are now being shut out in the outlying patch of jungle to break cover and take to the open.

The other way is to make doors in the wall, which are left open while a beat is going on. The pig must be induced to make use of these doors by means of wattle fenced decoy lanes leading to them from inside the jungle, the lanes splaying out very wide at first and gradually narrowing as they approach the gateway.

In all cases it will be found that a little trouble and expense in preserving immensely improves the sport in any district. But human and sporting friendship with the local Indian landowners goes farther still towards successful preserving.

## CHAPTER V

### “ REARING ” PIG

“ Rearing ” is a classical phrase. Our friend who writes in 1686 says : “ Where the boar’s reared he never stays, but flies continually till he comes to the place where he was farrowed,” a home-sickness which may have been true of English pigs, but does not always hold good in Hindustan. The present meaning of the phrase may be translated as “ the act of setting pig afoot.”

**B**EATING *Covers*.—When it is required to drive pig out of crops or grass or bush jungle, for the purpose of getting a run after them across the open, a line of coolies, extending from one side to the other of the cover, is sent in at one end. At a given signal this line, armed with sticks, guns, horns, and drums, advances with all the noise it is capable of. As Thomas Campbell might have sung—

“ They came, of every race a mingled swarm,  
Far rung the groves, and gleamed the yellow grass  
With tom-tom, club, and naked arm.”

If available, when beating other cover than crops, elephants should be disposed at intervals along the line, a few paces in rear of it.

Two or three Shikaris should also be in charge of



different parts of the line, either on foot or, better, mounted on ponies or elephants.

These Shikaris may with advantage be provided with guns loaded with blank charges, for the purpose of rousing any sticky old boar who requires extra inducement to make him quit. A boar soon gets to know that coolies, with all their noise, are but a very harmless crew, and is apt to consider after one or two charges through the line that they are powerless to force him out, but the sound of a shot is an excellent agent to dispel this illusion, and will generally send him flying from the cover with rage in his heart. The Shikaris should, however, be strictly warned only to fire when they *see* a boar, and the report will then serve to inform the hunters that a boar is afoot.

It is very necessary that there should be one good head Shikari in charge of the beat, and he should be mounted and provided with a whistle wherewith to direct the line to advance when the sportsmen are ready, or to halt when a boar breaks cover and the hunters are away after him. For perfect and intelligent beating, a squadron of cavalry sent out into a cover in line, firing blank cartridge as they proceed, is a most successful method.

Assistant Shikaris may with advantage be placed in trees or other commanding look-out places outside the cover, where they can signal the departure of pig from the jungle by showing a red flag or sounding two blasts on a horn if a boar breaks, and a white flag or one blast if only sows and squeakers are on foot. Ordinary coolies should not be employed for this work as they are apt to mistake sows for



THE LINK OF BEAVERS.



boars, and consider almost any squeaker to be of rideable size, and would therefore probably set the sportsmen going on numberless futile gallops.

If the beat takes place near any large river it is well to have all quicksands marked by red flags, and fords by yellow ones.

During the beat of an ordinary jungle the “ parties ” of sportsmen (three or four “ spears ” in each) are posted at points along the edge of the jungle near which the pig are likely to break, and where there is cover in which they may themselves be hidden. When a cover is beaten with noisy accompaniment as above described, the pig being aroused by the opening chorus will, as a rule, steal off in the opposite direction, towards the quiet end of the jungle, where, if he finds the coast apparently clear, he will take to the open and make for other hiding-places, but if the slightest noise or movement betrays to him the presence of the party lying in ambush for him at that point, so suspicious is he by nature that he will prefer to return and fight it out with the self-evident line of beaters than face a danger whose nature he cannot fathom. He adopts Hamlet’s choice.

The pig, like the wild elephant, is slow to see an animate object as long as it remains stock still, but the very slightest movement will catch his eye, the glisten of spear point or the flick of a horse’s tail are sufficient ; so it is very necessary that some sort of cover should be taken advantage of by the party in waiting, such as bushes, or the shade of a tree, etc. In the Ganges Cup competitions, large

artificial screens of grass mats are put at intervals round a jungle for this purpose.

*Canal Jungles.*—A somewhat similar manner of beating is employed in the case of canal bank jungles. They consist of a narrow fringe, about eighty yards in width, of cover along each bank, usually a mixture of trees, bushes, and tiger grass, with occasional pools, full of weeds and reeds. The canal itself is frequently deep and rapid, 20 to 50 yards wide, with steep banks, and, therefore, impassable to a horse, though not so to a pig.

Roads generally cross the canals by masonry bridges every two miles or so. A towpath runs along one bank, between the water and the jungle. Were the beaters put into the cover in one line the pig would simply run along in front of them for miles without leaving cover, or would swim the canal, and take refuge in the bushes on the opposite bank; it is, therefore, usual to send half the force of beaters away with orders to enter the jungle at a point two to four miles distant, and there to divide themselves into two parties, one to beat the right bank, the other the left, and either to remain there marking time, as it were, shouting and drumming, as a "stop" or to advance towards your present station driving the pig before them. The remainder of the beaters are then similarly put into the cover on both sides of the water and ordered to advance in line after sufficient interval of time has elapsed for the others to get into position.

The pig, alarmed by the noise of one party, runs along the jungle till he meets the other line approaching from the opposite direction; he will thereupon

dive into the canal, and try the far bank, but finding matters in the same state there, he will select the quietest part of the cover, that is, half-way between the approaching lines, and then steal away across the open for other hiding-places. This then is the point at which “ parties ” should be posted, one on each side of the canal ; if possible well concealed and about 100 to 200 yards outside the cover. But it is most necessary to give the “ canal ” pig plenty of start before commencing to ride him, and for this reason : a canal pig is beyond all others chary of leaving his haunt, and knowing full well the natural strength of his fastness is certain to whip into it again, if he once has reason to suspect he is being followed. The sportsmen should, therefore, let him pass their lurking-place by half a mile at least before they proceed to follow him, and even then, if his “ point ” is a good distance away, they should only follow him at such a pace as will enable them to keep him in sight without alarming him for another quarter of a mile, before they commence to “ ride ” him.

What has been said of the fox in the Badminton Series applies with equal truth to the boar. “ A baby would stop him from breaking cover, but a whole regiment of cavalry would not prevent him getting into it.”

Other parties are best placed moving with the lines of beaters along the edge of the cover, as many pig, finding the lines of the enemy coming closer and closer, will break when the nearest comes in sight, but their usual object will be merely to pass round the flank of the line and double into the jungle in

rear of it again, and the riders will find it a very difficult matter to prevent them effecting this.

A method of "stopping" sometimes adopted in beating canal jungles, is to erect a high strong wattle fence across the cover, and extending well out into the plain, on either side of the canal. The parties are posted behind the ends of these wings, and a line of coolies beats both banks towards the wattle from a distance of two to four miles. The pig on coming to the obstruction turn and follow along it till they find themselves out in the open, where, if nothing occurs to alarm them, they will generally make up their minds to continue their flight in the same direction across country.

*Impassable Covers.*—It will sometimes happen that pig will get into a cover into which, owing to its close and thorny nature, the beaters cannot enter. If it is found that a chorus of shouts, drums, shots, and squibs, etc., from outside has no effect, the jungle must be fired, but in doing so measures should be taken to prevent the fire spreading, if the country round about is cultivated and populated. The coolies should be stationed all round and supplied with branches of trees wherewith to beat it out if it commences to spread through the grass in a wrong direction. Care must also be taken that the coolies do not, as they are quite capable of doing, get caught within the compass of the conflagration. Not long ago a coolie had posted himself in a tree on an occasion of this kind, to give notice of pig breaking cover. After a time he discovered that the fire had spread all around his tree, and finally he was simply roasted alive on his

perch. There is nothing a pig fears so much as fire ; and often a wounded boar who has taken to a thick bush where he resists all the inducements of spears, shots, and sticks to quit, will bolt at the very sight of a grass flambeau approaching to ignite his refuge.

*Beating Grass Plains.*—In searching for pig in open grass plains or in low crops, or scattered bushes, it is usual for the line of coolies to advance quietly without shouting or drumming, the parties advancing with the line, and disposed at intervals along it a few yards *in rear*. The object of proceeding almost in silence is that the pig should have no distant warning of their approach and so be enabled to steal away unseen, but should be roused in his lair, and started in sight of the hunters.

In such an advance it is very common to see the parties riding in *front* of the line of beaters, but there is no object in their so doing ; if they are a few yards in rear of it they can direct the movements of the coolies (who are very apt to miss stirring up the most likely looking grass tufts if not watched) and they never experience the mortification of hearing, just when they have strayed a little too far to the front, that a boar has got up under the beater's feet and has broken back through the line.

In regimental orders of a certain British cavalry regiment one evening there appeared the notice that that regiment was to parade, mounted, next morning at daybreak, carrying full water bottles and ten rounds of blank ammunition per man ; rations to go out by cart ; and last, but not least, “ officers and troop sergeant-majors may carry



## 84 PIG-STICKING OR HOG-HUNTING

hog-spears in place of swords." A most unique and eventful field-day resulted.

The jungle, a large tract of heavy grass and jhow (tamarisk) bush, was attacked with all military precaution and completeness.



PIG-STICKING WITH THE SWORD.

The regiment proceeded through it in line at half-open files ; patrols of four officers each were posted or moved well in advance of the line so that when a boar was scared by the noise of the approaching line one of these patrols nearest to him would ride after him and endeavour to bring him to account.

So successful was the operation that in a short

time each of the parties was away after its separate boar.

Still pigs were seen to be running away ahead of the line with no one to hunt them, till the colonel, who had hitherto been directing the operations generally, gave the order for certain non-commissioned officers to take patrols of men with them and see what they could do with their swords against the pigs. In a short time several of such parties were to be seen scouring across country in full pursuit of the common foe.

To say that they enjoyed it would in no way express their excitement and delight.

They galloped here, they galloped there,  
They fought, they swore, they sweated.

In a word they had a glorious time ; albeit, when the “ Rally ” sounded the bag—beyond those killed by the spear parties—was not a large one.

Still, when all was over, the horses groomed and fed, and the men at their dinners and free to talk, the babel in the bivouac was almost ludicrous, since every man at once was keen to tell his tale of personal adventure with the Indian pig.

Here one was stating how his troop mare, C 16, had turned her tail upon the advancing foe and with her iron-shod heels had sent his front teeth rattling down his throat. And there another, a budding Munchausen, was relating how he stood the attack of “ not only one, but four bloomin’ swine, all of a go,” and how, all single-handed and alone, he had beaten them off.

It was a day that was talked of for months afterwards in the regiment.

*Prickly Pear Clumps.*—In parts of the Deccan and Hyderabad districts thickets of prickly pear are common, and are favourite haunts of pig, since no animal with a hide less tough than theirs could make its way into the cover. To drive them out is naturally a very difficult job. Good men are selected and are furnished with swords, and posted round the cover. They first strip off every particle of clothing, just as the natives in Africa do on entering a thorn jungle; in this way thorns have nothing to catch in and generally glance off the bare skin. Each man then proceeds to cut a path for himself through the thorny growth towards the centre of the thicket until one of them gets a sight of the pig, who on such occasions lies very close. On finding him the Shikari gets a gun and fires a blank cartridge close to the ground near the pig. Thus attacked in the heart of his castle, the boar bounds forth into the open by the nearest path. Strange to say, in this dangerous service very few Shikaris have ever been wounded by him, as they are warned to “stand clear” by the report of the gun, and the firer takes advantage of the smoke of the discharge as a concealment.

*Marking Down.*—In countries abounding in ravines, hills, or wide plains with small patches of bush at wide intervals, such as the Allahabad and Kutch districts, it is usual to have pig “marked down” in their haunts during the night previous to the meet. The system followed is somewhat similar to that of “harbouring” deer in England.

Shikaris, or intelligent jungle peasants, are sent out overnight in couples to watch at likely spots for pig returning home from their feeding grounds in the early morning. Experience tells them where to secrete themselves for this purpose, taking into calculation the *locale* of the nearest attractive crops, the position of covers, and the fact that pig always keep to the same route in going to and from their feeding grounds. When they see a good boar making his way home they follow him discreetly until he takes up his sleeping quarters for the day, whereupon one man returns to camp to report and to lead the hunters to the spot, while the other remains to watch and note any change of lodging on the part of the boar.

This is a very sure and convenient method of finding pig, obviating a great deal of unnecessary exposure to the sun, and tedious waiting and disappointment, but it is all the more satisfactory if you have effected the watching and marking down for yourself.

Many assert that pig do not adhere to one route in leaving and returning to their sleeping quarters, but I cannot think they would say so after careful watching. Captain Williamson, a close observer of pig and their ways, distinctly states that they observe this rule, and moreover, if they are once disturbed on the march they will abandon that route and take to a new one the following night.

The best men to use for the purpose of marking down, or indeed for any Shikari's work with pig, are Goojars, Brinjaries, Khunjurs, or Sansies (wandering grain sellers or gipsies). Their only object

in life seems to be that of travelling about the country killing pig for food ; they are nomadic, more than poor, and in other respects very harmless, and so cannot be held in check by force ; but if their pig-hunting craft is enlisted into the service of the Tent Club of the district in which they are, the move will be well repaid by the excellent sport they will show, and their poaching depredations will cease as long as the hunters present them with the carcasses of the slain. These men are well up in the signs of pig and their ways, and are very keen. They can distinguish a boar from a sow at a marvellous distance, and therefore are particularly useful as flagmen outside a cover, since they save the riders many of the heart-breaking, useless gallops that are so common when a well-meaning rustic is employed in the signalling department, who waves you away after sows, or after squeakers no larger than a rabbit. In beating out a cover a dozen Goojars working intelligently and keenly together are worth five or six times their number of the ordinary half-hearted and eye-serving coolies.

The mongrel dogs usually owned by these gipsies are often of great assistance in getting pig to bolt, and are much used by the Shikaris (themselves of these gipsy tribes) of the Delhi and the Lahore Tent Clubs.

Sometimes a boar, especially an old and solitary one, will select a single isolated bush or thicket as his dwelling, without its apparently possessing any particular advantages ; it is sometimes far from water and far from crops, and close to a jungle ; but there must be some hidden merit in it, for often

when one boar has been killed from such a lair, a visit a few weeks later to the same spot will disclose a new tenant in occupation. It is like a good lie on a salmon river, no sooner is the one good fish in it killed than another appears on the scene to succeed him ; or like the particular tussock always tenanted by a jack snipe. I have killed three fine boar within four months, all from the same little bush, and probably should have gone on finding fresh ones there for ever, had not a vandal of a woodcutter come along and cut it down for firewood. One is often apt to ride by such a place without looking carefully into it : but a pig gives out a very strong scent, and, if in passing by a thicket, your horse sniffs the air or shows signs of excitement, you may be sure that a pig is there or has lately left. It is a very common thing for horses to smell out pig, and I have known sportsmen smell them out for themselves. I have myself done so on three different occasions.

*Pugging.*—The most sporting of all methods of finding pig is by “ pugging,” or tracking them to their lairs by their footmarks or “ pugs ” (Gujerati *wagh*). This system is much practised in Gujerat and Kutch, and in all parts of Western India, where ordinary jungles are few and very far between, and where the pig, in consequence, lie up chiefly in solitary bushes. A large proportion of the natives of those districts are thoroughly expert in the art, since in every village trained trackers are maintained for the purpose of following up thieves who come into their district from elsewhere ; if they fail to account for the further movements of a runaway

whose footmarks show him to have crossed into their land, their village has to pay "damages with costs" in restitution of the property lost. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn that there exist numerous professors of the art who are trained to it from childhood, and who can follow signs that are quite invisible to the untrained eye.

A European, though he may never hope to attain the skill of a professional, may, with a little trouble and continual practice, learn to track well enough for ordinary emergencies, and once tried it is a pursuit that he will not quickly give up; for there is an indescribable charm about pugging unknown to one who has never practised it. Also he makes more intelligent deductions, he is a better Sherlock Holmes, than the average peasant.

Without doubt the constant and varied exercise of the inductive reasoning powers called into play in the pursuit must exert a beneficial effect on the mind, and the actual pleasure of riding and killing a boar is doubly enhanced by the knowledge that he has been found by the fair and sporting exercise of one's own bump of "woodcraft." The sharpness of intellect which we are wont to associate with the detective is nothing more than the result of training that inductive reasoning, which is almost innate in the savage. To the child of the jungle the ground with its signs is at once his book, his map, and his newspaper. Remember the volume of meaning contained in the single print of Friday's foot on Crusoe's beach. Here is a sample from real life:—

We were in a valley five miles wide, my Zulu tracker and I—a valley in Matabeleland whose

southern boundary of hills concealed the camping places of our enemy. Matabele these were, with their families and cattle in hidden fastnesses, whose locality my mate and I were out to discover.

It was early morning yet, but we knew that ere long we must take to hiding ourselves to avoid discovery by our long-sighted enemy.



THE BEER GIRL.

Suddenly we noticed that the grass in front of us had recently been trodden down—a track ran from north to south, and where it crossed a patch of sandy ground we realised that it was the spoor of several women and boys walking southward towards the hills.



Then we saw a leaf of a mahoba tree lying about five yards off the track. There were no trees of this kind for miles, the nearest ones being at a village some fifteen miles to the northward.

Probably then these women had come from that village bringing the leaf with them and had gone on to the hill.

On picking up the leaf it was damp and smelt of native beer. So we guessed that, according to the custom of these people, they had been carrying pots of native beer on their heads, the mouths of the pots being stopped with bunches of leaves.

One of these leaves had fallen out ; but we found it five yards off the track, which showed that at the time it fell a wind had been blowing. There was no wind now, but there had been at about five a.m., and it was now nearly seven.

So we read from these signs that a party of women had brought beer during the night from the village and had taken it to the enemy in the hills, arriving there about six o'clock. The men would probably start to drink the beer at once (as it goes sour if kept for long).

So, if we went in their direction at once, they would be getting sleepy about the time we got near them and we should thus have a favourable chance of reconnoitring their position. We accordingly followed the women's tracks, found the enemy, made our observations, and got away with our information without much difficulty.

This was just an everyday instance of scout work on service where the art of Sherlock Holmes comes in.

The evidence of one drop of beer here gave a clue to much knowledge.

It is the application of the use of the eyes to the use of the brain that constitutes the great art of observation and deduction. The danger of false deduction is, of course, always there, as Abe Lincoln pointed out in one of his “ When I was a boy ” reminiscences.

But the habit of careful and accurate observation wedded to a sufficiently yet not too imaginative mind, gives a quality of character that is an invaluable equipment for every line of life.

It is for this reason that much of the sport in the training of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides is comprised in exercises of noting details and Sherlock Holmesing their meaning.

I learnt the full value of such a sign lately when travelling in the interior in South-East Africa. The fresh mark of the forepart of a man's foot some two yards to one side of the jungle track we were then following, and a corresponding deep heel mark on the other side, in a diagonal direction, were read to mean that a man had recently run from the direction of a village we knew existed to our right rear, and wishing his journey to be kept secret from us had bounded over our path in one stride, and had gone on in a diagonal direction which was a short cut to another village, for which we were then making, and where we had been hoping to arrive unexpectedly before the inhabitants had time to conceal themselves and their supplies, which we were getting to know by painful experience they would do. This solitary footprint told us that we had been seen by

the people of the last place, who had sent on this runner to warn the next of our approach, so that to obtain the much-needed corn there was nothing for it now but to abandon that route, and strike off in a new direction for another but more distant kraal we had heard of.

Such a story would, of course, be read from such signs by any moderately practised hunter ; indeed, in Africa a new-comer could not go shooting with safety who could not at least spoor sufficiently well to be able to follow his back track in the event of finding himself lost on the veldt. No one can realise the full meaning of the expression " feeling small " till, as a " tenderfoot " or " new chum " he has lost himself in the bush, and then found that he was unable to track himself back to camp again. He feels then what a mere speck he is on the face of Nature.

The Red Indian boasts that he can not only distinguish a civilised man from a savage, though both be wearing moccasins, but also a truthful man from a liar, by his tracks. Although a civilised man may not hope to rival this power, he can still attain a very fair proficiency in the art, provided that he has the gift of very great patience and perseverance, in addition to a quick eye for trifles, and an accurate knowledge of the ways and habits of his quarry. Without these no man, however much he may desire it, can become even a mediocre tracker.

But supposing him to be possessed of these talents the first step in his education will be to learn to distinguish the appearance of the boar's footprint from that of any other animal, such as the deer,

the goat, the sheep, and lastly, from that of the sow.

The deer shows two long, narrow, sharp-pointed toes coming together with a fine point in a heart shape, except when moving fast or in heavy ground. The goat has a square pug with blunt points to his toes, which are always held apart. The sheep's pug is more like that of the boar, being longer than the goat's. His toes are held slightly apart, and the heel points touch the ground. The boar's pug is distinguished from that of the sow by being much wider in the heel, and having the toes more open, and the rudimentary toes marking the ground more widely apart. His greater age is shown by the increased size of his foot and width of heel. As in the ball of the human thumb, so, to an experienced eye, there is an individuality in the impression of the markings of the sole of every old boar. Once the elementary points have been mastered the sportsman should accompany a native tracker to the jungle, and watch him and learn from him first to recognise the age or freshness of a track, and then the almost boundless art of deducing and piecing together correctly information to be gathered from the various signs found.

I cannot give here the many interesting and instructive tracking anecdotes that abound, but to show in what way the Shikari draws his conclusions, I may quote the incident given by Mr. Saunderson in his "Fifteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India." He was riding early one morning through the jungle with two professional trackers walking, all muffled up, just in front of his elephant. They

were proceeding to look for a tiger which was known to be inhabiting the jungle. Presently the fresh pugs of a tiger are seen on the path. The trackers pass them by, apparently without noticing them. Some of the beaters, however, who are following along behind, see them and come running up to the professionals, and jeeringly ask them if they have no eyes, that they pass by the marks of the very quarry they are seeking. To this one of the trackers only replies: " Idiots! At what time do rats run about?" And on closer investigation the abashed coolies discover that across the great square pug of the tiger runs the delicate tracing of the little field rat's toes, and knowing that this rat only comes out of its hole early in the night and retires again long before dawn, they recognise the fact that several hours must have elapsed since the tiger passed there.

The best Indian pig-trackers are the Mahrattis, the men of Kutch, the Bhils, the Gonds, and the Wagris of North Gujerat.

One of these men, if ordered to go to a certain jungle and ascertain what pig were in it, would make a circuit of it, and would not only see from the tracks leading into it the numbers, sizes, and sexes of the various pigs who had entered it that morning, but would also notice the individual peculiarities of all the boar's pugs, so that he could tell which of them had again quitted the cover, and what pig still remained within. So accurately could an experienced man describe them that anyone not knowing him to be a tracker would imagine that he was describing what he had actually seen.

In pugging boars, the usual method is for four or five trackers or “ puggees ” to start together like a pack of hounds on the trail. If the ground is soft, or the pig has gone at speed, the work of following it is easy ; but when he takes to going leisurely and on hard, dry ground, the tracker’s true work commences. The last unmistakable footprint is marked with a scratch in the sand drawn round it, and the puggees “ cast ” forward, and to either side to find a further sign of his progress. When found it is marked, and a new cast made for the next mark. This method is persevered in for hours and hours, and for mile after mile, until more favourable ground is reached and the boar’s lair found.

As an illustration of the difficulties gone through in following up a boar in this way, I quote the following from a letter I received from Mr. N. Symons (“ Grey Boar of Bombay ”), who is one of the few Englishmen who has succeeded in becoming a proficient in the art of pugging :—

“ Wishing to track a good boar that had got away through some thick cover, we called up the headman of the beat (a man lent to us by a friend) and asked him if he could pug. He was a havildar (sergeant) of police. He replied, ‘ That is my regular business, sahib ; of course I can pug. My work is pugging criminals.’ On inquiry we learnt that there were three other men amongst our eighty or a hundred beaters who could pug. However, we started, and got a good footmark for the first few hundred yards, and I noticed that one forefoot was apparently a trifle longer than the

other, but as he had been going at full speed it was not certain, so I said nothing. Then we got to short, dry grass land and the pug was lost. I took a long circle round and lit on it in a goat track, and blew my horn. Up came the puggees, and were delighted. A second time the pug was lost, and again I had the luck to find it ; not, strictly speaking, the pug, but a piece of broken cactus in a hedge, with the milky juice exuding. This was quite enough. On we went and followed up the pug for miles on short grass, over fields where the crops had been gathered, not so difficult a thing for a professional as an outsider might imagine, for the boar was running, and *he cut up the ground with his feet* more or less, and so the men were able to keep it up at a run.

“By and by the boar began to walk, and then I was beaten. I often, at that period, could not see the pug until it was pointed out by the puggees drawing a circle round it with their sticks. And then we came to a cross track, both pretty fresh. We had now been pugging for three hours and it was most disheartening. We did not know which track to follow, but after a long look with my eyes shaded I noticed a curious similarity in the two pugs. In both, one of the forefeet was longer than the other. On pointing this out to the Wagrís, they said, ‘Wah ! wah !’ and talked among themselves, and then turning to me, said, ‘Sahib, this is a very clever boar ; he has walked round in a circle and crossed his own track purposely. You sit down, sahib, for a quarter of an hour, and we will puzzle it out.’ So we sent back for the tiffin coolies,

and sure enough the Wagris did ‘ puzzle it out.’ I could hardly believe it, and was not satisfied till I had gone the whole way round, seeing where he had gone through several cactus hedges and walked up a lane turning into the same field, and coming back to the identical spot. We ringed round and round, but could not hit it off. Meantime one of the Wagris went about carefully inspecting the hedges, for, as he told me afterwards, he had noticed from the pug that the boar had stood still in several of the last few fields we had come through. When lo ! there he was ! Crouching in the hedge like a hare in its form. A shout, a tally-ho, and off we were ; and we got him after a smart gallop.”

A further instance of what small indications must be looked for and taken into consideration occurred when tracking a pig who had entered a field where all further trace of him was lost. A gap in the hedge on the opposite side of the field *suggested his probable line of exit*. The gap was, therefore, closely examined, but without the discovery of a leaf or twig having been touched, much less of any footprint, till a Wagri puggee found a bit of wet mud about the size of a sixpence. The boar was known to have gone through an inundated sugar field about half a mile farther back, and this little clot of mud must have stuck to his foot up to this point. Working on this clue, the onward track was soon regained, and successfully followed up to the boar’s hiding-place.

*Weather and Crops.*—Pig like to live near to their water supply ; consequently, in the hot weather when all small pools and tanks are dried up, it is



very evident that pig will be found in those jungles which are near water ; crops being at that time of year few and far between, the pig have to go long distances for their nightly meal. In the " rains " (i.e. from July to October), high ground and the dry sides of ravines are much resorted to, but the ground sodden and undermined with water, and blind with a rank growth of vegetation, renders riding after pig dangerous, if not impossible, in most parts of the country. In the cold weather (November to February) the crops are high and thick, and the pig are more scattered about over the country, cover and water being plentiful everywhere. They lie up in warm corners, and often, especially on dull days, lie out in the crops all day. Indigo crops are almost always good resorts of pig in the cold weather, as are also grain and young barley. It is, of course, a difficult matter to follow a pig running in a crop, unless it is low enough to expose the pig's back. In this case the crop is in favour of the pursuer ; as the boar cannot see where he is running to, he soon becomes bewildered, and only runs in a half-hearted sort of way, while his pursuer is able to see and follow his every move.

Sugar-cane, the favourite crop of all with the pig, is cut in February and March in Bengal, in December in the North-West Provinces, and in November and December in the Punjab.

Barley, dhall, wheat, and grain are cut in February in Bengal, and a month later in the North-West Provinces and Punjab. Kana grass for thatching is cut in March.

So, when all the above points are taken into

consideration, it will be seen that the best season for pig-sticking in Northern India is from February to July.

C. Johnstone, in his book on “ Hog-hunting,” published early in the century, says : “ From March to June the weather is so extremely hot that hogs are seldom hunted on horseback. They are more frequently killed by being shot from the backs of elephants.” (!) Nowadays the man “ who shot a boar ” would be classed in the same category with him “ who shot the fox ; ” and whether the present generation are “ harder ” than their fathers, or whether less beer-drinking and better head-coverings have fortified them against the effects of the sun, certain it is that the very months denounced by Johnstone are those which are now considered to be the best for sport. Of course, when hunting in such hot weather, the meet must take place in the very early morning, as it is then fairly cool for both horses, riders, and beaters, and moreover, the pig, having barely settled into their quarters for the day after their nocturnal rambles, are the more easily persuaded to get on the move again and leave the cover.

The following extract from the Log of the Muttra Tent Club, giving the summary for the years 1882-3-4 will show the comparative value of the different months of the year :—

## 102 PIG-STICKING OR HOG-HUNTING

|                 | 1882. | 1883. | 1884. | Total boar<br>killed. |
|-----------------|-------|-------|-------|-----------------------|
| January .. ..   | 2     | 7     | 0     | 9                     |
| February .. ..  | 11    | 17    | 25    | 53                    |
| March .. ..     | 7     | 11    | 28    | 46                    |
| April .. ..     | 31    | 13    | 30    | 74                    |
| May .. ..       | 58    | 18    | 39    | 115                   |
| June .. ..      | 17    | 35    | 18    | 70                    |
| July .. ..      | 3     | 7     | 20    | 30                    |
| August .. ..    | 0     | 1     | 14    | 15                    |
| September .. .. | 0     | 0     | 1     | 1                     |
| October .. ..   | 0     | 4     | 2     | 6                     |
| November .. ..  | 0     | 5     | 0     | 5                     |
| December .. ..  | 4     | 0     | 0     | 4                     |
| Total .. ..     | 133   | 118   | 117   | 428                   |

## PART III

## WHAT YOU HAVE TO CONTEND WITH

ENJOYMENT IS HEIGHTENED BY THE EXCITEMENT  
AND TRIUMPH OF SURMOUNTING OBSTACLES AND  
DANGERS



## CHAPTER VI

### POWERS OF THE PIG

**CRAFTINESS.**—In the course of experiments by Professor Schwartz and others, to test the effect of alcohol on various animals, the savants came to the conclusion that as the pig was the least affected after most generous libations, his brain must be of a very peculiar consistency as well as very small in proportion to his size.

If this is the case it may truly be said that in the matter of brains he goes in for quality and not quantity, for there can be no doubt that that little brain is excessively full of craft. It may be that want of sensitiveness enables him to keep all his wits about him up to his last breath, even when he has been wounded to such an extent as would have laid any other animal low in a state of insensibility. And even in the worst dilemma a pig never loses his head.

When he is first aroused by the distant sounds of the beaters approaching his haunt, he will proceed to the opposite end of the cover, and if he finds all quiet there and the coast apparently clear he will probably steal out at once and lob away across the open to some other jungle with that peculiar gait which at a distance makes him resemble (the simile

is Mr. A. W. Cruickshank's) "a carpet-bag tumbling along end over end."

If the beaters come to his lair suddenly or silently he will try by lying close to escape notice, but if roused out he will probably make a dash for the line (which is generally only too ready to open out and let him through) and regain that portion of the cover which has already been beaten.

When once he has been persuaded to evacuate a cover and take to the open, his plans are at once laid, and he will almost always strike a line for some other sanctuary although it may be distant some miles.

*Speed of the Boar.*—The pace at which a boar can travel is to a stranger perhaps one of the most surprising points about him. Of course the actual speed and its duration depend to a great extent on the breed and condition of the pig, on the state of the ground, and on how he is being hunted; but under general conditions a single rider will find it hard to exceed him in pace for the first half to three-quarters of a mile, and if he should try saving his horse in the first burst, merely using sufficient speed to keep the boar in view, he will find that when he wants to overhaul him the pig has got his second wind and is quite prepared to go on for miles at a steady hopping canter which will keep him comfortably in front of the hunter, and the run will resolve itself into a trial of endurance between the horse and the boar.

In a run where three or four men are racing together for "first spear" the pig is hustled along faster than he wishes from the very first, and

consequently though he will keep ahead of his pursuers for half or three-quarters of a mile, his wind will last no farther and he is then soon overtaken.

A young and fresh boar, making for a jungle only a few hundred yards away, is capable of putting on a spurt which few horses could equal.

*Cunning.*—When fairly started in his run across country for a distant sanctuary the boar will utilise every scrap of cover that lies anywhere near his route, such as bushes, nullahs, walls, sunk roads, etc.; he will also take advantage of the best ground for making the pace, by following foot-paths through ploughed fields and ridges between irrigated crops; and whenever he gets the opportunity he will place any natural obstacle between himself and his pursuer, such as a ravine, canal, nullah, etc.

He will sometimes make so wide a deviation from his direct line that the pursuer will almost think the pig has got out of his reckoning, till some thicket or other opportunity of concealment comes in sight and accounts for the detour. Arrived at such a clump, he will endeavour either to get his wind, or very commonly to give his hunters the slip by plunging into the cover and then squatting suddenly, leaving his pursuers to rush by hoping to catch him on the far side; as soon as they are past, he steals out at the spot where he entered and quietly gallops back in the direction in which he has just come.

In placing a natural obstacle between himself and his foes a pig will never hesitate to get over it



himself. He will hurl himself into the deepest nullah at the risk of broken limbs, in spite of the fact that his legs and joints are very susceptible to injury. It is very common to find old boars with enlarged and ossified hocks and fetlock joints, resulting from such break-neck leaps. I have even seen a pig break its leg in the course of a run in the act of jumping down a small bank.

In Kutch a few years back a boar, finding himself hard pressed, ran straight over a steep cliff 50 feet high, and picked himself up at the bottom and got away unhurt over the plains below, in full view of his disgusted pursuers.

There is a saying that a pig cannot swim, as in attempting it he cuts his throat with his hoofs.

I fear the action of the wild boar hardly bears out this statement, as he may often be seen swimming a canal or river on pleasure or on business bent, and when hard pressed near water it is the first method of escape he essays.

In the Log of the Cawnpore Tent Club there is recorded a case of a pig taking to water in a deep pond when he had been badly speared. He thus kept his foes at a distance, and there seemed every prospect of their having to besiege him until his swimming powers failed, when a coolie—and let us here enshrine the fact that his name was Choodoo—swam in and tackled him, and eventually succeeded in drowning him.

It is said that when swimming a boar cannot use his tusches, an accusation that has yet to be proved.

*Jinking.*—When the boar in the course of the run finds he is becoming too closely pressed, he will keep an eye on his pursuer, and directly he sees the spear point being lowered in his direction in



A JINK.

anticipation of a prod, he will “jink,” or suddenly turn sharply to the right or left, almost divining at the moment to which hand the rider is least prepared to turn. In performing this trick he will

often make a feint of jinking to one side, and will dart off in exactly the opposite direction in the next stride. In either case he generally manages to escape the spear point for the time, and to throw his foremost pursuer a good many lengths to the bad.

*Camouflage.*—A pig hard pressed will often make for a herd of cattle and try to keep in its midst during its blundering and stupid flight before the horsemen, hoping in this way to escape notice.

I have been riding a boar who, in his anxiety to lose his identity, attempted to join a herd of water buffaloes, in which he would have been very hard to follow ; but luckily for me one old bull resented his intrusion and charged him head down. This unexpected reception so annoyed the old boar that, forgetting all about his original danger, he turned his attention to this new enemy, and I was the witness of two real good charges between them before he came to the conclusion that it was better to resume his course of flight.

On another occasion I saw a boar join a herd of nilghai ; and once nearly lost one in the course of a run through his seeing and joining a sounder of fresh pig, in which he hoped to smuggle himself away ; but the foam on his jaws and his pounding gait and tail erect and rigid (for I had been riding him some distance) soon distinguished him from the rest, and I was able to single him out. When he saw his ruse was discovered his rage knew no bounds, and he came round at me at once, and was only killed after a good fight, in the course of which he cut my horse severely above the knee.

In the above cases it was apparently no abject feeling of fear which prompted the pig to adopt this course, but rather an instinct of cunning and discretion which urged them to avoid unnecessary fighting, by availing themselves of the means of escape offered, which means, when found inadequate, were at once abandoned for the more natural method of cool, upstanding fighting.

The Cawnpore Tent Club Log also gives a case in which a hunted boar took refuge in a herd of rough-looking village pig, and with such success that for a short time one of the unfortunate tame porkers stood in imminent danger of his life, until his owner came rushing up with clasped hands to intercede for his favourite, and put the hunters on the track of the interloper.

*Ferocity.*—I defy contradiction of the statement that the boar possesses the nastiest temper of any living animal. The moment he is put out by any little annoyance he is prone to resort at once to the use of his tushes, usually in an indiscriminate manner,—

“ Being moved he strikes whate’er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay ”—(very often).

He will attack anything, from his youngest son to an elephant.

When galloping after a sounder I have seen the boar running amongst his young family, pitching them right and left out of his way. It is, as a rule, very hard to get elephants, so knowing are they, to face a pig in the jungle. On one occasion a particularly staunch elephant was employed in

beating a jungle, and on finding a pig she stood her ground, but was promptly attacked by the boar, and received such a severe cut in her leg that she could never be got to face one again.

General McMaster and Major Moray Brown both relate instances of camels, whose very appearance suffices to scare most animals, being the victims of savage onslaughts by boars. At a grand field-day at Delhi, in the presence of all the foreign delegates, in 1885, a boar suddenly appeared upon the scene and charged a Horse Artillery gun, effectually stopping it in its advance at a gallop by throwing down two of the horses. The headquarters staff and the foreign officers were spectators of this deed, and hastened to sustain the credit of the Army by seizing lances from their orderlies and dashing off in pursuit of the boar, who was now cantering off to find more batteries on which to work his sweet will. The staff, however, were too quick for him, and, after a good run and fight, he fell a victim to their attentions, amidst a chorus of *vivas*, *sacrés*, and *houplas*. Colonel Bushman, the Deputy Adjutant-General, himself a fanatical believer in "the queen of weapons," took the honours of the run.

This is not the only occasion on which pig have appeared on the field of battle, for in the Franco-Prussian War numbers of them used to keep the outposts on the *qui vive*. In that campaign, Hans Breitmann, serving as a uhlan, observed the number of sows that were about in the Ardennes, and accounted for their presence in a somewhat original way :—

“ And all dese schweinpig sauen  
Vot you see a running round  
Is a great metempsychosis  
Of the Fräntsché *demi monde*.”

It often happens that cattle and peasants are killed or badly hurt by boars whom they have unexpectedly disturbed enjoying their midday siesta in crops.

It is a well-ascertained fact that of all animals the boar does not fear to drink at the same pool with a tiger; nay, a case is on record of his having taken his drink with a tiger on each side of him.

Mr. Sterndale relates an authentic story of a tiger being killed by a boar, the tiger being young and lusty, not old and worn-out like the one who, according to the account in Phil Robinson's "Noah's Ark," was killed by his own dinner—the dinner being a playful but hard-headed sheep who, when introduced into the tiger's cage, proceeded "to butt him so severely that he died."

Mr. Inglis describes a pitched battle between a tiger and a boar, which he watched from a hiding hole near a pool, where the wild beasts came to water. "When the boar saw the tiger the latter roared. But" (says Mr. Inglis) "the old boar did not seem to mind the roar so very much as might have been anticipated. He actually repeated his 'hoo! hoo!' only in a, if possible, more aggressive, insulting and defiant manner. Nay, more, such was his temerity that he actually advanced with a short, sharp rush in direction of the striped intruder. Intently peering through the indistinct light, we

eagerly watched the development of this strange *rencontre*. The tiger was now crouching low, crawling stealthily round and round the boar, who changed front with every movement of his lithe and sinewy adversary, keeping his determined head and sharp, deadly tusks ever facing his stealthy and treacherous foe. The bristles of the boar's back were up at a right angle from the strong spine. The wedged-shaped head poised on the strong neck and thick rampart of muscular shoulder was bent low, and the whole attitude of the body betokened full alertness and angry resoluteness. In their circlings the two brutes were now nearer to each other and nearer to us, and thus we could mark every movement with greater precision. The tiger was now growling and showing his teeth; and all this, that takes such a time to tell, was but the work of a few short minutes. Crouching now still lower, till he seemed almost flat on the ground, and gathering his sinewy limbs beneath his lithe, lean body, he suddenly startled the stillness with a loud roar, and quick as lightning sprang upon the boar. For a brief minute the struggle was thrilling in its intense excitement. With one swift, dexterous sweep of the strong, ready paw, the tiger fetched the boar a terrific slap right across the jaw, which made the strong beast reel; but with a hoarse grunt of resolute defiance, with two or three sharp digs of the strong head and neck, and swift cutting blows of the cruel, gashing tusks, he seemed to make a hole or two in the tiger's coat, marking it with more stripes than Nature had ever painted there; and presently both combatants were streaming with

gore. The tremendous buffet of the sharp claws had torn flesh and skin away from off the boar's cheek and forehead, leaving a great ugly flap hanging over his face and half blinding him. The pig was now on his mettle. With another hoarse grunt, he made straight for the tiger, who very dexterously eluded the charge and, lithe and quick as a cat after a mouse, doubled almost on itself, and alighted clean on the boar's back, inserting his teeth above the shoulders, tearing with his claws, and biting out great mouthfuls of flesh from the quivering carcase of his maddened antagonist. He seemed now to be having all the best of it, so much so that the boar discreetly stumbled and fell forward, whether by accident or design I know not, but the effect was to bring the tiger clean over his head, sprawling clumsily on the ground. I almost shouted, 'Aha, now you have him!' for the tables were turned. Getting his forefeet on the tiger's prostrate carcase, the boar now gave two or three short, ripping gashes with the strong white tusks, almost disembowelling his foe, and then exhausted seemingly by the effort, apparently giddy and sick, he staggered aside and lay down panting and championing his tusks, but still defiant with his head to the foe. But the tiger, too, was sick—yea, sick unto death. The blood-letting had been too much for him. And now thinking that it was time for the interference of a third party, I let the two mutually disabled combatants have the contents of both my barrels, and we had the satisfaction presently of seeing the struggling limbs grow still, and knew that both were ours."



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Captain Williamson also mentions instances of " fights occurring between tigers and boars in some of which both combatants have been killed."

" And, being ireful, on the lion he'll venture."

General Rice shot a boar whose " back was full of deep, long furrows as if someone had dug the iron spikes of a large garden rake well down into his flesh and then dragged it out sideways." This was the work of a lion which the General succeeded in shooting the following day. On examination a dangerous rip from the boar's tush was found under the lion's elbow.

The fact of finding himself hard pressed appears to annoy a boar very considerably, and he will then often charge any object he sees, whether it may be concerned in his pursuit or not.

In one morning I have seen two different boars in the course of their runs charge at harmless cow-herds who happened to be standing near their line of flight. One man was cut, the other threw his only garment *à la matador* over the pig's head and hurled himself flat on the ground howling. Luckily for him the pig seized the rag to vent his rage upon, and lost his life while busy in tearing it to shreds.

In the neighbourhood of the Saharunpur Stud Farm, Lord William Beresford was riding a boar, who, finding the fields rather heavy, took to a road for better going. After rattling along this for some distance he found himself coming to one of the farm gates shut across the road—a real

formidable five-barred arrangement in stout timber. Without a moment's hesitation the boar put on extra steam and charged it with lowered head. The result was that he knocked away the lowest bar, and, catching the next one on his back, gave



“BILL” BERESFORD COMING A CROPPER AT SAHARUNPUR  
REMOUNT FARM.

the gate such a heave upwards as to release the latch and open it for his pursuer. “Bill,” however, was too close on to him to be benefited by this accident, for his horse was at that moment rising to clear it, and the gate swinging back just as he rose caught the horse as he descended and was

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smashed ; the horse and rider got a very nasty fall on the hard road, and the pig lived to fight some other day.

It frequently occurs that a boar charges before he has been wounded or even ridden.

On one occasion in my experience, a sportsman, fresh from England, was sitting quietly on his mare outside the cover during a beat (of course taking no pains to conceal himself), looking with



A LITTLE UPSET.

rather a contemptuous eye on all the preparations for killing a miserable pig, when an old boar looking out from the bushes spied him, and without thinking twice about it went straight for him. The sportsman gaily advanced at a canter to meet him in spite of all his companions' adjurations not to head him. The boar, however, had no intention himself of being headed, and putting on an extra spurt charged straight for the mare's forelegs and

knocked them clean from under her ; the fall that followed was "imperial," and the sportsman, who had pitched on his head, only came to his senses some twenty minutes later, with quite fresh opinions about the Indian boar.

Another time a boar, hearing the coolies beating through the jungle towards his haunt, looked out to see if the coast were clear for a bolt across the open. Nothing was to be seen except one native gentleman riding along the high road nearly half a mile away. Still this was not to the boar's taste, so he went straight for the wretched man and gave him one that floored him and his horse, and then went on his way rejoicing.

The late Major Gough, 9th Lancers (better known as "Goffy"), used to aver that a boar once charged him for three miles (more or less)! He saw the brute come as a mere speck over the distant horizon, it came on and on—nearer and nearer—faster and faster, until it rushed right on his levelled spear!

Major Hogg writes: "I remember on one occasion the beaters paused on the brink of a large nullah covered with bushes and grass, and pointed out to me a dark object rather more than a hundred yards off, which they said was a boar and which they were afraid of. On riding up to about sixty yards the boar sat up on its haunches like a dog, and when we were within thirty yards he charged as straight as an arrow and as hard as he could. He was, of course, checked by a spear, but owing to the thick cover we took half an hour to kill him, and not before he had ripped three horses.

one upper tush broken off and the other very blunted, was making his way across a field, filled with rage at having been already twice speared, when he espied two natives at work. One of these he charged, and throwing him down inflicted several severe gashes on him. The other man came to the assistance of his comrade and was in his turn sent flat on his back; while in this position the boar lay on him to keep him down and proceeded to dig at his chest with his tusches; the man managed to mitigate the effect of the cuts by seizing the boar's lower jaw with both hands and partially holding it from him till he was rescued; but, notwithstanding this, he was more or less badly cut in fifteen places.

No more conclusive instance can be given of the boar's gashing abilities than that of the encounter which Colonel Kinloch, of the King's Royal Rifles, had with a truculent old monster. I will give the account in the Colonel's own words, from his "Large Game Shooting in Northern India":—

"Several of us were lounging about the mess tent late in the afternoon when we heard shouts of 'Jungli soor,' and, on looking out, saw a boar galloping through some shallow water about 300 yards from camp. Just then one of our men fired a charge of shot at him, which, of course, did him no harm, but only served to enrage him.

"My horses were being groomed at the time, so that I shouted to a syce to saddle one, ran to my tent for a spear, and was in the saddle and in pursuit of the boar in little more than a minute. He was about three-quarters of a mile off, but I could

plainly see him, and sent my horse along as hard as he could go. The pig was going leisurely, and I soon came up and made him quicken his pace. Just then he espied two wretched natives standing in the corn, and at once changed his course and charged them. They turned to run, but one was instantly knocked over. I was close behind, and the boar went on. I soon overtook him and gave three spears in quick succession, but in my hurry I had unfortunately brought a blunt spear, and I did not do him much harm. Each thrust was followed by a most determined and wicked charge, which it took me all I knew to avoid. I had no spurs. We now reached a field of higher corn, and the boar, turning suddenly round, charged straight at my horse's chest. I had no time to get out of the way, and my horse was knocked off his legs, receiving a cut under the left knee. I was sent flying, but found myself on my feet in an instant, and had just time to lower my spear as the boar rushed at me. The spear glanced, and I was at once thrown down and the pig immediately attacked me on the ground, digging at me most savagely. I knew that my only chance was to prevent him from getting his tusks into my stomach ; I therefore kept my left arm well to the front and let him rip at it while I seized him by the foreleg with the right hand and tried to throw him. He was too strong for me and kept on cutting me, so, finding that I could not get rid of him, I resolved to try the dodge of shamming ; I therefore threw myself flat on my face and lay still, hoping the brute would leave me. However, he went on digging at me as viciously as

ever, inflicting two severe cuts on my head. This would not do, so I jumped up, and grasping my spear with both hands, drove it with all my strength against his chest, but it would not penetrate, and I was again knocked down.

"I now began to think matters were becoming serious when, to my delight, I heard horses galloping. I shouted for help, and as they approached the boar left me. S., R., and S. then rode up, having by good luck come the right way, for they did not even know I was in front of them. I was scarlet from head to foot, and my clothes cut to ribbons. S. looked after me while the others went for a dhoolie. I was carried into camp, and my wounds sewn up and dressed, a job which took nearly four hours! I had received about fifty wounds, two in the head, two in the foot, and the others pretty equally distributed between them. The tendons of my left arm were injured, and I have never recovered perfect use of that hand."

Among the natives of India it is a common superstition that the cut from a boar is poisonous, and, though the same idea was formerly prevalent in England, there seems to be nothing to justify it.

Vambéry, when travelling in Central Asia (it is probably "Eastern Russia" by this time), was thrown by his horse in the midst of a sounder of pig. He was afterwards cordially congratulated by his native followers on having been fortunate enough to escape the tushes of the boar, as their effect would probably have been fatal, and had he gone to the next world "nedjis," or defiled owing

to being killed by an unclean beast, one hundred years of purgatory would not have sufficed to cleanse him !

In the majority of instances of a man on foot being attacked by a boar, he has received wounds in the thigh.

In the case of horses the wounds, if not in the belly, are generally in the stifle or hock.

Many horses when being ridden up to a wounded boar are apt to check their pace just when they are on him, and consequently give him a steadier object of attack ; many endeavour to strike at him with their forefeet and are very often severely cut about the fetlocks in so doing. I have known a horse gashed on two different occasions when trying this plan of attack ; and there is on record a case of a pony having its forefoot cut off in a similar encounter, and the hoof being left hanging by skin and tendon only.

Apparently with an idea of wounding in a more vital part, a boar will often *spring* at the horse or rider. I have known of a horse standing 15·3 hands being badly cut on the wither in that way, and Matthew Day, of Dacca, had a horse wounded with a gash extending from the root of the tail to the point of the hip. Instances of the rider's boots being cut are common.

Some herbivorous animals, such as the horse, camel, etc., use their teeth in self-defence, while others, such as the elephant, deer, buffalo, etc., do not.

The pig, in spite of having a good weapon in his tusk, may be classed among the former, for he will



occasionally, without any apparent reason, take to biting instead of gashing at close quarters.

Many cases have occurred of a hunter's foot or stirrup being seized and held by the pig in his mouth. Colonel Murdoch, R.H.A., has (unless he has by this time worn it out) a boot with a pig's tooth-mark clean through the sole.

Colonel Fraser, in his "Life in India," describes how his syce lost two fingers by a bite from a pig.

"Beetle," a fox terrier friend of mine, had one of his feet badly chewed by a boar, and from that day went about with a permanently enlarged foot.

On one occasion, when riding a mulishly obstinate horse, I had succeeded in pinning a boar to the ground with a spear through his body ; he presently began to work himself up the spear towards the horse's forelegs. No jobbing or spurring would induce the horse to move, till the boar, much to my surprise, instead of cutting at it seized my steed's off fore in his mouth and gave it a bite which made the horse hop with pain, and then retaliate with a tattoo by both forefeet on the boar's skull.

The following extract from the *Asian* gives an instance of a good boar disdaining to use his tushes :—  
"The hog met me boldly (for the third time) and was again badly wounded ; another charge, and though badly hit, he managed to come in, and catching my foot in his mouth, hung on like a bulldog, while the impetus of the horse dragged him several yards from the jungle. The pain of the

bite was intense, and I really thought for a moment that I had lost half my foot. There was, however, no time to examine how matters *stood*, for night was closing in fast; we were close upon a heavy jungle, and every minute of breathing time allowed improved the chance of my antagonist; so, at him again was the word, and this time, either from a stumble my horse made in going up or the imperfect light in the long grass, I missed him in the charge and he struck me between the boot top and the breeches, causing a very severe bruise, but, strange to say, without cutting my leg. In the next and last charge my spear struck the hog just above the shoulder, and, going completely through the body, the gallant brute fell and died without a struggle. . . . For this novel mode of attack by biting I am unable to account, as the tushes now before me are sharp and perfect, and their size prove him to have been about the prime of hoghood. We must conclude that the march of intellect has made a stride among the pigs, and that, following the example of bipeds, the males now adopt a mode of defence formerly peculiar to the weaker sex, employing the tongue instead of 'tulwar' (sword), teeth instead of tushes."

*Gameness.*—The pluck of the pig is best shown when, disabled by wounds, and with power to run no farther, he stops to fight every inch of his way to some cover, and on gaining it comes to bay.

"The pluck of the bull-dog does not beat  
The pluck of the gallant boar."

Any but a good spear seems to rouse him to fresh

fury. He stands with feet planted wide apart and head lowered, his tusches clashing together, and his restless little bloodshot eyes, watching every movement of his foes, till the nearer approach of one of them prompts him to rush forth and charge with an unexpected vigour and activity, after which he will trot back and take up his position afresh. Let a rider try to come up behind him, he will note the movement and be round on him in a twinkling. He never seems to lose head or heart, and throws himself on to the spears time after time with reckless gallantry, and even when being held off with a spear through his body he will endeavour by working himself up the shaft to get within cutting distance of the horse or the hunter.

Wounds which would at least disable any other animal seem to affect the pig but little. Even with his skull splintered by a shot he has been known to charge with renewed vigour.

The following incident, which I have ventured to extract from the Cawnpore Tent Club Log, will give an idea of the fighting spirit and gameness of the boar :—

“In the afternoon (20th June, 1874) we found another very fine pig a little beyond the Bumba, and Clifford, who was in the line, followed him across the canal and into some bushes about one and a half miles below the Kejung Bridge. Here he took up his stand and we waited till the coolies came up, when, having bowled over three of them, head over heels, and established a funk among the rest, he sneaked away and got across the road ere he was discovered. The whole field got away after

him, but he succeeded in gaining a mango tope (grove) about one and a half miles from the bushes, closely pressed by Fishbourne. After some little difficulty he was induced to break, but being too quickly followed by Fishbourne he turned and made back for the garden. Mitchell, who was just coming out, rode to meet him, but missed his spear, and the pig passed between his horse's legs and gave him rather a nasty cut, which would have been much worse had his tusk not happened to be broken.

"The boar now lay down in some water, whence Clifford and Fishbourne invited his charges, the latter spearing him through the back, leaving the spear in, which, however, *he quickly broke off* against a tree, and immediately after, noticing Cruickshank a little way off *he carefully stalked him* and rolled him, horse and all, right over. The unfortunate *māli* (gardener) next came in the way and had a large piece of flesh cut out of his thigh, and two coolies and a woman were badly cut within a few seconds after. After these performances the boar went right through a village and gained nearly a mile start before anyone got away after him. About two miles from the garden he took up his position in a piece of sugar crop, where he was finally killed by Fishbourne after charging *six or seven times and being speared every time.*"

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was, on one occasion, faced by a very game boar when hunting with the Delhi Tent Club. The pig had been started in a very difficult bit of country. Lord Downe was the first to come on terms with him.

and as he did so the boar turned and rushed for him, and although smartly speared succeeded in inflicting a fearful gash in his horse's hock. Dr. Kavanagh, coming up next, was charged in his turn and succeeded in checking the boar with a point in the head, but so deeply was the spear driven in that it was wrenched from his hand and remained standing in the pig's skull. In spite of this encumbrance the old tusker again started to make good his retreat to the jungle, when the Duke came up and speared with such effect that he gave up all further idea of flight, and, having worked the spear out of his head, took to charging at his enemies. He pursued Dr. Kavanagh for some distance, and another of the party he unhorsed, and only after a good tussle was he killed on foot, the Duke of Connaught giving him his *coup de grace*.

When utterly beat the boar will, as a rule, retreat into some thick bush, small ravine, or other sanctuary where he cannot be taken in rear or flank, and if possible out of reach of spears. From a position such as this it is very difficult to oust him. If his cover is inflammable it may be set fire to, but if not it will be necessary to attack him on foot, but in such a case it is well to remember that although he may struggle into his sanctuary apparently more than half dead, it is not, therefore, to be presumed that he is already done for; often he will lie still for some time shamming to be dead, and quietly recover his wind, and will in time revive to a wonderful extent; on this account he should be approached with caution by anyone dismounted.

To digress for a moment : talking of approaching cautiously when on foot reminds me of a case which happened in the Allahabad district, when after a long run over bad ground the boar got into a thicket, very done but still unwounded. As no beating or shouting had the desired effect of driving him forth he was approached by the party on foot with every precaution, when to the surprise of the contestants for " first spear," it was found that the unfortunate (?) animal had already passed away to happier jungles—having died of apoplexy or exhaustion.

When hard pressed and beat a pig will take to almost any kind of refuge, whether up a drain, down a well, or in a house. I have known three instances of pig doing this latter, and one was killed near Meerut, having taken his final stand in a grain dealer's shop. A good boar was once killed near Cawnpore who had gone to bay in a tank (pond). He fought the party of three spears for over fifteen minutes before he was finally dispatched. He had cut one horse and two beaters severely.

It is in this last stage of his hunt, when thus driven to bay, that the boar exhibits to the fullest that stubborn pluck and reckless fierceness which so characterise him and which deservedly raise him to the first place amongst animals of the chase.

On such occasions, with sterner feelings roused, one cannot well feel pity, but a strong admiration seizes one for the plucky beast—

" . . . . . good to run and to fight,  
And who never says die till you've killed him outright."

M. Levesque says "j'ai beaucoup fréquenté les sangliers, et, parmi nos animaux sauvages, je n'en connais aucun que je trouve aussi estimable. C'est un brave, un chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, qui se bat courageusement jusqu'à la fin, et meurt comme un héros."

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WEAPONS

**L**ONG Spear.—In addition to the natural propensities of the boar himself, the use of a weapon that is not certain in its effects, and which brings hunter and hunted on more equal terms and at close quarters, is a further item of excitement in the sport of pig-sticking.

At all times and in all countries where pig-hunting has found followers, it has almost invariably been carried out with the aid of some form of spear. By the inhabitants of Ancient Britain, by those of Albania, Central Europe, New Zealand, South Africa, Algeria, by the Pathans of Biluchistan, and the Brinjaris of Hindustan, boar have been, or still are, run down on foot and killed with assistance of dogs and spears.

As I have said, the idea of hunting the boar on horseback was only introduced as a substitute for bear-sticking some hundred and twenty years ago by British sportsmen quartered in India, and for a long time the old form of spear was adhered to—a big, broad-bladed head, set on to the thick end of a short, heavy, bamboo shaft. This weapon was thrown at the pig.

It was in 1827 that Johnson wrote: “When hunting with a party I disapprove of jobbing the



spear into the hog, that is spearing a hog and not quitting your hold of the spear. It is attended with considerable danger of dislocating the shoulder" (!) "and prevents all the rest of the party from participating in the sport, the horse and rider are more liable to be ripped; and it requires no dexterity comparatively with throwing the spear, though more resolution and strength of arm; and it is not considered a fair method of sport." Since then, however, the system thus decried has been generally adopted, and the spear has undergone great changes in weight and dimensions, to make it a weapon adapted for being retained in the hand under all circumstances.

Two kinds of spear are used in India, the long or "underhand" spear, and the short or "jobbing" spear.

The long spear is generally used in Southern and Western India, and in the Meerut, and one or two other clubs in Northern India. It consists of a light, tough bamboo shaft, from seven to eight feet long, with a small steel head, the whole weighing from two to three pounds. The shape of the head depends to a great extent on the fancy of the hunter. The spear is used "underhand," that is, it is grasped about two-thirds of the way back from the point, with knuckles turned downwards, thumb pointing along the shaft which is carried below the forearm with a free play of wrist, elbow, and shoulder.

The advantages claimed for the long spear are that it is easy to use, that a pig, and particularly a "jinker," is more quickly reached with it, that a charging boar is held at a safe distance from the

horse, and that the whole impetus of man and horse are given to the force of the blow.

The disadvantages are said to be that it is unwieldy to carry among long grass, bushes, trees, etc., and that being easily diverted by stalks and twigs, etc., it is useless for spearing purposes in such places ; and owing to its length, and the manner in which it is held, it cannot be used against a boar charging from behind or from a flank.

*The Short Spear.*—The short or “ jobbing ” spear is generally used throughout Bengal and Upper India, and is thicker, heavier, and shorter than the long spear, being 6 feet 6 inches extreme measure, with a weight of lead on the butt, so designed that when the spear is grasped within 6 inches of the butt, it has a certain balance, and can be wielded from the elbow. Its weight is from two to four pounds, and it is used “ overhand,” that is, with the knuckles to the front, thumb upwards.

*Its advantages* are that it can be better used among jungle, since its action is more perpendicular than that of the long spear, and, therefore, is not so liable to be interfered with by bushes, etc. ; that it can be carried without inconvenience through any jungle where a horse can go (the butt being held in the hand, and the shaft lying alongside the horse’s body, pointing to the rear) ; that it brings the hunter into closer proximity with the boar, hence allowing a better mark and a more exciting time ; that the stroke, being a perpendicular one through the back, is most deadly ; and that a boar charging from the right or right rear (the most usual direction of attack) is easily received.

*Its disadvantages* are that it requires more skill and strength on the part of the wielder, and also the use of a good horse ; that in the event of a fall it is more liable to wound the horse or rider ; and that it allows a boar to come into too dangerous proximity to the horse, when being speared or when charging.

*Comparative Merits of the two Spears.*—The comparative merits of the long and short spears have been and always are a subject of much discussion between “ pig-stickers ” and “ hog-hunters.” Mr. John Watson, A. Cruickshank, Lord W. Beresford, and Mr. N. Symons, pig-stickers of the first flight, have all of them used both spears alike, and have given their verdict in favour of the short one. The first-named, perhaps the finest pig-sticker ever seen in India, used as it were to “ smash ” the pig down with his powerful short weapon, and the last-named, even though hunting in a country (Bombay) where long spears are the rule, invariably used the jobbing spear.

Dr. Kavanagh, and some others who have used both, while recognising most of the good points of the short spear, condemn it on the ground of its letting the boar in so close as to be dangerous, and, therefore, unfair on the horse. I have, therefore, been at some pains to ascertain whether the percentage of horses cut by boars is larger in clubs where the short spear is used than where the long spear is general, but the results of the inquiry do not show any reliable difference between them. Apparently such accidents are compounded of so many other elements, such as nature of country, breed of pig, excellence or otherwise of both horses

and riders, that no true comparison on this head can be drawn. As far as figures went (but "anything may be proved by figures"), the percentage was in favour of the short spear.

Having myself had some experience of both spears, I have no hesitation in saying that, although the long spear is undoubtedly best for first spearing a running, and particularly a jinking, pig, and so bringing him sooner to terms, the short spear is undoubtedly the most handy, and the most deadly for receiving charges, and for fighting in jungle or crops. When hunting by myself, I have carried a medium spear, using it "underhand" at first to "bring the boar to," and changing to "overhand" for fighting and killing him. My favourite and most deadly spear measured only 5 feet 10 inches; and the district I hunted in (Muttra) included almost every class of country to be met with in pig-sticking centres, such as grass plains, bush, tiger grass, and tree jungles, nullahs, river beds, and stony hills.

I cannot help thinking that the short spear, besides being the more fatal, is the more "sporting" of the two, and that two of the points alleged against it are actually in its favour. It is objected that more skill is required in its use, and that it allows the boar to come in too close to the horse; but to me it seems that these two points tend to fulfil the premises which go to constitute the sport: namely, the one gives scope for the practice of the individual proficiency of the hunter, while the other gives the quarry a better chance against his pursuer.

However, the choice of spear to be adopted for general use by a Tent Club is usually governed by

local circumstances, such as proportion of jungly country to be met with, the character of the general breed of pig in that district, etc. Thus the short spear is used in countries like Bengal, where long grass, jhao, thick crops, etc., are common, and where the boar turns to charge as soon as he is collared, without waiting to be pricked. Whereas in wide, open countries like Western India, where the pig trusts a good deal to his speed to take him out of danger, and where jungles are few and far between, the long spear is preferred, as being the better weapon with which to harass and bring him to bay.

The spear is, of course, used for hunting other animals than boar, and panthers very frequently appear in the bag when out pig-sticking in wild districts like the Kadir. In a large percentage of cases of panther hunting, the hunting is done by the beast himself for part of the time, as he has a nasty knack of suddenly crouching in the middle of a run and springing on to the back of your horse as you go by. Also, cat-like, he has several lives in hand and takes a deal of killing. I have, with a crowd of others, run down a wolf, but as a rule, unless he has recently dined, the wolf will wear down the average horse and get away. Hyenas are also a frequent prey to the spearsman, and black buck and nilghai are frequently speared ; but, somehow, I have never had the heart to do this, excepting on one occasion when I was charged by a black buck in close cover.

John Watson created a record in this direction when in riding a nilghai his spear broke off short in its back when it was close alongside his horse. He

promptly threw himself from his horse on to the back of the deer and rode it while he drew out the broken spear and gave it a final stab which brought quarry and rider to earth.

*Spear Heads.*—There are in existence spear heads of every variety of shape and temper that a sportsman's fancy can desire, but the beginner cannot go far wrong if he select one of the more ordinary kinds to begin with—either the “ Bayonet ” shape (made by Wilkinson, of Pall Mall ; Thornhill, Bond Street ; Hill, of the Haymarket ; or Rogers, of Bond Street), or those known as the “ Bodraj,” made in Aurungabad (Bombay), and obtainable all over India.

The *Bayonet* head is a tapering three-edged spike, long, triangular in section, with blade 6 inches long and three-quarters of an inch width of side, socket and neck 6 inches, which, owing to its shape, slips easily into the flesh and between bones with comparatively little pressure, and can always be as easily withdrawn, and its point is solid and strong enough to pierce the bone of the shoulder-blade or skull. In selecting a head of this kind, the buyer should be careful to take only one whose blade and socket are made in one piece, and not connected at the neck by solder and a bolt up the inside.

The *Bodraj* head is a flat oval blade tapering to a point, it is 4 inches long, three-quarters to 1 inch broad at the widest part, with a neck and socket of 4 inches long ; a projecting rib runs from point to socket along the centre of each side of the blade, standing about one-sixth of an inch, and sharpened along its back. This head is particularly adapted for use in Pig-sticking Cup Competitions, as the

channels along the bottom of the rib are apt to retain a certain amount of blood after inflicting a wound, which may often be a decisive proof in the case of a disputed first spear, while a smooth spear blade will frequently become so greased and re-greased in passing in and out again of the pig through his layer of skin fat, that it fails to retain even the drop of the blood of the interior wound necessary for substantiating the claim to first spear.

The main points to be insisted on in the selection of a spear head are that:—The socket should be wide enough at its mouth to admit the bamboo shaft without necessitating its being trimmed or planed down, as a great portion of the toughness of the bamboo lies in its external skin.

The neck connecting the socket to the blade should be strong and unbendable—the whole head being made in one piece; those which are jointed and soldered together, or otherwise weak at the neck, are apt to bend or break off on contact with the boar's skull or other hard bone.

The blade itself should not only be of a shape that will ensure its easy entrance through skin and muscle and between the ribs, etc., combined with an ability to retain blood, but which will also enable it to be withdrawn again without risk of its being prevented from coming out between the ribs or through the original slit in the tough hide after having received a turn in the wound, and yet it should be of sufficient size to make a hole capable of admitting the socket into the wound. For this reason, wide or thin (not "narrow") blades or those with shoulders to them, and especially the "diamond-shaped," should

be avoided ; they may slip in easily enough between the bones if they happen to be held the right way, but half a turn of the wrist in the struggle will probably lock them against withdrawal by placing them athwart the openings by which they entered. The blade must also be of well-tempered steel, and have strength at the point to enable it to pierce bones and not to be bent or broken in the attempt. English-made medium-tempered heads are the most satisfactory in the long run. An under-tempered blade, the usual result of the Indian artificer's work, becomes blunted after a few contacts with the boar's tough hide, and its point becomes turned into a hook on striking a bone ; while on the other hand an over-tempered blade, which the English maker is rather apt to recommend, is very liable to chip and break at the edges and point. On the whole, then, it is better, within bounds of course, to have a spear head rather under- than over-tempered ; sufficiently tough to pierce a bone, and yet not so hardened as to be " chippy." A blade of this kind has also the advantage of being easy to sharpen with the roughest appliances, whereas a thoroughly hard piece of steel would require a regular grinding apparatus.

*Spear Shafts.*—In selecting a shaft for a spear, a tough, springy, seasoned, male bamboo, with the knots close together, should be chosen. Its absolute straightness is not an indispensable point, as ordinary curves can be rectified by the local carpenter, or by hanging the shaft with a 16 lb. weight attached to it. For a short spear the bamboo should be thick at the butt and should taper rapidly towards the head, whereas for a long spear it should be light, straight,



and of very gradual taper. Indians say that the bamboo for this purpose should be cut at night when the moon is new, but I will not advance this theory as one of my own; though I *will* say that it is preferable to cut your bamboo at the end of the hot season, while the sap is chiefly in the roots.

*Fitting the Head.*—In attaching the spear head, the thin end of the bamboo shaft should be fixed in the socket with glue after having been cut to such a length that the mouth of the socket fits on just where a joint occurs, as extra strength of wood is thus obtained at the critical point. Then either the outside of the socket should be filed down to come flush with the wood, or else the latter should be "whipped" with waxed thread, or varnished string, for a few inches above the socket. In any case the object is to ensure no projecting edge of the socket being left to catch under the pig's tough hide, which is apt to close very tightly round the shaft when the spear has passed into his body. Indian carpenters are very liable to trim the bamboo down to fit the socket, or to level the edge of the socket to the surface of the shaft by a gradually decreasing coating of glue; but both these methods are bad. The former weakens the shaft at the point where it requires to be particularly strong, and in the second case the glue usually cracks and breaks off, leaving the rim of the socket projecting to catch under the bones or skin of the wound.

The point and edge of the spear head should be frequently looked to and kept quite sharp. They are very liable to become blunted from frequent contact with the tough hide, bones, etc., of the pig,

and with the branches of jungle, and from being driven into the sand : many a man has been unable to substantiate his claim to first spear from carelessness in this respect where his spear, although fairly delivered, has been too blunt to pierce the tough hide opposed to it—

“ His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed  
Are better proof than thy spear point can enter.”

## CHAPTER VIII

### DIFFICULTIES OF GROUND

**T**HE *Ground Itself*.—Another obstacle to the easy dispatch of the boar is the nature and features of the ground itself. As a general rule the country in India is “trappy,” and even where it is free and open it is generally as hard as iron. The legs of the Indian-bred horses stand this ground in a marvellous degree, but an English horse almost invariably goes to pieces after a short experience of it. And not only is it heart-breaking for the rider to listen to the banging of his courser’s hoofs on the unyielding surface, but it is also a bone-breaking matter if he gets a fall, for a tumble here is not like one in an English ploughed field.

The trappy nature of the ground is due to the frequent occurrence of inexplicable holes and abysses, which as a rule give no sign of their existence till you are almost into them.

#### HOW I DID NOT WIN THE KADIR CUP

The account in “Indian Memories” of how I missed winning (and yet won) the Kadir Cup shows how there’s many a pip between the cup and the lip owing to eccentricities of the ground in that country.

The Kadir Cup is the pig-sticking challenge cup for the long spear in Northern India. On this occasion there were fifty-four horses entered for it. They were divided by lot into parties of four. Each party had an umpire to look after them, and when he saw a rideable boar he gave the word " Ride."

Away they all went, and the man who first speared the pig won the heat.

There were fourteen parties in the first round. Then all the winners of the first round, fourteen of them, were divided into four parties for the semi-final, leaving four horses to compete in the final for the cup. In this I was lucky enough to have two horses.

As I could not ride two at once, Ding MacDougall rode Patience and I rode Hagarene (dear old Hagarene, whom Bill Beresford would always persist in calling " Gangrene "). Such excitement ! There were twenty elephants with onlookers, fellows up in trees and others riding their horses to see the fun.

Away went a great boar in front of us.

" Ride ! "

Away we went after him. Hagarene drew away from the rest, as she was tremendously fast and keen. The pig dashed across open ground into a very thick, coarse jungle, but I was pretty close to him, and caught glimpses of him every now and then between the great tussocks of grass six feet high.

Hagarene bounded through them like a motor-boat in a big sea ; then across twenty yards of open ground and another patch of jungle thicker than before and steeply banked.

Once we pecked, and were very nearly down. One of the tussocks had a solid pillar of hard earth in it which the mare struck with her chest. But she managed to recover herself.

Now we were close on to him, and I got my spear ready to reach out and give him the winning thrust. At that moment a kind of green hedge appeared in front, and almost as the pig disappeared through it Hagarene cleared it, and there, ten feet below, was the shining surface of the river !

The pig went splosh in under water, and Hagarene and I did the same, almost on top of him. Right down we went under water, down and down into the depths !

Then followed a good deal of struggling, striking out, swimming in heavy clothes and boots, till eventually, with the aid of weeds and bushes, I pulled myself out on the far bank and saw Hagarene clambering out too a few yards off, and away she went full split for camp.

The pig meantime had turned and had swum back to where he entered the water, and was creeping up among the reeds. And as the other men in the heat came up to the hedge and looked over I pointed out the pig to them, and away they went after him on his new line.

MacDougall was the first to reach him on Patience, and, spearing him, handsomely won the cup for me.

A funny object I looked when the others came up to congratulate me, dripping with mud and water and garlanded with green weeds, but the happiest man among them.

## ECCENTRICITIES OF THE TERRAIN

A *melon field* gives the "new chum" the idea of being merely a cultivated piece of ground lightly harrowed over, when in reality it is what our present day field-fortification-wise young officer would describe as *troups de loup* lightly filled in with sand, such that when he tries to ride across it the ground gives way under him and drops him into a hole; while the pig, of lighter weight, makes his way across it with all the rolling and tumbling motion of a festive porpoise.

A melon bed serves only one useful purpose so far as I know, and that is to cure a fidgety horse of his restlessness. I saw one so used by Gopi Singh, the *aide-de-camp* of His Highness the Rana of Dholepore, in this wise. He was riding a jerky, fidgeting horse, which, considering the heat of the morning, was, as the British soldier would describe it, "a regular treat." At last his patience came to an end, and he quietly remarked, "I'll frighten the brute into keeping quiet." Taking him short by the head, he rammed him at a low fence surrounding an open melon bed; the horse cleared the fence, but floundered heavily amongst the melons. Gopi seemed to land on his feet clear of the horse, with the reins in hand, and in a few seconds afterwards had got it on to its legs again, was in the saddle and back over the fence. The horse went like a sheep for the rest of the ride.

These melon fields are generally to be found along the river beds of Upper India, and anyone who

would like to try them I would recommend to attend the Ganges Cup Meet, near Cawnpore, when his curiosity will be amply satisfied.

Black "*cotton*" soil is a kind of ground which, under the power of the summer sun, bakes into the consistency of forged iron, and cracks up into fissures just wide enough to admit a horse's leg and deep enough to take one to the Antipodes.

"*Kunkur*" pits, holes from which road-mending material is quarried, are of all shapes, sizes, and depths. They usually occur where least expected, and they give no warning of their existence by surrounding heaps of *déblai*, since all that is dug out of them is carted away. They vary from 8 to 30 feet wide and 4 to 10 feet deep.

*Nullahs* are dry watercourses with broken and precipitous sides, sometimes of great depth and width, but they are often invisible till you are almost on the edge. They are generally crossed by goat tracks at intervals, but a hunted boar will disdain to turn aside to avail himself of these and consequently will often elude his pursuers in a network of nullahs by jumping down places impassable for horses.

*Wells* for irrigation purposes are very common in the fields. Such a well is generally placed in the corner of a field where the corners of other fields adjoin, so that its water may be shared by all of them, and a mound of excavated earth about it marks its position; but very often one finds a well in a most undesirable or unexpected place, such as close under a fence, in the middle of a field, or in a jungle, and very often without any silt thrown up at its mouth.

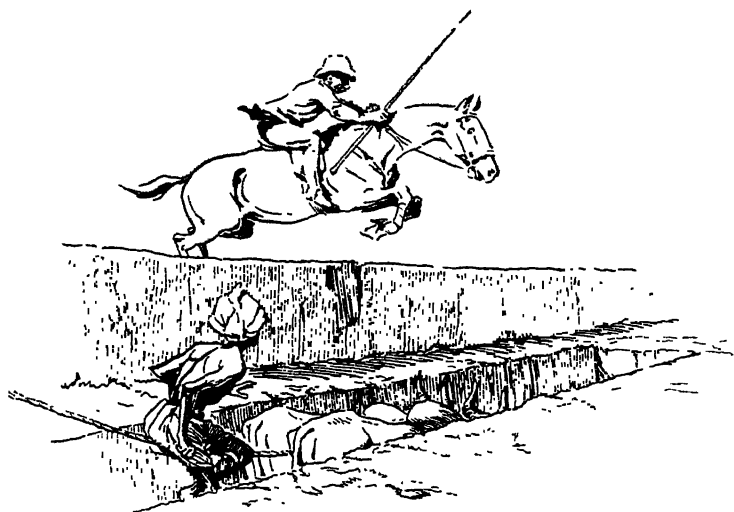
Canter down a narrow village lane bounded with high walls, with a friend on each side of you, and you will very likely find, as I have done, a well suddenly yawning under your very horse's forefeet.

The moral therefore is, if you don't want to fall into a well, avoid corners of fields and mounds of earth, and don't be surprised to find your horse unexpectedly "throwing leps."

*Bullock Runs.*—In the larger wells of the North-West country, the water is drawn up in a huge leather bucket by a pair of bullocks with the aid of a pulley wheel erected over the mouth of the well. A sloping path is excavated for these bullocks to run down into as they haul up the bucket. This bullock "run" varies from 6 to 10 feet deep, width 10 to 14 feet, and length about 15 yards. Until you are close to it there is nothing to show in which direction this bullock run lies, as many wells have two or three of them extending in different directions; it is therefore advisable to give a wide berth to all wells whose presence is indicated by a mound and cross-bars fitted with wheels. It is a very common thing for these bullock runs to be excavated alongside an ordinary field boundary wall, and in this position they form an excellent trap for the unwary sportsman approaching from the far side. The Rana of Dholepore and I have both experienced the "Oh! what a surprise" sensation of finding a bullock run, complete with bullocks and man, etc., right under us as we lobbed over a low mud wall, but thanks to the readiness of our horses, a nasty fall was in each case saved by a sharp "kick-off" from the top of the wall. My case also affords an



instance of what one inexperienced in their ways may expect from natives. There were some half-dozen villagers sitting on the top of the well mound enjoying the view of the chase; they saw me coming straight for the nasty place and yet not a note or finger of warning was raised; they took it as consistent with the inscrutable madness of a white



A LITTLE SURPRISE.

man that I should purposely select the worst place I could find to go at.

*Holes.*—It is not unusual to find in the flattest and most open ground small holes about 2 feet deep and as many in diameter. Their *raison d'être* is not at first sight very obvious, but I believe them to be the outcome of the "sheer cussedness" of the mild Hindoo.

I can only suppose they are formed by men possessing tools but having no legitimate employment for them ; like a schoolboy with a new knife, who brings it into use on every slightest pretext. I only know one thing that these holes are good for, and that is, to throw a horse down.

*Rat Warrens.*—Sandy hillocks, especially in the neighbourhood of cornfields or villages, are generally rotten and honeycombed with rat holes.

*Goanchies*, or dried-up marsh, is a common and none the less unpleasant kind of ground frequently met with in pig-sticking districts ; it consists of hard tussocks of grass roots, 1 or 2 feet in diameter and 1 to 3 feet high, lying about a foot or two apart.

*Sheet rock* is only found occasionally in Upper India (e.g. Morar, Allahabad), but is quite common in the Bombay districts, Deccan and Nagpore, in fact the country lying between Poona and Sholapore, where most of the Poona Tent Club Meets are held, may be called one vast sheet rock interspersed with a few nullahs.

Sheet rock, as its name implies, consists of huge flat slabs of rock, which, especially in their usual position sloping down a hillside and interspersed with holes and boulders, present to the stranger the idea of a country if not absolutely impassable to a horse, at least fatal to his legs. But the veteran pig-sticker of this country, although his legs may be regular museums of old cuts, bruises, and ossifications, will make his way across it speedily and safely so long as his rider leaves it to him to slide here, and prop there, as he finds the case demands. Owing to the visibly dangerous nature of the ground

falls are perhaps not quite so frequent here as in the more delusive going of holey grass or cotton soil, but it is only right to add, what the falls may lack in number they more than make up in quality.

Other impediments to the mounted hunter making



TOBOGGANING ON SHEET ROCK.

his way across country are to be found in woods, brushwood, crops, grass, etc., already described in Chapter V.

*Fences.*—Real fences are rare in India, as fields are merely divided from one another by a low bank

of earth sufficient to hold the rainfall or irrigation water within their limits; but here and there fences are made for the purpose of keeping cattle or wild animals off the more valuable crops.

*Walls.*—The commonest class of fence are the “mud” walls made of clay and dried by the sun. They stand from 2 to 4 feet high in the fields, but where protecting a garden or very valuable crop, such as opium or tobacco, they mount up to 6 and 7 feet, but even at this height they are not insurmountable to the hunted boar, who, if he cannot fly them, will usually succeed in getting over with a scramble.

*Earth banks*, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, with irrigation runnels along the top, are common in the fields; as are also irrigation ditches, about 3 feet wide and deep. These ditches are not, by themselves, very formidable, but they are often placed close alongside each other four or more together, and in this case form an unpleasant obstacle usually known as a “gridiron.”

It was over a country near Muttra abounding in this class of ditch that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught won his maiden first spear in 1884. That same run was the more remarkable since it was the first ever watched by an English Princess—watched, too, at some personal risk, by reason of her riding a strangely self-willed elephant.

The following is the account given in *The Times* of this notable day:—

“At an early hour on the 22nd inst. a general start was made for the Aring jungles, distant 12 miles on the Deeg road, where elephants, horses, and

beaters had been sent on the night before in readiness for a great day's pig-sticking. The first spear for the first pig fell, as was but right, to the Duke of Connaught, who had an exciting gallop of nearly four miles, mounted on the well-known Arab "Uncle G.", after one of the gamest pigs that ever crossed a country. There were more than nineteen spears out, and this, as pig-stickers will understand, militated somewhat against the chance of a large bag. But the pigs that were killed afforded excellent sport.

"The performances during the whole day were witnessed by the Duchess of Connaught, Lady Downe, and the ladies of the 13th Hussars, who, mounted on elephants, accompanied the beaters through the thick scrub jungles in which the pigs are found. Her Royal Highness, who was nearly six hours on an elephant, showed herself on this occasion to be insensible to fatigue, and thereby afforded gratifying proof that up to the present the Indian climate had done her no harm. On one occasion considerable alarm was caused by the elephant on which Her Royal Highness was seated with Lady Russell taking alarm, and making short rushes hither and thither in a very peculiar manner, and not to be controlled by his mahout. The Duchess and her companion were able to dismount and get on to another and quieter elephant before the eccentricities of the frightened beast became too decided to be dangerous. This, however, happened later in the day, when the conscience-stricken culprit had to be conducted home between two steady-going policemen of the same species."

“ *Bumbas* ” and “ *Rajmahals* ” are small distributory irrigation canals branching out over the country from the main canals. They are usually kept above the level of the surrounding land by banks of from 4 to 6 feet high and about 3 feet thick at the top. The width of water between the banks is usually from 6 to 12 feet and 4 feet deep. You please yourself as to whether you skip over this with a standing leap, or plunge through it.

Mud walls or banks with a thick row of tiger grass growing along the top are common in many parts. The grass runs to a height of 8 to 10 feet, so you are not expected to clear it, but merely to charge through it with sufficient rise to clear the wall.

Often these walls run both sides of a path, and the pig taken along this will, when closely pressed, take a neat flying leap sideways and so diddle you unless you have taught your horse also to jump sideways. (N.B.—This not an impossibility.)

*Rivers.*—If hard pressed in the neighbourhood of a river the boar will have no hesitation in plunging in and proceed with all speed to place it between himself and his pursuers. Most rivers, even the largest, are fordable in the dry season, but a native of the locality should always be got to lead the way across a ford, as it may run in a most erratic direction. No two fords are alike, nor does a ford remain long the same. It does not at all follow because wheel-marks lead down one bank into the water and out again directly opposite on the far bank that therefore the ford runs straight across the stream. I have known a ford having

this appearance whose actual course was that of the letter Z, owing to the presence of two deep pools and a quicksand adjacent to it. In the spring, when the rivers are filled with snow water from the hills and in the early part of the rains, it will often become necessary to swim your horse across a river. In this case it is a simple matter when boats are obtainable, as the horse has merely to be towed across by his bridle or a rope held out on the *down-stream* side of the boat.

If no boats are to be got the rider must swim his horse ; with a horse accustomed to swimming you have nothing to do but take your stirrups up, hang on by the mane, lean well forward, and retain a light feeling of the snaffle, the bit rein being knotted and left hanging on the horse's neck. If the horse is unaccustomed to swimming this method of crossing becomes a more difficult matter. On first getting out of his depth the horse will become alarmed, and in endeavouring to keep his head above water will rear himself up and paw the water without making way, and in so doing is very liable to come over backwards ; it is, therefore, advisable for the rider to slip off and swim alongside the horse, holding on to his mane ; the horse will soon settle down to swimming, although with a great deal of blowing and unnecessary exertion at first. He will, however, require gentle guidance to his proper landing point, and no attempt should be made to regain his back in the water, as it may very probably roll him over. If, when swimming a rapid stream, you are carried past your intended landing place, do not attempt to regain it by turning up-stream, but,



THE SIDEWAYS POP





on the contrary, turn down-stream and look out for another favourable point for landing lower down.

For these reasons it is a good practice to teach one's pig-stickers to swim rivers as part of their training; it is excellent exercise for them and can easily be taught by towing them from a boat and gradually increasing the length of tow-line until they become confident and take a liking to their work, which they very readily do.

While teaching the horse it would be as well for the rider also to practise the art of swimming with his mount if he is inexperienced in that line.

*Quicksands.*—The danger in all river beds, both wet and dry, is the presence of quicksands which are often hard to detect until you are in them, when it is easy enough but rather late. Colonel Barras, in his delightful book, "Our Indian Stations," thus gives his experiences of quicksands: "I was crossing the bottom of a wide nullah (ravine). It was a nice little piece of firm sand for the horse to pull himself together upon. The opposite ascent was not nearly so bad as it might have been, and the boar had just gone up it by a nice little zigzag path worn by different animals who went that way. I had only to make haste and I might yet come up with the quarry crossing the next open space—and so on, with other golden visions. 'Bless me, what's this?' I mentally exclaimed, as I found myself apparently in bed with my nag on the top of me. Only a quicksand, which had sustained the weight of the hog but given way under me and the horse. There we lay wallowing in this treacherous pitfall, and for a time

I and my spear were under the horse. I soon extricated myself, and by directing the animal's plunges judiciously I got him also on *terra firma*." . . . "Once, in following a native guide across a river bed, where the ground was of damp-looking sand, but hard and firm, with large stones and rocks plentifully scattered over its surface, I followed the man without hesitation, but had not gone many steps before I felt the crust give way under us. On this I spurred the horse, hoping that I might gain the opposite bank by the swiftness of a vigorous rush. I had better, however, have pursued the less spirited policy of at once reining back, for, as it was, the poor 'Pig' (as my steed was called) bounded forward and sank helplessly into a terrible quicksand of the very worst sort. In a moment I found myself standing on the ground, with the nag almost buried at my feet. In a few seconds he had sunk so low that I could only just get at the girth-buckles under the flap of the saddle, which article I thought I might as well save since there seemed no hope for the animal itself. The struggles of the poor brute were quite painful to witness. Throwing himself into an upright rearing position, he would get his forelegs above the surface, but only to plunge them straight down again without making any progress whatever. In the midst of this distressing scene my eye lighted on the rascal whose duty it was to have kept us out of such a plight. He was looking on at our agony with a pose of such unconcerned nonchalance that I could not forbear rushing at and commencing to beat him. This apparently senseless and even reprehensible proceeding turned

out, as on a former occasion, already recorded, to be the proper course after all, for, waking as it were from his lethargy, the delinquent deftly whipped the spear out of my hand and with it swiftly probed the quicksand in various directions to ascertain the shortest way out of it. In much less time than it takes to tell, solid land was found to exist a little to the left of the terrified and almost exhausted horse. Not more than five yards intervened between him and safety—but would he be able to accomplish this immense journey? I doubted it, for when I marked the prodigious efforts it cost him to rear and then plunge forward so as to gain only a few inches each time, it seemed impossible that his strength could hold out to traverse some fifteen feet. He succeeded eventually in extricating himself, but I shall never forget the miserable aspect that the poor brute presented as he stood beside me after emerging from the deadly and clinging embrace of the quicksand. Never, after the severest race, have I seen an animal look so tucked up and shrunken. His very skin had a dead and wrinkled look, and it was cold and clammy to the touch.” (Compare this with a remarkable account in “Modern Pig-sticking” of an elephant’s adventure in a quicksand and the curious similarity of physical results on the animal).

\* \* \* \* \*

There is thus plenty to contend with, apart from the pig or inadequate weapons, that goes to make pig-sticking full of excitement and varied adventure.



## PART IV

## ANIMAL ALLIES

ENJOYMENT FURTHER HEIGHTENED BY THE SPORTS-  
MAN BENDING TO HIS WILL THAT OF OTHER ANIMALS



## CHAPTER IX

### HORSES

**T**HE *Sporting Comradeship of the Horse*.—The third condition that helps to make pig-sticking the sport it is, is that the sportsman enjoys the power of controlling under his will the motions of his horse to aid him in the chase. The fact that at one moment the rider is trusting to the daring or agility of his horse, and at another the horse finds himself saved from an attack of the boar by some action of his rider, establishes, after a few runs, a reciprocal feeling of esteem, and a mutual understanding between the two which, while giving the man a truer pleasure, leads the horse to take a real delight in the sport.

Mr. Saunders, in his excellent work called "Our Horses," gives the horse perhaps too little credit for courage. He says, truly enough, that "the horse is as nervous as a lady, timid as a partridge, and as simple as a child"; that "ignorance and panic" is the simple key to most of the romance we read and hear about the horse enjoying the battle, the chase, or the race. But surely he must allow that in the finish of a close race it is not fear that makes a horse strain every muscle to put himself in front on the post. Haven't I suffered when an



opponent's pony at polo, anxious to prevent me from getting the ball away from his master, seized me by the forearm with his teeth and not only dragged me off, but held me prisoner ?

It is not fear that makes the hunter prick his ears and go at his fences with every sense on the alert to negotiate them with credit. It is not fear that makes the polo pony see and follow the ball through a cloud of dust where it has been hidden from his master's eye.

Nor is it fear that guides a horse when, in pig-sticking, he follows every turn and twist of the boar, and finally, when the charge comes, he springs to meet it with ears cocked, and limbs ready to carry his rider into and safely through the encounter.

Most mounted pastimes, such as tent-pegging, polo, hunting, etc., would lose some of their attraction if you tried to carry them out on foot ; and so too would pig-sticking lose most of its merit.

So its excellence does not wholly lie in the sport itself, but is completed by the *camaraderie* that is engendered between horse and rider.

" No slave but a comrade staunch in this  
Is the horse, for he takes his share  
Not in peril alone but in feverish bliss,  
And in longing to do and dare."—GORDON.

In the hands of a bold rider the horse undoubtedly becomes similarly bold, and indeed in many instances the pupil ends by excelling its master in this respect, thanks to its want of such highly organised nerves or of far-seeing discretion.

But let a horse get into the hands of a half-hearted

rider, and it is like letting a man "marry beneath him"—he is sure to be dragged down to the level of his tyrant, even if he does not sink below it.

The horse appears to recognise the fact that the man has the superior mind, and trusts itself to his guidance accordingly. It also has the power of recognising, almost as soon as the rider himself,



A BOLD RIDER MAKES A BOLD HORSE.

when his heart is in his mouth. Consequently if, on approaching a difficulty, it finds that the rider is becoming frightened, it takes the alarm at once, to a more exaggerated extent, since it cannot see sufficient danger to warrant all the perturbation, and therefore suspects other dangers lying unseen.

Perhaps some day, when Mr. Stuart Cumberland or some other psychical student has developed the

science of "muscle reading," we shall have revealed to us something of the mutual relations that exist between the man and his mount.

"There may be more links 'tween the horse and his rider  
Than ever your shallow philosophy guessed."

One need only watch the behaviour of a seasoned pig-sticker at the cover side to recognise the sporting spirit that fills his—well—his *mind*; for people may say what they like about a *soul*, but nothing can lead me to doubt but that the horse has at least a mind.

*A Good Pig-sticker.*—Picture to yourself the brown Waler mare whose well-loved form is yet strongly painted in my memory; there she goes on the way to cover, larking and playing about, imagining a boar in every bush, and snatching at her bit as if the hard-baked soil before her were nothing but an expanse of velvet turf. Thus she goes, jiggling and squirming along, with a mischievous enjoyment of its effect on her rider who, although possibly the hero of the previous night's mess table, is little better than the early worm at five o'clock on this hot-weather morning.

Once posted outside the covert, her whole demeanour changes; she restrains her ebullitions of gaiety, and as the distant cries of the beaters in the jungle strike her ear, she becomes motionless as a statue, while a slight tremor of her limbs and a quick, eager glancing of the eye from point to point, betray her readiness for the fray. As a jackal hitches by with drooping brush, or a peacock scuttles in undignified haste across the open before

the din of the beaters, her ears prick and her head goes up for a momentary scrutiny of the fugitive, and at once returns to its position of watchfulness. At length a sudden quick throbbing of the heart, a jerk up of the head, with ears flung forward, warn the rider that a pig is afoot, and in a few moments more she is bounding away in pursuit almost regardless of her rider's wishes in the first mad rush of her joy.

Her keen and evident determination to beat the other contestants for the "first spear" would almost lead one to think she was throwing every ounce of her energy into the opening burst, did we not know from experience that she will still retain a small reserve in hand for the final rush up to the pig at the critical moment.

A green pig-sticker will tear along at best pace from start to finish, straining every power to be first in the race, until exhaustion compels it to drop back hopelessly beat, while our seasoned hunter comes by at a steady, untiring swing, with a reserve of "go" in hand to be applied at the proper moment to collar the pig with a fresh accession of activity.

On a "jink," even were the reins lying loose on her neck (*experto crede*), she will fling herself round on to the boar's new line, endeavouring with all her power and strength to emulate his quick turn, and to bring herself quickly in the new direction.

When the pig "shoots" himself (as only a pig can do) over a mud wall, she follows, flying the fence clearly and with just sufficient impetus to carry her clear of any hidden ditch or danger on the far side.

She is ever on the alert to clear an ugly hole, or ready to negotiate a yawning nullah by dropping into it and springing out again on the far side.

I remember on one occasion when our pig, in running across an open grass plain, suddenly disappeared from view, and a few seconds later a wide and steep-sided kunkur hole lay under the mare's nose. Equally impossible for her to stop or to clear it, she took the sensible middle course of dropping into it, without attempting to leap out on the far side. She knew that the boar was unable to get out and had to be tackled there, and so our battle was fought out in the pit.

When the time has arrived for fighting and receiving the charges of the boar the mare goes at the work coolly and temperately, obedient to every indication of her rider's hand and leg, and yet exercising her own wits as well when an opportune turn or a sudden leap will take her clear of a mischievous rush of the foe.

With such an animal ally as this, success in the hog-hunting field is assured to the hunter. As in the hunting field, so it is in pig-sticking: nerve and eye for a country serve a man better than proficiency in horsemanship, but in neither case will they avail if the horse is not of the kind required for the work.

This may appear at first sight a rather free assertion to make, but the more one studies the question in either field, the more plainly its truth becomes apparent. As a writer stated in the *Field* some time back: "Comparatively few of the horses one sees close to the hounds are difficult to ride. For one instance, take the huntsman; he is

generally in his place ; but for the most part he rides horses, as it is right he should, that require no particular horsemanship to get them along. One may be just a trifle rash, and another may want a dig with the spurs ; but no rider of average experience would be overtaken if he had the good luck to find his legs across them." And so it is with the large proportion of those who are to the fore in good runs after pig—half the battle is the horse and his training.

*Horsemanship*.—There was a great talk in the smoking-room the other night as to the British being a nation of horsemen.

The argument turned a good deal on what exactly was meant by the term "horseman." Was it merely a good rider, or was it a man who understands about the care and training of a horse as well as being able to sit on its back ?

Who, after all, is the authority for saying that British horsemen are the best in the world ? Winter and Whyte Melville, perhaps.

But how can a people be a nation of horsemen where five-sixths of them ride in trams, buses and motor-cars ? How can they compare with, say, the Chilians, the Arabs, or the Boers, who, as a people, live in the saddle ?

"Where in the world," you may answer, "would you find as fine a lot of riders and horses as you do in any county in England on any hunting day during the winter months or on any polo ground in the summer ? Look at the keenness of the masses on every race meeting ; go to any oversea Dominion and note how the same love of horses and

horsemanship is carried across the seas. Why, man, it's in our very blood ! ”

That's right enough up to a certain point ; but the proportion of actual horsemen in a nation is very small. The crowds that go to look at a race are not drawn to watch the horsemanship, nor because they themselves can ride. Nine out of ten have never been on a horse—well, not on its back. They have come there to be “ on a horse ” with another form of backing—simply to try and make a little money over it.

Ask the average man in the hunting field how to fit the bit in the horse's mouth or to re-shoe him, and you will find an extraordinary number who leave all these matters to their groom.

Ask the groom where he learnt how to fit a bit, and he would merely say that that was the way it was always done, and his father, the coachman, always did it that way.

Ask a rider about the balance and bend of his horse, or which leg the horse jumped from, or which leg he had landed on. Six out of ten will neither know nor care.

Training of the horse in the carriage of his head and in changing his feet in obedience to the pressure of his rider's leg would be chucked out of the discussion as being “ circus tricks.”

*Education of the Horse's Mind.*—They talk of a well-broken hunter. “ Broken ”—well, there's a word to use about a horse ! As if he required to have his spirit broken by the rough-rider (*rough-rider* !) before he was considered fit to ride—the creature that has nerves and is as confiding as a

child, that can be clever in exceptional cases if care is employed, but that is otherwise generally a fool !

Does not all this suggest that there is another side to the question ? Is it not possible that the training we give him is not quite the best for curing his nervousness and bringing out his cleverness ? That we do not fully yet understand the horse ? That we have not studied the mind of the animal in framing our education of it ?

In order to get the best out of him it is essential in the first place to study his mind and to develop and utilise his intelligence, and in the second place to mould his bodily powers and develop his hardiness and endurance.

The average horse desires to work well, is inclined to be affectionate and good tempered ; he possesses memory and many other attributes which may be developed or which may be destroyed, according to the treatment which is meted out to him.

Sir Noel Birch, of the Royal Horse Artillery, late commandant of the riding establishment at Woolwich, has written much and practised more in the direction of developing and utilising the innate mind power of the horse as an aid to his training for military purposes.

So, too, other officers responsible for the training of our cavalry at the schools both at Weedon and Saugor, as well as in the different regiments, have now adopted the principle of " educating " a horse rather than that of " breaking " him by the rough-and-ready methods of former days.

*Temper.*—Good temper in the horse, unlike the



poet's inspiration, may be made even if it has not come to him by inheritance, and it can still more easily be destroyed.

I owned a horse which I had bought from an Indian. His temper was nasty at first, but he improved to a considerable extent and became a keen and willing pig-sticker, but he could never get over his aversion to having the bit placed in his mouth, and he daily put up a savage fight during the operation.

We found the only way was to throw him down before attempting it, and then to sit on his head and force the bit between his unwilling teeth. But once this was over and you were on his back he was a charming mount and a perfect pig-sticker. Still, he had a nasty, villainous touch of savagery below the surface which I never succeeded in cajoling out of him.

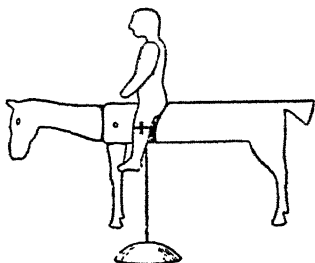
In the course of my pig-sticking career I fell with (or off) every horse I had except this one. He was, fortunately, too clever to fall. But had he got me on the ground I am certain he would have eaten me, and therefore I never dared to fall off him.

Every horse has its individual character, and if this fact were more fully recognised and their character studied, men would get much greater value out of their mounts.

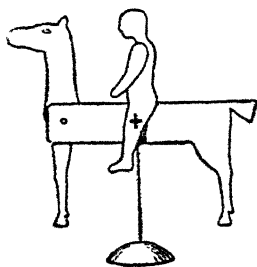
*Physical Education of the Horse.*—Then there is the physical development of the horse, which, if carefully attended to in his training, can make a wonderful difference in his handiness, endurance, and soundness.

The particular physical point which is of the greatest importance is that the horse should be well balanced. This is essential whether he is used for polo, pig-sticking, combat, long-distance riding, fast galloping, quick jumping, or safe driving ; and yet balance, till a few years ago, was a word unknown to the average horse-breaker.

Balance may be described briefly as “collecting”



For racing, when lightness is required in the hind-quarters to give propelling power, the horse's head is lowered and the jockey perched well forward—



—but for polo, hunting or fighting, where hardiness and quickness are needed, freedom must be given to the forehand, so the man sits farther back on the horse and raises its head.

and “forming” the limbs and head of the horse in such position as will best distribute his weight to enable the rider to command his powers (i.e. handiness), or as will divide his weight as equally as possible between his fore and hind limbs, and so prevent undue strain on one or the other (hence endurance and soundness).

Balance may be varied for different duties. Thus for racing the greatest lightness is required

over the hindquarters to give them freedom and propelling power, so the head of the horse is lowered and the jockey is perched well forward to take the weight off the hindquarters, and crouched to minimise wind pressure.

But for polo, pig-sticking, hunting or fighting, where great handiness, coupled with *quickness*, is needed, freedom and lightness must be given to the forehand, and therefore the horse's head is raised and the rider sits farther back.

#### BALANCING

A horse was weighed experimentally to show the respective weights on its fore legs and its hind legs respectively, according as the rider sat forward near the withers or back on the centre of the horse's back, and these were the results :—

##### WITH RIDER FORWARD :

| Forehand. | Hindquarters. | Difference. |
|-----------|---------------|-------------|
| 502 lbs.  | 394 lbs.      | 108 lbs.    |

##### WITH RIDER ON THE CENTRE :

|          |          |         |
|----------|----------|---------|
| 466 lbs. | 430 lbs. | 36 lbs. |
|----------|----------|---------|

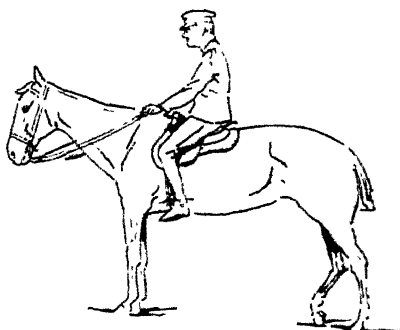
But not only is fore and aft balance necessary, but also that from side to side which enables the horse to keep from falling over when turning quickly at speed, by using the limbs on the inward or "lean-to" side to support it while the outward limbs follow and do the propelling. The weight of the head is here used also to the outer side as a counterpoise.

Then there is the diagonal balance needed for

jumping, where a horse takes off from one hind leg and lands on the opposite fore leg, much on the principle on which the human hurdle-jumper gets over his fence.

But how few of us paid any attention to this important detail when training our horses until instantaneous photography came to our aid and showed how many "pecks" and falls result from landing on the wrong leg as regards balance!

Of course, the rider can add to the balancing



NO BALANCE ANYWHERE.



THE BALANCED HORSE.

power of the animal by timely swaying of his own body.

At first one might be inclined to say that balance is a matter of physical formation, that the horse has got it naturally or he has not got it, and that it cannot be given by instruction. But this is not altogether the case, for a horse has generally little balance to begin with, just as a recruit for the army has often no chest to speak of, no leg muscles and no "set-up" about him—but these soon come with a little gymnastic training and hard physical work.

And so it is with the young horse ; by constantly practising him in holding his head at the proper angle and getting his legs and haunches into correct position under him he is, as it is termed, "collected" ; the necessary muscles are gradually developed so that the proper balance of his weight and powers follows automatically and permanently. He thus becomes a sound and handy mount.

*Horse-breaking.*—I saw a good instance of horse-breaking by a rough-rider of a cavalry regiment in Chili. His pupil was a wild young horse from the ranges. It had never been backed. He took it very quietly in hand and tied its head very securely from poll to muzzle to a stout upright post. Then he lassoed its violently-kicking legs till he had tied them all together. Then he put a saddle on the heaving, groaning but helpless animal. Next he put a rope halter on its head, with a loop to act as bit in its mouth.

The horse drew the line at this last insult, but the rough-rider's method of persuading it was simple and effective. Instead of trying to prise the jaws open, he took a handful of sand and rubbed it on the horse's gums and lips. In spite of itself, the animal had to push out its tongue to clean away the grit, and as it did so the man slipped the rope bit into its mouth.

Eventually he got on to its back and had it released from its lashings. And then, as the newspaper reporter said of an execution that was clumsily performed, "there was ten minutes' genuine fun without vulgarity."

The horse bucked as a buck-jumper will ; it

kicked and it reared, and swung itself round and round, first playing these antics in succession and then in combination. But the man sat there and stuck to the saddle like wax. He did nothing



HORSE-BREAKING.

unless the animal showed signs of stopping its fireworks, when he at once stirred it up with a strap that he carried in his hand.

At last the poor brute, in its terror and rage,

rushed alongside a wall and tried to scrape the rider off. But he at once produced from his belt a fresh weapon to meet the occasion in the shape of a stout stick like a policeman's truncheon. With this he welted the horse on the side of the head *farthest* from the wall, so that to avoid the blows it had to turn its face towards the wall, and this forced it to ease the crushing that it had been giving to the rider's leg.

Then the horse bolted in a new direction, but with less spirit than before, and the rider now began to guide it to a considerable extent at first by hitting it on the side of the head and then by merely threatening it so that it turned and went in the direction that he desired.

The horse was now ceasing to be the aggressor ; it was intent upon saving itself from punishment, while the man was proportionately becoming the master.

As the horse grew tired the man began to regulate its pace, and with his rope halter he checked it from a gallop to a trot, from a trot to a walk, and then with his strap he started it to a gallop again, according to his own wishes.

In about twenty minutes that horse was the tamest beast you ever saw, completely cowed, trotting or cantering, turning or standing still, at the rider's command, utterly broken in spirit.

It was a wonderful exhibition, but horribly cruel. I never want to witness it again.

As a contrast it does one good to see the up-to-date methods of our cavalry schools where " education " has taken the place of " breaking."

The first step in this is to persuade the young horse to lie down. A patch of deep, soft sand is prepared in which the horse stands while a handful of sand is allowed to trickle quietly on to his back, which tickles him to such an extent that he is glad to lie down and roll in the sand-bath. He likes it.

In a few lessons you only have to hold up your clenched hand above his back as if about to pour sand, and down he goes.

He is fondled and fed while down, and thus quickly associates man with everything that is pleasant. He is lured over some fences by the reward of a carrot till he takes a pleasure in jumping, and he very quickly allows the man who has pulled him about and sat on him while he was lying down to mount and ride him.

Then the bending and balancing lessons make him into a well-formed horse of a gentle, understanding character and a real comrade to his rider.

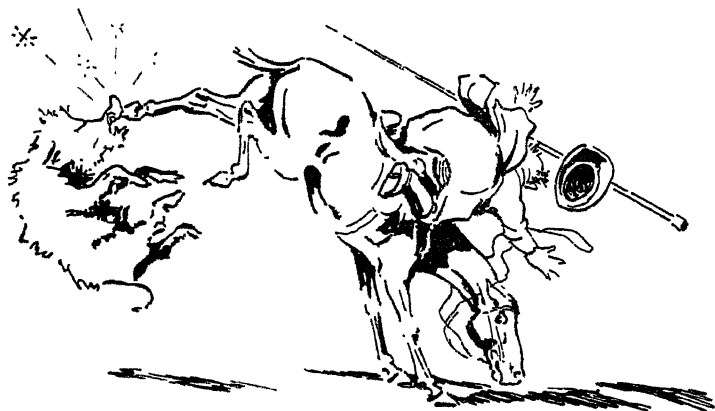
*Points of a Pig-sticker.*—The chief desiderata in a "pig-sticker" may be summarised thus: he should be *quick* rather than fast, quick to get on his legs, quick to turn, quick in bad ground; he should be well bred, for here, as everywhere, "*blood will tell*"; he must be thoroughly handy, active, and game; small in stature, with good shoulders, legs, and feet. For ordinary pig-sticking countries 14 hands to 14.3 is generally found to be the best size of horse, as being the most handy and safest in broken ground; although in parts of Bengal, where open grass plains are met with, and ground is not so trappy, 15 hands to 15.2 is the favoured height, as the greater stride is advantageous here



and greater weight to get through the heavy resistance of the grass. One well-known horse in Bengal stood nearly 17 hands.

In addition to such physical points in a pig-sticker, "Old Shekarry" demands the following moral qualities: *bravery* to take *any* jump, *courage* to face visible dangers, *gameness* to carry on to the bitter end in spite of physical distress.

He must in any case be a "clever" horse.



A (VERY) CLEVER HORSE.

*The Arab.*—The horse that best fulfils the qualifications of a pig-sticker is undoubtedly the Arab. Standing rarely over 14.3, he is, as a general rule, well-bred, compact, quick and fairly fast, handy and game, with sound feet and legs, and of good constitution and great sagacity. His short stride stands him in good stead in the rough and trappy ground so generally met with in a pig-sticking country; and his healthy nature enables him to

withstand the effects of climate and of "roughing it" in camp, better than any other breed of horse. His handsome form and kind, courageous disposition invariably make him a favourite with his master, and, as before shown, a mutual good feeling once established between the rider and his mount tells its tale in the many crises incident to pig-sticking.

The chief objections to an Arab are his high price, his frequent inability to jump and to carry weight, and his common failing of bad shoulders. This latter is an unpardonable fault in a pig-sticker—far better if you cannot get him good at both ends to have a horse bad behind so long as he is good in front. The Arab is used almost entirely on the Bombay side of India, to the exclusion of other breeds, as he is most easily procured there, and his short stride and cat-like activity are peculiarly well adapted to that country. Of all horses used in pig-sticking the Arab was undoubtedly the most popular, his many admirers agreeing with Captain Upton, who, in his "Arabia and Newmarket," affirms that the Arab is the direct descendant of those specimens of the equine race that were especially selected for salvation in the Ark.

*The Waler.*—The Australian, or "Waler," is, compared with the Arab, faster, up to greater weight, and a superior fencer, but as a rule he is too big a horse for the work. He stands about 15.2, and is "fast" rather than "quick." In the bad and trappy ground common to all pig-sticking localities his great stride rushes him into difficulties, and he is wanting in the compactness and handiness

so requisite for following the turnings and jinks of the pig among boulders and bushes. In addition to these faults he is a delicate horse, and is liable, until he becomes thoroughly acclimatised, to feel the effects of camping out in the hot weather.

Still, in spite of these failings, the Waler finds many friends among the pig-sticking fraternity, and I venture to say none firmer than the writer. Were the average ground only more of a good open hunting country with fair fences, no other breed could touch him. In Lower Bengal he is in greatest favour, as he is most easily procured there, and his speed and weight tell to some advantage on the plains and through the heavy grass and crops of that region.

The English horse fails as a pig-sticker for similar reasons, with the additional serious drawback that his feet and legs rarely stand the "'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer," on the hard-baked soil of the Indian plains.

It was formerly held that the Waler breed was almost universally vicious in temper, but I scarcely think this is borne out by experience of the horse as he is now found in India. Of course there is vice to be met with here and there in the breed, but I do not think in any great quantity, although I will admit that where it does occur its *quality* is undeniable.

Walers are imported in large numbers every year during the autumn.

Government take a large number for remount purposes, and get a good well-bred stamp of trooper for their money.

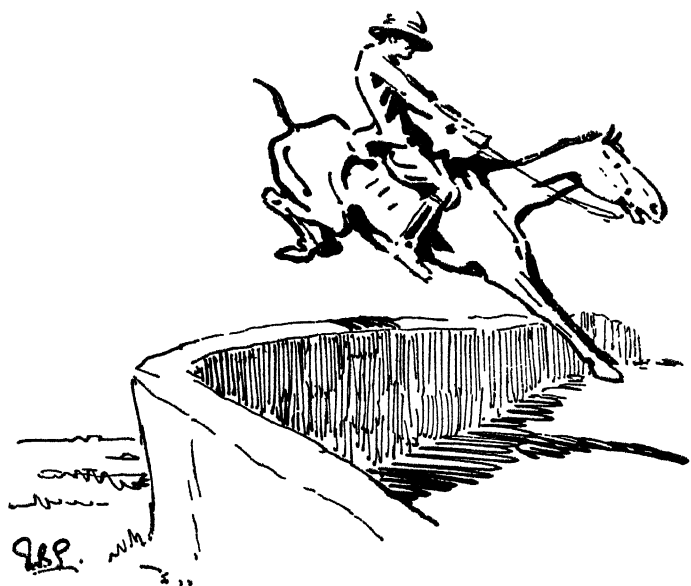
*The Cape Horse.*—The Cape horse is not so commonly found in India now as formerly, otherwise it would probably be as popular among pig-stickers as any breed in the world. There is good enough stock in the Cape country, and good ground on the higher plateaux, where pastures are rich and "horse sickness," the scourge of the lower plains, unknown. But somehow there is no great interest taken in the question, no desire to sell abroad, and no capital for starting operations on an extended scale.

The Cape horse is small and lightly built, but capable of a wonderful amount of work, and as a rule is handy, active and game. I was enabled to judge for myself of the powers of the Cape horse as a roadster in past days when I made a trip of eight hundred miles on the Natal frontier, riding on one horse and leading another carrying my kit. The marching averaged thirty-eight miles a day, and the horses were in no way any the worse for their work at the end of three weeks, in spite of the fact that a feed of corn and a good grooming were luxuries of only occasional occurrence. The late Tom Prendergast, of Rajahmundry, used to prefer Cape horses to any others for pig-sticking, and always had a number of them, and all of them up to weight.

*The Country-bred.*—The C.B. (country-bred) or indigenous horse of India is the most readily obtainable, and exists in almost every size and shape, and certainly in every colour, of the equine species. He has the great merit of being low priced as a rule, which is no small consideration when purchasing an animal about to be exposed to the dangers of bad ground, formidable boars, and an unhealthy climate.

## 184 PIG-STICKING OR HOG-HUNTING

So long as the purchaser does not expect beauty or power for his money he will not be totally disappointed in the country-bred. With his narrow chest, slack loins, ewe neck, and hammer head he is undeniably "a rum 'un" to look at, and as a "good 'un" to go his powers are inferior to those



A RUM 'UN TO LOOK AT, A GOOD 'UN TO GO.

of other breeds. He is, nevertheless, quite good enough for ordinary pig-sticking, especially if his owner has compensated the want of quality in his stable by quantity.

Large native horse fairs are held annually at various places, under Government encouragement. At the larger of these it is not uncommon to see

some 5,000 or 6,000 horses collected for sale, and if he is satisfied to take them the sportsman will always be able to supply himself with mounts at a fairly low figure. The stud-bred from a Government breeding establishment is often a good one.

The Cabul horse often makes a good pig-sticker, but as a general rule he is too heavy and slow, although reliable, plucky, and up to weight.

For regular hunting, two or three days a week, four horses are required, and thus the class of horse bought is generally regulated by the state of the buyer's pocket; in such case it will be seen that *to a certain degree* quantity rather than quality is required. More sport will be got with two fair country-breds than with one good Arab. A man to whom money is no great object will naturally complete his "string" with Arabs or small thoroughbred Walers; but unfortunately this class of man is not the rule in India; the general run of sportsmen there being large in heart but small in purse; so, luckily, the fact that a medium quality of animal will ensure good sport brings pig-sticking within the reach of all.

It has somewhere been truly said, "It is no excuse for a man to say he cannot afford a 1,500 Rs. Arab, when a 150 Rs. country-bred will see him through many a good run." That was when pre-war prices ruled.

Still, for the price of one English hunter the sportsman in India can supply himself with two pig-stickers, and can keep that number well groomed and fed at a third of the cost at home.

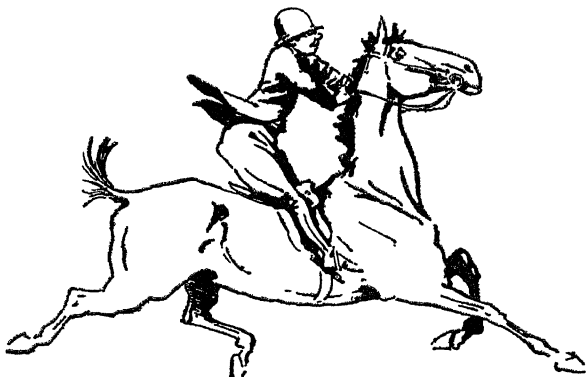
For example, in a typical district like Allahabad ordinary Walers or stud-bred horses can be got for

from Rs.750 to Rs.1,500. Country-breds and casters can be picked up occasionally at Rs.300 to Rs.500. But a useful innovation is the cavalry "Boarder," which can be hired from Government at Rs.75 a year and his keep. The cost of keep of a horse is about Rs.50 a month.

The description of the *beau ideal* of a horse for pig-sticking is to be found in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* for January, 1829. Also in "Modern Pig-sticking."

*Purchasing.*—In India when anyone has a horse or other property to dispose of he inserts an advertisement to that effect in the daily newspapers, giving full details as to nature, quality, and price. This system is carried out to a far greater extent in India than in England, and since the advertisement nearly always bears the name of the advertiser, fair and satisfactory sales as a rule result. Owing to the great distances that lie between stations in that country a great proportion of the buying and selling transactions is carried out by post; and thus a varied, and often amusing, correspondence comes to the man who has thus offered his belongings to the bids of the public. A short time back one seldom advertised a horse for sale without receiving by return of post a communication from some harmless old Anglo-Indian idiot, whose hobby it was to ask a string of questions about every horse whose advertisement he saw: viz., such questions as "Has he two white hind legs? Has he a white nose? Does he rear?" and other such odd questions as must in some instances have subjected him to a good deal of banter.

I have before me a correspondence that took place between a certain sporting surgeon-major and an equally sporting old lady. The doctor had advertised a horse for sale as "a dun S.B.G." (stud-bred gelding), "aged, good hack and pig-sticker, and a fast trapper, believed sound; price 200 Rs." The would-be Amazon immediately wrote: "Please state colour and sex of the horse you advertise, and tell me is he perfectly free from



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A FIZZER.

tricks and vice in harness? You say he is aged. What is his age? Is he a willing and free mover? Is he clean-skinned and healthy? Has he any defects about his body? Will there be any reduction in his price? Will you give your word that he will suit (*sic*)? And what about the railway fare—who stands that?"

This catechism might have taken many an owner rather aback, but the doctor at once perceived the



proper treatment to adopt, and replied as follows : " Madam, in reply to your letter of the 9th inst., I beg to state that my dun S.B. gelding (aged twenty years last grass) is in harness as docile as the sheep, but a *fizzer* under the saddle (see sketch). Barring an attack of '*Acaris scabiei*' his skin is as spotless as that of the proverbial lamb, and as for health he does not know what dyspepsia is. His only defect is that his tail is set crooked. As regards his breed, he is by 'Will-o'-the-Wisp,' out of 'Brian Boriuhe.' For a horse of his singular parts I could not think of accepting a reduction. Hoping to have the pleasure of sending him to you, I am," etc., etc.

As the early spring is the season for going on leave to England or the "Hills," a large number of horses are then in the market, and are thus available to sportsmen, at fair prices, just at the beginning of the pig-sticking season (March). They are hunted through the summer until a continuance of the rains puts an end to sport (August), and they are then rested till the end of the rains (October), which is coincident with the end of the leave season, and commencement of the trooping season, when a good demand exists for horses among officers returning from leave and from England; and thus the market is favourable to pig-stickers, both in buying and selling.

Another, more risky, way of finding a horse is to apply to a native horse-dealer. These gentry travel from one station to another with small droves of horses and ponies, and are probably among the greatest blackguards still remaining unhung. But

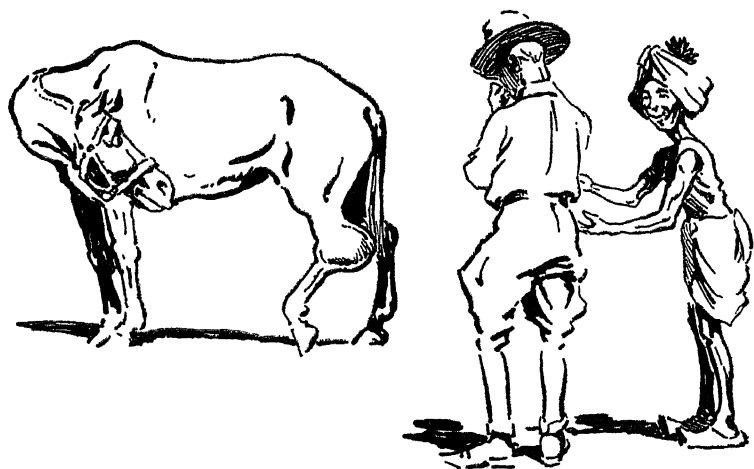
often, if they see that it is unmistakably to their interest to do so, they will procure a good horse; but it is somewhat out of their line, and they much prefer to do a good bit of horse-coping, in which they are quite at home, and perhaps without rivals in any country.

*Casters.*—I agree with General Wardrop that the way to enjoy pig-sticking is to have really good horses—if one can afford them. But then he is one of those millionaire horse gunners while I was only a penniless Hussar. Also, to be consistent with what I have expressed in this book, the greater the difficulties you have to contend with the better is the sport. So in my time I got as good sport as any man out of a string of casters—that is, horses which have served their term in the Army. Two of these were cast as “unsound” because of bursati sores in the mouth which rendered them unfit for being ridden on a bit. So I didn’t ride them on a bit—I used the nose band, and being otherwise young and sound they proved excellent pig-stickers.

Another horse of my acquaintance was cast for being wicked in the ranks. But when ridden alone he was as nice a mount as you could wish to have. My stable companion, who was as “stony” as I was, gave his syce instructions to go and bid for the horse at the sale, and to get him as cheap as he could. In due course the syce appeared leading his purchase, but to our horror it had a hock as big as a football. “You idiot!” exclaimed my friend; “look what you’ve bought for me.” But the syce only grinned, and remarked that he was not an idiot, but very wise; that he had gone to the

horse the night before the sale with a live scorpion in his hand which he had applied to the horse's hock, with the consequence that he was able to buy the horse for a few shillings instead of a number of pounds, and that with a little poulticing it would be all right in the course of a day or two.

And yet some people would say that Indian servants are not faithful !



THE NEW PURCHASE.

*Making a Pig-sticker.*—Having by one way or another supplied himself with three or four horses, the sportsman will devote himself to getting them into condition, and (particularly if they come from a dealer) to educate them. For this purpose it is worth while to keep up a small line of natural fences somewhere in the neighbourhood of your dwelling. The majority of horses of this class are not easily got to face a palpably artificial jump, but with

small, natural fences they soon become active and confident, and develop a fondness for jumping. In addition to the foregoing instruction a few hours of quiet suppling and bending will amply repay the trouble, by forming the horse into a handy, as well as active and safe, hunter.

Very few horses are perfectly docile when first received from the hands of natives, where they are frequently bullied (at a safe distance) by masters who at heart are afraid of them; but if treated kindly and with evident fearlessness their feeling of nervous dislike of man soon gives way to a sense of confiding obedience. I have often found that liberal treatment exercises a powerful changing influence on such horses; and if left with their stable bars down, free to go in and out to graze as they please, their temper becomes sweetened and their health and condition improve with wonderful rapidity.

A horse with a naturally nasty disposition finds in pig-sticking a great number of opportunities of thwarting your wishes, such as by rushing through bad places, refusing to go up to the boar, etc., etc.; but because your new mount hangs back from the pig on his first few runs, do not therefore give him up at once as a confirmed refuser. Such a horse should be ridden on a line parallel to that of the boar in such a way that he forges past him on his near side, and then gradually closes on him from his left front; the boar, seeing this, will, as a rule, deviate from his exact line against the horse's off quarter, and so run on to the spear point that is awaiting him. When a few spears have been taken

in this way the horse begins to take an interest in the work, and usually ends by expending his ill-humours on the pig. A horse with a spice of bad temper in him is often, for this reason, the best and keenest pig-sticker.

A certain English mare well known in the Muttra Hunt had a sour vein in her temper which she vented entirely on the pig, doing her utmost to come up with and trample on him, and many a boar charging her from behind has had to retire worsted from the range of her heels, with the loss of tusks and the gain of more than one "lovely black eye." She might often be seen tearing about the "compound," loose, in pursuit of a small wild boar, a jungle foundling, who lived there. She followed his every "jink" or jump, striving to get him under her forefeet, but luckily for himself the little monster was marvellously quick and active, and actually seemed to take a delight in being so keenly hunted.

One horse I had, Dick, was a great character. He had some vices—had killed a man with a back kick, and so on—but was not bad at heart.

He was a friend of mine and I taught him various tricks.

For one thing he would stand for hours without moving away if I left him with orders to stop there.

On one occasion this was jolly useful to me.

One of the horses of my squadron had broken away from the camp in the night and disappeared. This horse, A44, was one of the best horses in the regiment, and was ridden by the Regimental-Sergeant-Major, so everybody was in a great stew about his disappearance, especially the Colonel.

So I started off on Dick to try and find him. It had been raining and snowing all night, so I soon found his tracks and followed them, sometimes in mud and sometimes in snow.

They led me off into wild country among the mountains, often over rocky and stony ground where tracking was most difficult.

After some hours of work and after going over some miles of country the tracks led straight up a mountain where it was much easier for me to go on foot.

So I got off Dick and told him to wait there, and off I went scrambling up the rocks and gullies until at last I was rewarded by finding old A44, shivering with cold, bleeding from many cuts, having evidently been terrified out of his life.

It took a long time to get him down the mountain side again, but when at last we reached the foot there was Dick calmly still awaiting us—and I was soon riding home in triumph, leading my prize.

Poor A44 never got over it—he was never the same horse again, and at last got a bad fever and died. But the Colonel was very pleased with what Dick and I had done in getting him back—and it was jolly lucky for me later on. It was this way:—

Dick was my “first charger.” That is, that although he was my own property I was not allowed to use him for any purpose except for riding on parade or just quiet riding about. I must not drive him in harness nor ride him hunting.

Well, one day when I was riding him near our camp I saw a fine old boar scampering across the fields. This was too much for me.

I called to my Indian groom to hand me my spear, and off I went on Dick, forgetting all rules and orders, to catch that pig.

After a great gallop we got close up to him when Dick stopped short, and stood up on end. He very nearly sent me flying to the ground by doing so. The reason for this was that among the other tricks that I had taught him I insisted that whenever I made a low bow to anybody he was to rear up on his hind legs and paw the air.

So when I stooped over to stab the boar Dick thought I was bowing and he played his part too and stood up!

The pig might easily have escaped us while Dick was playing the ass, but the pig was clever, and said to himself, "Now's my time to kill those two," so instead of running away he turned and came for us.

As he rushed at us I prepared to receive him on my spear, but as I had to lean over to do this up went Dick again, my spear missed, and the boar got a good cut with his tusks into Dick's hind legs, fortunately missing his stomach.

A second time the same thing happened. But when he came at us yet again I gave Dick such a dig in the ribs with my spurs as made him jump into the air instead of rearing, and as the boar passed under him I jabbed the spear down into his back, and killed him.

But the awful thing was how to face the Colonel and explain these wounds in my first charger's legs.

"Please sir," I said, "a boar attacked me, and I had to defend myself!"

"Yes, that's all very well," said the Colonel, "but how did you come to have a spear in your hand when riding your first charger? Let me see though, isn't that the horse that helped you to



THE CHARGER CHARGED.

catch A44 when he ran away? Yes. Well, youngster, don't go riding your first charger after pig again."

*Sparing the Horse.*—The object of having three or four horses at a meet is to enable the rider to change



frequently to a fresh mount. It is a fatal mistake to try and get too much out of a horse in a morning, as towards the end of it he is sure to become more or less slack, and under this loss of energy is more liable to fall or to strain himself, and is of course not so well "in it" as fresher horses; and, moreover, after one or two experiences of this kind he imbibes a distaste for the sport, and also soon "goes to pieces." Say that an average gallop after a boar takes three-quarters of a mile, and add to it the hacking to and waiting about at the jungle cover, plus a few false alarms and abortive starts after sows, etc., followed by the real gallop and its concomitant twisting, pullings up and spurts, etc., all at 97° in the shade, it will be seen that a horse must get quite as much as he cares for in, say, two runs; and as on a good morning a sportsman may expect to be in for some six or seven runs, it will not be only to his horse's but greatly also to his own advantage to have a fresh one to change to after every other run or so.

A rider thus provided will ride all the more comfortably and safely, and will, moreover, have by far the best chances of winning the first spears amongst men mounted on tired animals. With regard to these tired animals, too, a word in their cause might here not be out of place; men are too apt in the excitement of the chase to forget the expenditure of vitality that is being made by their horse, when a little thoughtfulness and judicious attention might just put the requisite amount of life into him to withstand any bad effects of his exertions. Such attentions, I mean, as dismounting

while standing about outside a cover, allowing a horse a good roll in the river, giving him a bottle of beer after a hard morning's work, etc., etc., in addition to the ordinary cares of good stable management.

In asserting that a horse imbibes a distaste for pig-sticking, I speak from an experience of horses that have changed from good hunters into apparent curs; it is true that in many cases this only lasts for a short time, while in others it remains permanently. The latter case is generally the result of some particular instance of injury, such as a gash from the boar's tusk, the former being rather a consequence of overwork, or of being badly bitten, matters that are easily remedied by a few day's rest or a change of bridle, as the case demands.

A writer in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* states that "fresh Arabs, just made handy," are in his opinion the best pig-stickers. "Old nags," he says, "are deuced apt to get devilish shy of Bengal 'pork.' I know a very sporting man who came down to Calcutta from a superb pig-sticking country (in days when railways were undreamt of) for the purpose of swapping his horses on this very account, they had seen more hogs than they liked." I cannot think that that sportsman had tried the experiment of temporarily giving the horses a complete rest and change of employment.

*Bitting and Saddling.*—With regard to the misfitting of the bit: Indian servants have no idea of fitting a bit and much less of selecting one to suit the horse, consequently the grossest incongruities, not to say cruelties, are quite possible where the

master does not invariably examine and fit his saddlery for himself. It often takes time to discover what class of bit suits the horse best, and at what height it should be hung in his mouth. Besides being useless and annoying to the horse, a badly fitting bit is often harmful to him by producing a sore in the corner of his mouth which at the beginning of the rains is very liable to develop into "bursati." A horse once afflicted with bursati sores is unsound. The sore from its position is very slow to heal and usually throws the horse out of work for some time, but I successfully managed two such cases by riding the horses in a common noseband without any bit in his mouth, merely buckling the reins to each side of the noseband. I afterwards took into use the "Carrago" noseband, in which I have ridden horses both pig-sticking and hurdle-racing with greatest comfort to both parties. Whyte Melville (I think it is in "Riding Recollections") says that in nine cases out of ten a fall is the result of misuse of the bit, which he therefore justly condemns as a dangerous instrument in unskilful or brutal hands. It would, therefore, have been interesting to hear his opinion of the noseband as a substitute, since it appears to act equally well as an indicator of the rider's wishes, without causing pain or inconvenience to the horse, be it handled ever so roughly. For this reason I have found it a most valuable appendage to exercising-bridles in place of a bit, as it saves the horse's mouth from the jobbing and dragging that it is often liable to at the hands of a syce.

The ordinary syce has no idea of fitting a saddle

to a horse, and if such a job is left to him, you may confidently look for a sore back, or a fall from a shifting saddle. Unless prevented, a syce would appear to go out of his way to find you the oldest and rottenest girths for use out pig-sticking ; and he never will leave the stirrup bars open, which is a point that should always be insisted upon ; neglect of this precaution has been the cause of many a man being " dragged " after a fall. I witnessed a peculiar case of stirrup leathers coming easily off the bars when a man, in riding a pig through some bush jungle, tried to go between two small trees growing close together, the horse got through, but the rider was caught by both knees, and was held back while his mount passed from under him and let him drop to earth ; when landed, he had both stirrups still on his feet.

I would, therefore, impress the necessity of carefully examining one's saddlery previous to mounting, and not trusting to one's syce. In saying this, I do not mean to infer that the syce is utterly without worth, for it very often happens that he takes a real personal liking for his horse ; and the average syce, if you pay him well and do not fine him, as some short-sighted owners do, is sure to work well at every detail that comes within his sphere of understanding ; but it must be remembered always that his sphere of understanding is very limited.

It is not an uncommon practice to hog the manes of pig-stickers, and there are several good reasons for it. The mane flying about often impedes the rider's view of the ground, or of the pig immediately

in front of him ; the horse is cooler without it ; the syce, having the tiresome job of cleaning it taken off his hands, can expend more work on the rest of the horse ; it is under the mane that the horse sweats most, and where a bad syce takes the least pains about cleaning him, and this place is, therefore, the usual nest and starting-place of skin disease.

The tail should be allowed to grow long, as it is a great comfort to the horse when standing out in camp and pestered with flies. A string net thrown over him also serves the same good purpose.

If there is no shade convenient, and the horse has to be picketed out in the sun, a pad should be made for his back ; this may be done by folding a blanket into a pad about two feet square, and fixing it on his back with the roller in such a way that it protects the spine from the rays of the sun, and also any brand marks that may lie near or under the saddle, which, when heated, are apt to peel off and originate sores.

*Veterinary Notes.*—It has often happened that a horse has been badly cut when out pig-sticking, when there was no veterinary surgeon at hand, and from want of proper treatment at first, the wound has assumed grave proportions and has finally carried off, or blemished for life, a good horse.

Considering the almost certain risk they run of having sooner or later a horse cut, and the ease with which the few practical methods of dealing with wounds may be mastered, it is strange that so few sportsmen take the trouble to learn beforehand what they ought to do in the case of a rip from a boar, etc.

In the case of a clean cut fresh wound, the place should be bathed and all foreign matter cleaned out, and the lips of the wound brought together and bandaged, or, if necessary, pinned or stitched, with one or more sutures as may be required. Before commencing such an operation it is necessary to put a twitch on the horse. (The best twitch of all is made with a rope or cord some ten or twelve feet long. Make a small bowline loop at one end to fit round the lower jaw of the horse, with the knot at one side of the mouth ; pass the end over the poll, down the other side of the head through the loop, then up again over the poll and down the other side of the head, then pass it across the gums of the upper jaw, underneath the upper lip, and take it through between the cheek of the horse and the cheek-piece now formed by the rope, and retain the end in the hand. A pull on the rope will thus bring pressure to bear on the upper part of the upper gums of the horse—a pressure that has a most commanding influence over him.)

*To pin a wound*, a large pin is passed through both edges of the wound, a piece of twine or worsted is then wound alternately round the head and the point in figure of 8, to keep the edges together.

*To stitch a wound*, a large, strong needle, threaded with silk, twine, or wire, is passed through both edges, the twine is then cut and the two ends tied together.

When the wound is not clean cut, but is lacerated, pinning or stitching is not, as a rule, desirable.

It is very important in such cases to take care

that no matter becomes secreted in the low corners of the wound.

*The bleeding* from a cut should be stopped by cold water application, or by making a pad of linen, or of materials at hand, such as raw cotton, etc. I have, on an emergency, used a lump of dough from which a syce was about to make his chupatties. In the case of an artery being cut (when the blood is bright red, and comes in jets) a tourniquet, or strong pressure, must be applied on the artery at some point on it between the wound and the heart.

*Thorns* are very liable to get into horses' legs, and to cause swelling and lameness. Their position can often be detected by gently scratching the leg with the finger-nail; if beyond reach of tweezers a poultice should be applied to draw them. Banana or plantain leaves are good for covering a poultice and keeping it moist; in fact, they will, to a slight extent, act as a poultice themselves on emergency.

*The feet and frogs* are liable to injury by dhal and other stakes, etc. The injuring substance should be carefully removed, and the foot put into a poultice or hot water. A bucket or a nosebag filled with hot bran may be used for this purpose.

For further details on veterinary and stable management in India, I confidently commend the reader to Captain H. Hayes' books, "Veterinary Notes for Horse Owners," and "Guide to Training and Horse Management in India."

#### DOGS

*Their Use for Pig-sticking.*—Although dogs are not legitimately used as regular allies in the sport of

pig-sticking, it is often found advantageous to use them for the purpose of scenting out the whereabouts of pig in a thick jungle, and of inducing them to leave their retreat.

Most of the Brinjaris and gipsy tribes, who live to a certain extent on the flesh of wild hogs, make use of dogs to help them in driving them into nets and snares placed ready in their favourite runs.

The Shikaris of some of the Tent Clubs, notably the Delhi Club, are accustomed to use dogs in jungle with the line of beaters, and with very good effect. The dogs are pariahs of all shapes and breeds.

In the pig-sticking in Morocco the Moors use their dogs freely, both in the run as well as in the beat. This is a mistake in India, as dogs are very much in the way, and liable to trip up the horses and receive spear thrusts intended for the boar.

When hunting by myself, I have often been accompanied by a half-bred fox terrier named "Beetle."

During the ride to the pig-sticking ground, "Beetle" usually rode on the front of the saddle, whence he commanded a good view of the country, while he reserved all his activity for the run and fight with the boar when viewed. On arrival at a thick crop, or other likely spot for pig, "Beetle" would skip lightly down and proceed to search him out; soon a sharp yap followed by a smothered growl, a startled grunt, and a crash through the cover would show that he had found the quarry and had started him with a judiciously applied nip of his sharp little jaws. Then in the run which



followed, the little dog used to tail along after the hunt, and, straining every sense of sight and hearing as well as of smell to keep to the line, always managed to be in at the death, in time to hang on to the ear of a charging boar, or to apply himself to the back end of one who preferred sulking in a bush. He was, indeed, the hero of a hundred fights, and many are the entries similar to the following, in the Muttra Tent Club Log :—"Started a big boar in an outlying patch of grass. . . . Before he was killed, he had severely cut 'Mahomed Jan,' Braithwaite's horse, Smithson's mare, 'Beetle' (who was thought killed at one time), and three coolies."

Poor "Beetle" survived these fights only to fall a victim to the change of climate at Natal, on the way home to England; when, in addition to a tattered ear, a drooping eyelid, and an enlarged foot, he bore the scars of twelve honourable wounds on his game little body—all received in open fight with the boar.

#### THE PIG HIMSELF AS AN ALLY

Among your animal allies the pig himself is perhaps your best in making the sport the sport that it is. When reading in cold blood about pig-sticking one might naturally have an underlying suspicion of the cruelty of it to the hunted animal. But after even a brief experience of the ways and nature of the pig, one becomes convinced of the fact that he alone among animals seems to enjoy being hunted, with an eye to turning tables on his hunter so soon as an opportune moment arrives.

He does not know fear as other animals know it.

From a fairly long experience of him I don't believe he feels the pain of wounds with any great intensity ; and there is no doubt whatever about his savage nature taking a real enjoyment in a tough and fighting finish.

He always seems glad to meet you and glad to die, which I cannot recall in the case of any animal of more sensitive temperament. The buffalo is the nearest approach to him in this direction.



ALGERNON.

Anyone who has watched, as I have done, a young boar educating himself for his future fighting career will realise that he is well prepared for a rough and tumble life with a sporting end to it, and that he would wish for no other.

When my little wild boar Algernon put up a fight with half a dozen dogs on his own account and got fearfully mauled for his pains, we felt it undignified to knock him on the head or shoot him, but put an end to his gallant existence with a spear through his heart as more worthy of his race and tradition.



PART V

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A PIG-STICKER

ENJOYMENT YET FURTHER HEIGHTENED BY THE  
SUCCESS OF INDIVIDUAL PROWESS



## CHAPTER X

### RIDING TO PIG

**A** *GOOD Man to Pig.*—As we have already premised, an additional charm attaches to a sport in which emulation between individuals finds a place, and in which one man can prove himself better than another and



CAMP.

has opportunities of excelling in the eyes of his fellows.

Such rivalry is a special feature of pig-sticking, where, during the early part of the run, the riders compete for the honours of "first spear," and

later, when the boar is being fought, they have constant opportunities of showing their courage and adroitness.

In excelling in pig-sticking more credit is due to the man than to the horse, to a greater extent than is the case in other mounted sports, such as racing, steeplechasing, polo, and even fox-hunting. As we have before seen, a good horse is certainly an advantage and a comfort, but not a necessity. A good man on a country-bred galloway will beat a bad man on a 1,500 Rs. horse.

Some people lay down the theory that to be successful as a pig-sticker you must be a light-weight, since pig-sticking is a species of catch-weight race, and adduce as proof of their doctrine that most of the pig-sticking cups have been won by light or medium weights; but this does not altogether prove the case, since the class of horse used undoubtedly tells in these races for first blood, and men of light weight are able to ride the best of horses for the work, namely Arabs, while heavier men are obliged to try and hold up their respective Walers and country-breds in ground unsuited to them.

In practice it will be found that what the light rider gains by lightness he loses in power—a big consideration where so much turning and holding of the horse has to be done. It is, in fact, on this account that catch-weights are considered the fairest weights for the annual pig-sticking competitions. Were proof required for this view of the question it would only be necessary to point to the successes of such heavy-weights as John

Watson, Harry Reeves, Chapman, and others. But the truth is, weight has very little to do with it; the qualifications that make a "good man to pig" are concisely summarised by "Old Shekarry" as follows: "*Strong nerves, good eye for a country, keen sight, firm seat, a light hand, and more especially a bold heart and cool head:* and, add to these, *judgment of pace, dexterity with the spear, and an intimate acquaintance with the habits and cunning of the boar.*"

These points are the direct steps to the pinnacle of excellence in pig-sticking.

Many good men have a kind of natural instinctive foreknowledge of the pig's tactics, which, perfected by observation and experience, enables them in a run to keep their horses going well within their powers, and yet to get the best of every turn. They do not necessarily lie first in the earlier part of the run, but they are invariably the first to see and to seize the right opportunity for spearing, and they do it with a dash that were it imitated by many others of the field would effectually break the long continued spell of their unaccountable want of success. But a large proportion of men are cursed with want of dash which is fatal to success whether in the pig-sticking field or in the cavalry battlefield—they see their opportunity but pause momentarily to consider, "Is it good enough now—yes, I think so—but yet—yes, here goes!" Too late! "Here goes" should be the first guiding principle, and any other considerations should be gone into afterwards, like the Biluchi sentry's method of "challenging"—he puts his bayonet



through the intruder first, and *then* says, "Who comes there? Advance and give the countersign." (A fact.)

Outram is said to have possessed the powers of discernment and prompt decision in war to an uncommon extent, and bringing the same dash to bear in the hog-hunting field he proved one of the best pig-stickers in India. In 1823 at Rajkote, out of eighty-three boar killed, Outram was accredited with fifty, and the following year in Kattiawar, twenty-four out of thirty-nine fell to his spear.

He even successfully extended his powers to tiger-sticking, in which field, with the exception of Colonel Skinner, he stands alone.

Supposing then that the aspiring tyro at pig-sticking considers he is qualified in the points already given, such as nerve, dash, a firm seat and a light hand, it only remains for him to study the pig's ways, and learn how best to adapt his skill to them. For this reason I venture in this chapter to give a few hints on riding to pig.

*Waiting.*—The sentiment contained in the words of the sea song, which says—

"Dear, dear, that stupid engineer  
Has got his work to learn—"

must frequently occur in rather more forcibly expressed terms to the Master and older sportsmen at a meet where a young hand appears with full resolution to cut some of them down in the run. From sheer ignorance and inexperience he commits all kinds of little faults which, trifling enough in

themselves, may have large results in the matter of spoiling sport for all. Therefore, it will generally be wise in a beginner not to try to make his mark in his first run, but to hang back a bit and see how things are done by the older hands.

When once you have been told off to a party you should remain with that party and not try to join any other unless specially asked to do so.

The boar will never be induced to leave his cover if he suspects that an enemy is in wait for him outside, and therefore, after the beating has commenced there should be no chatty conversation, no moving about on the part of the "spears," no galloping up, a little late, to your party, etc. If by some accident you have to move from one station to another after the beat has begun, do not do so at a gallop, as it makes a good deal of noise and also is a signal that you are after a pig, but move at a trot, either inside the boundary of the cover, or else at a good distance away outside it, keeping as much as possible concealed from the watchful eyes of any pig who may happen to be looking out of the jungle.

When a party has been assigned a post at which they are to wait for the appearance of a pig from the cover, their first care should be to effectually hide themselves, to keep their horses as still as possible, and to arrange for a good look-out being kept on all points within ken of their post. The cover afforded by any bush, mound, ditch, or deep shade of a tree should be utilised, but in such a way that the hunter's view is not interrupted; spears should be held in such a way that no glistening of

their points shall catch the pig's eye ; and the horses must be kept perfectly quiet and motionless.

It is a well-known fact among elephant hunters that so long as a man stands perfectly still an elephant cannot distinguish him even at a few yards distance. This is also the case with a pig ; but it must not, therefore, be supposed that he is dull of sight, for the slightest movement or sound will at once attract his attention, and excite his over-suspicious nature. It is easy enough for the man to keep still, but the difficulty is to make the horse do so, and the pig quite recognises the horse as man's ally against himself and dislikes him accordingly.

Nervous horses *will* twist about and paw the ground, thin-skinned horses *will* kick at the flies, and the quietest horses feel bound to keep their tails banging around ; these eccentricities must therefore be taken into consideration when trying to escape the notice of the pig in places where complete concealment is not obtainable. Fidgety horses should be placed between steady ones, whose placidity will as a rule communicate itself to them, all horses should be kept " head on " to the spot watched, so that their tails will be as little visible as possible to the pig ; a fly net on the body and a fringe or leafy twig suspended over the eyes, will alleviate the distress of thin-skinned horses.

It very frequently happens that when a party of spears is posted near a spot which is known as the usual point of exit of pig from the cover, they all keep their eyes anxiously fixed on that point with a perfect disregard of any other ; the consequence

is that the very beast they are so anxiously awaiting may have slipped out a short distance farther back, and be stealing away unseen over the plain behind them, or, what is a very common occurrence, an old solitary boar dozing in an outlying bush a short distance outside the cover is aroused by the din of the beaters within the jungle, and proceeds to sneak off unnoticed by the party of spears near him who are steadily watching the whole length of the actual jungle side.

The next episode after the party has concealed itself is one of the most exciting in the chase, namely, the appearance of the pig on the scene.

There is an almost sickening feeling of suspense associated with his first "discovery" such as one feels when forming up to start for a race, or when thanking the Governor of the jail and Sheriffs previous to the bolt being drawn at one's execution.

"Bushman," writing in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, thus describes the sensation: "The intensity of feeling at such a moment as this is truly painful, the heart throbs in the throat and the hand all but refuses to hold the rein, and this agitation as powerfully affects your horse, his eye kindles, a tremor shakes his body, and his restlessness shows how eager he is to commence the fray." Dan Johnson, too, says that on these occasions he has "trembled all over as if he were in a cold fit of ague, which did not arise from fear but from extreme anxiety" to begin operations. At such an exciting moment, especially after having been waiting for the last half-hour, with every sense of sight and hearing strained for a sign of the pig, a strong

exercise of self-control on the part of the hunter is demanded in order that the fruit of his patience may not be rendered abortive by premature action.

It is at this juncture then that, if there is a beginner in the party, he will make himself unpleasantly conspicuous; on the first sight of the boar he will gather up his reins, cram his hat down, and generally prepare for the coming struggle; his horse thus roused will set the other horses shifting and moving, whereat the pig, perceiving something suspicious in the wind, accepts the hint with a sort of nod of comprehension and trots back into cover with a firm determination not to turn out of it again in a hurry to face unknown dangers.

The author's remarks in "Hunting" on the shyness of the fox in breaking cover apply equally well to the boar: "One small child will keep him from coming out, while a whole regiment of cavalry can't prevent his going back when he *has* come out and is minded to return."

Therefore the party of spears should remain perfectly motionless on the appearance of the pig and give him time to reconnoitre and make up his mind to venture forth; this may take him a few seconds or it may take several minutes to do. There will be ample time after he has finally determined to take to the open and has passed the station of the party for cramming on your hats, drying your spear hand, aye, and of making your will too, if necessary, for you should not be in too great a hurry to start to ride.

Better lose your boar over the horizon than chop him back into cover.

In the case of a sounder of young pig and sows breaking cover the party should remain perfectly quiet even after they have passed, because in nine cases out of ten the old patriarch of the family is following them at some distance behind as rear guard, or if he does not happen to be there, their apparently safe escape will often induce others, hesitating at the edge of the jungle, to follow their example and break cover.

If the ground is perfectly open the party can wait till the boar has got his full distance and then start to gallop him, but if there are thin crops or bushes, etc., in which he might be lost sight of he should be quietly followed and kept in sight, at a walk only, for he will generally pause two or three times to listen before fully making up his mind where to run to. When he stops in this way the party should of course stop too, and in concealment if possible. If he should happen to see the party moving after him, the latter should continue on the move apparently taking no notice of him and gradually circle away from his line. He will then often imagine that he has escaped their notice and will therefore resume his flight. In any case it is no use attempting to rush him, as he will at once dart back for the cover whence he came.

In the case of canal jungles it is particularly necessary to give the boar a long start, and by long start I mean half a mile at least. Knowing the interminable length of these jungles, pig are very loath to leave them, and consequently if they find themselves being pursued while they are still within what they consider reasonable distance of the cover

they will shoot round on the instant, and make the running "all they know" back again, at a pace that in that short distance will keep them well ahead of any horse.

Considering the delicacy, therefore, of this "waiting" phase of the chase, it is best for the beginner to let himself be entirely guided by the leader of the party. In every party there will generally be one more experienced than the rest who will, by tacit consent, be accepted as leader. He will direct the movements of the party in keeping the pig in sight, and when he sees him finally cantering off with a sufficient start he will give the word "Ride." Then let it be a case "*extremum scabies occupet.*"

"Ride! for now the sounder breaks,  
Ride where'er the grey boar takes;  
Bold and brave ones join the chase.

Follow in the reckless race.  
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,  
A bumper to the gallant boar!"

*Riding to Pig.*—The only golden rule for riding well and successfully at pig-sticking is "Ride straight." Mr. Nightingale's advice to beginners is worth remembering. "Ride straight," he says, "from first to last, keep your spear well forward and never say die"; and Mr. Cruickshank, in his pig-sticker's anthem, seconds the proposition with "Sit down and ride straight, ride like hell!"

The author of a quaint pig-sticking book of 1827 counsels the very opposite of what one would do nowadays. He says: "I would rather lose a hog or

not deliver my spear than get a fall or my horse ripped. Unfortunately many hog-hunters pay more attention to the hog and to the delivery of the spear than to themselves or their horses, and have many ruined which might have been saved by a little more attention to the latter, which also would prevent many falls. I do not consider that person the best sportsman who kills most hogs, but he who kills the greatest number with the least risk."

Shooting driven pig from behind a safe rampart, as is done in Russia, would probably have suited this sportsman. No, in riding to pig, you *must* keep shoving ahead, although riding at times as if to get a fall.

"Keep your eye on the pig and not on the ground," was the stock of theory with which I was launched into the tide of pig-sticking, and most useful advice I found it. Leave to your horse the duty of looking out for holes and negotiating obstacles; he will do it just as well without your aid as with, probably far better. All that you should do for him is to direct him and make him aware of any change of the pig's course or pace. The great thing is never to lose touch of your pig through thick or thin. The following sentiment culled from the *Asian* expresses the opinion of many a good pig-sticker: "I would rather see a man with no *seat* and no *judgment* at all, flying at his horse's ears at every little impediment, than see a fellow 'craning' on every occasion, like a crow peeping down a marrow bone just as if he wanted to pick somebody's pocket on the other side."



To keep touch with the pig does not necessarily mean follow exactly in his footsteps, as several lengths may often be gained by going more directly to him, and very often a piece of judicious riding to one side of his line will keep you close to him, and at the same time gradually head him away from some unfavourable ground or cover ; but in pointing out this fact I would not have it thought for one moment that I advocate riding wide of the pig—that is, anticipating his line and riding, as it were, a “ point to point ” race with him. That would be “ dodging,” not hunting.

Colonel Shakespeare says, with great truth, “ Ride straight to the front ; there is hardly any ground that a hog crosses where your horse cannot follow. Blot the words ‘ impossible ’ and ‘ impracticable ’ out of your dictionary.” The spirit of these instructions may with advantage be acted up to by the beginner as far as possible, but he must not expect the pig always to pick out an easy line for him. As Colonel Barras says, “ There is nothing in hog-hunting so fatally dangerous as to try and cut corners off when in bad ground. By so doing you do not know *what* you may come to ; whereas by accepting the boar, who knows his way, as a pilot, there will always be some sort of footing, which, though sometimes leading the horse and his rider to destruction, is at all events a great deal better than being without any guiding principle whatever.” That should be some comfort to the rider, as also the reflection that though certain well-known swine “ rushed down a steep place into the sea ” and failed to come up again, and more

recently a hunted boar jumped a sheer cliff of fifty feet, such occurrences are more or less rare.

In leaping obstacles, however, the boar is not so sure a guide as the hound is to the huntsman in England. What a hound gets over a horse can clear, but what a boar can clear a horse cannot always get over.

From many instances I would take one in illustration: A pig was running alongside a fence made of camel-thorn bushes banked up to a height of six feet; on finding himself close pressed he suddenly bounded sideways clean over the hedge. The hunter on his part of course had to take a new fair run at the fence, and then carried away a goodly lump of it on his horse's chest and knees.

Stories of the pig's jumping powers are innumerable, but perhaps the one that at first glance "takes the cake" is that of the boar who jumped clean over his pursuer, horse and all, knocking off his helmet as he did so! It may sound rather a "tall order," but it happened in this way: The boar was being close pressed in galloping along the bottom of a narrow nullah whose sides were steep and six feet high; suddenly he made a desperate rush and scaled one bank, and on gaining the top he turned short round and leaped across the nullah over the head of his pursuer, who had just then arrived at that spot, topping his helmet as he went.

A pig when driven out of his jungle haunt starts with the intention of making his way to some other hiding-place; therefore the direction he goes in will be a guide to a hunter who knows the country of what will be the general course of his run. The

details of it will vary according to ground and cover lying near it. When followed the boar will take advantage of every kind of feature that is likely to favour his escape, such as ravines, bushes, fences, crops, etc.

When he does this, every man of the party should remember that the death of the boar is the main object of the chase, and not merely the winning of first spear, and that therefore they should combine their efforts to keep the boar in sight, and so to press him that he has to abandon his temporary asylum and again take to the open.

In nullahs one man should get down into the nullah, and ride along the bottom, while two others proceed along either bank. In crops and bushes or long grass, if one man is able still to keep the pig in sight, the others should extend themselves in line on either side of him, and so be in a position to take up the pig's line should he jink clear of his original pursuer.

When the hunted boar disappears into a thicket the hunters must be careful not to overshoot the line, but every endeavour should be made to keep the pig in sight in his attempts to hide.

At a check of this kind the hunter should never let himself be satisfied that his pig is in a certain bush unless he can actually see him there, for the pig has a way of almost conjuring himself from one point to another; and a sharp look-out should therefore be kept both far and near against his making his escape. Especial notice should be taken of such signs as a small puff of dust flying up, birds being startled, goats or cows running together and

stopping to look at the intruder, men shouting in the distance, etc., etc. But because you see a labourer standing idle in a field do not therefore infer that no pig has passed him, for natives often go "mooning" about without seeing anything, even in their immediate neighbourhood; and often when they *do* see a pig close to them they will say nothing, imagining probably that the white sahibs want some other particular pig or are hunting different game. I once saw a large sounder enter an indigo crop, where they looked like camping for the day. I therefore sent for the beaters to come and drive them out. While awaiting their arrival, I fell into conversation with the equivalent for an honest ploughboy who was tending the crops, and asked him whether he ever saw any pig about there. "Oh, yes," he said, "plenty of them, and they come not singly but in herds, like that lot that left the field just now." "*Left* it? You mean came into it!" said I. "No, they have gone out; there they go," pointing to a string of dusky forms lobbing away in the distance, and I was luckily just in time to catch them; but it had never occurred to the rustic to warn me of their movement, until the fact suggested itself in the course of conversation.

If, in the course of the run, you should lose sight of your pig, and from knowledge of the country you are aware of the existence of a pool of water in the neighbourhood, do not fail to give it a glance, as it is a very favourite practice of a tiring pig to make for water, where a bath and a drink have a magical effect in putting new life into him. Major H. says: "I have known several instances of hog

hiding in water and even jumping down reservoirs. On one occasion, near Nusserabad, during a run a pariah dog joined in the chase. The boar jumped down a well, promptly followed by the dog. A rope was procured and lowered with a noose made in it with the intention of slipping it over the boar's head and so pulling him out. The dog, however, being decidedly cute, seized the rope in his teeth and was hauled up to the top of the well. As he appeared, a general laugh greeted him which so frightened him that he let go his hold and fell to the bottom. The rope was again lowered and he again seized it and was this time landed safely, and the pig was soon after hoisted out and was allowed to return unmolested to his jungle."

*First Spear.*—On the word "Ride" being given by the leader of the party, one of the most exciting phases of pig-sticking ensues, viz., the race for first spear. Colonel Barras thus describes his first burst after a boar: "I well remember the feeling that convulsed me on this momentous occasion. As I tore through the thorny undergrowth I quite enjoyed being pierced by it; death, I thought, in the enthusiasm of the moment, would be better than defeat. Such are the sensations of the more cold-blooded sportsman. The really ardent are quite unconscious of having any feelings whatever during the excitement of a run."

Naturally under such excitement one is apt to pay little heed to the demands of politeness or etiquette, but at the same time certain rules have to be obeyed, if only from considerations of fair play and the prevention of accidents.

Whatever may be winked at or allowed in other sports, fair riding is insisted on in pig-sticking ; no jostling, crossing, or riding off ; the man who has fairly got first up to the pig should not be interfered with till he has tried his stroke or the pig has jinked from him ; any riding with a view to making the pig jink from another man should be treated as



THE ARDENT SPORTSMAN—"I'LL GET HIM YET!"

unfair riding, as is done in the Calcutta Tent Club ; its rules say " No person is to jostle another or cross him within three lengths or pass him on his right side except at a distance of three lengths while he is in pursuit of the hog ; nor is anyone to ride at the head of or across a hog in such a way as to cause him to jink his pursuers, under pain of incurring the above penalty (one dozen of champagne).

Infringement of this rule will disqualify the offender from claiming first spear."

To one accustomed to polo the race for "first spear" offers continual temptations to practise the art of "riding off" or preventing his adversary from gaining his object, even though the rider has little chance of gaining it himself, but this instinct must be kept in strictest subjection at pig-sticking.

As in fox-hunting, so, too, in pig-sticking, a man must be most careful to avoid riding on another's line in such proximity that he cannot draw clear in case of the leader falling.

The consequences of all such collisions as the above are bad enough in ordinary riding, but in pig-sticking their quality is enhanced by the fact that spears are added to the elements of catastrophe, and also the tushes of an unscrupulous boar.

Many have been the accidents from carelessness in observing such rules, including the lamentable death of Mr. Startin, of the 10th Hussars, and it is therefore all the more necessary that a beginner should be most careful to carry them out.

The race for first spear is a reproduction of a coursing match on a larger scale. The leading pursuers racing neck and neck, gradually outpacing the quarry till a sudden jink on the part of the latter throws one or both of them several lengths to the bad, and so they continue, first one leading and then the other, following every turn of the hog until one or the other succeeds in getting within spear's length and, reaching out, pricks the boar and so wins the honour of "first spear." To establish the claim for a first spear the hunter must be able to

show blood on his spear even though it be but one drop, but this system of "pricking" the boar is not commendable and should only be practised in a very close race or where it is desired to draw the pig on to fight; if the rider has it all pretty well his own way, he can afford to wait until he is in a position to give a good spear, when he should deliver it with such determination and strength as will ensure a partial disablement of the boar and the safety of the horse in the encounter.

From the foregoing one might be led to imagine that the man on the fastest horse should always win the spear, but in practice this is not the case. In three out of five runs the spear will be taken by the best man, not the fastest horse. An experienced man on a slow horse will know when his case is hopeless as regards racing and coming first up to the pig; he will then pull in, collect his horse in hand, and look out for a jink to throw the leader out and to let him in again himself. Sometimes it happens that two men racing neck and neck will spear at the same moment, and in this case the run counts as a dead heat and honours and tushes are divided; in a cup competition it counts as a dead heat and has to be run off again.

A first spear is not allowed to count unless the boar is eventually killed, except in cup competitions, where a single spear, authenticated by a drop of blood, is sufficient to establish the claim of "first spear."

Disputes will occasionally arise under this rule, as it often happens that a boar that has been wounded and then lost and given up in the early



part of the day, is found again later on and hunted and killed. In such a case the honours go to the man who first speared him in the run which resulted in his death. In cup competitions a wounded boar is not run a second time, owing to the danger of a difficulty in proving the second wound in the event of a dispute.

The winner of the first spear should, except in cup competitions, continue to assist in compassing the death of his pig and not be tempted from it by other good chances of runs.

The element of luck certainly enters considerably into success in winning a first spear, and this is often noticeable in a cup-tie, where the best pig-sticker in the party is put out by sheer ill-luck, and the worst man wins. It is a pity that pig and time are not sufficiently abundant for each competitor to be started by himself after a boar, so that he who accounted for his pig in the shortest time and best form be adjudged the winner.

*Solo Hunting.*—In opposition, I fear, to the views of a good many good sportsmen, I have always felt that a man should have killed a few pig single-handed before he can claim to have been fully "entered to pig." In the Nuggur Hunt among others it has been proposed that the killing of a boar single-handed should not count as a first spear.

But again, on the other hand, there are many good pig-stickers who think with me that there is more to be learnt of practical pig-sticking in one run in which the rider is left to his own resources, than in half a dozen in which he is assisted by three or four other riders.

A man, knowing that he must rely on himself entirely to bring the run to a successful issue, learns to put forth all his powers in the chase, to watch for every turn of the pig more closely, to "nurse" him through thickets and "rush" him in the open, to wait a good opportunity for giving a real disabling "spear" instead of pricking and prodding; to use his reasoning senses and woodcraft on the temporary disappearance of the pig, and to keep an eye on the surrounding country and take measures in good time to prevent the quarry gaining some intended refuge; he learns, too, that to leave his spear standing in the pig means to lose him, and that to let the pig make good his charge at the horse does not pay. He misses, it is true, the excitement of the race for first spear, but this is compensated for by the enhanced excitement of the whole run, in which the odds are so much more in favour of the pig effecting his escape.

As General Wardrop has pointed out in "Modern Pig-sticking," a boar may often prefer escaping to charging if a party is pursuing him, but never if it is a man single-handed; him the boar will always charge.

Then at the end of the run, when you are fingering the tushes of a boar you have just slain single-handed, your satisfaction is far greater than when you have, by the aid of a certain amount of luck, been able to prick the boar sooner than any of the two or three others who have then helped you to dispatch him.

But I don't want to undervalue the glory of the first spear, surrounded as it is with a halo of

actual moment for spearing has arrived, because the glitter of spear head gradually overtaking him will catch the pig's eye, and warn him that it is high time to jink.

In spearing, aim should be taken well forward. In using the long spear it should not be prodded at the pig, but a quite even "point" should be aimed rather than thrust, and it will receive quite sufficient power from the impetus of man and horse.

With the jobbing spear the arm should not be raised from the shoulder to deliver the stroke; this should be given by a dropping motion from the elbow, the spear point being directed straight down into the withers or centre of the back.

Except in reaching out for first spear, the spear should not be given into a running pig until the horse's forehand is level with him. The spear should then be driven into him quietly but with great determination, and a firm hold. The latter is a great point to observe as the shock of the encounter is apt to loosen the grasp of the spear, and the secret of keeping one's horse clear of the boar's tusches at this point of the chase is to keep the butt of the spear, with a strong hand, close to the body.

The spear left standing in the body of the pig is, especially in the case of short spear, a fresh weapon of offence to him; as it sways from side to side it frightens the horse of any man coming up to the attack, and when the boar makes a rush at the horse's legs the leaded butt is playing havoc up above among the rider's front teeth.

A certain officer of the Army Pay Department, skilled alike in the use of the sword, the spear, and

the pen, advocates, as correct and practical, driving your spear in as far as possible, and then leaving it standing in the pig's back as it marks his position in his attempts at flight or concealment in long grass, etc., and detains him when he gets among bushes, etc., so that you are enabled to take a second spear from your syce and polish him off. How the syce is to be on the spot at the critical moment with your second spear is not equally clearly shown.

I had the good fortune later on to meet with this gentleman's Shikari who gave me further details of his *system*; from this man's account it appeared that the gallant sportsman commenced his attack on a boar by putting a bullet into him first from a safe distance, in order to reduce his speed to a fairer pace for him (the "sportsman").

I will add one more quotation from our old friend, the anonymous author of "The Gentleman's Recreator," 1686:—"If you strike at him with your sword or boar-spear, strike not low, for then you will hit on the snout; which he little values, for he watcheth to take blows upon his tushes or thereabouts; but lifting up your hand, strike right down, and have a special care of your horse; for if you strike and hurt him so will he you if he can."

*Carrying the Spear.*—The proper way to hold the spear when not using it is to grasp it with the right hand about the centre of the shaft in such a way that it points diagonally across the body with the head to the left front and high. Occasionally, that is when riding with a short spear through thick jungle, the butt may be held in the right hand with

the shaft alongside the horse's body and head, pointing to the rear. But care must be observed in thus carrying the spear; a case occurred lately in which a spear so held stuck into the off hind leg of the horse, who was at the time going at a good speed; and he turned a complete somersault and broke his neck.

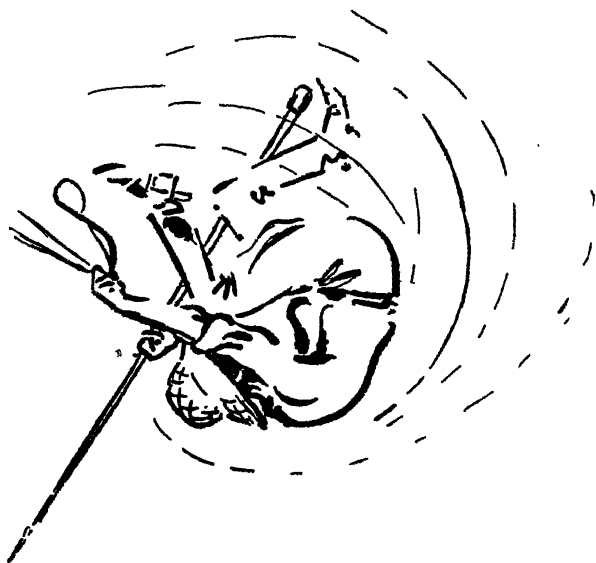
Sometimes one sees men carrying their spears upright with the butt in a lance bucket on the off stirrup, and if you meet a stranger in riding boots and notice that the upper part of the toe of his right foot wears an unhealthy leaden-hued patch, you may bet that the man is a pig-sticker, the leaden butt of whose spear has often rested on his right toe.

But the usual and best way is to carry it as above described, across the body. In this position it is most ready for action and least dangerous to one's friends when riding, and to oneself when falling.

*Falling.*—It is idle to expect to go pig-sticking and not get falls. As the secretary of the Meerut Tent Club claims for his Kadir, so it is with most other pig-sticking districts, "falls are here the rule, not the exception"; and by "falls" I would beg the reader to understand "good hog-hunters' falls" as defined by the quaint pig-sticking manual of 1827, which says, "Good hog-hunters fall occasionally with their horses, but seldom, if ever, without them."

Assheton Smith said that "no man could be called a good rider who did not know how to fall," and this remark is particularly true in the pig-sticking field where the presence of a spear, an angry boar, and stone-hard ground combine to triple

the dangers of a turn-over. Though falling has not been reduced to an acrobatic art, as one or two writers in the *Field* have lately tried to prove, still there is no doubt that many men fall far better than others, and this result may be attributed to their being blessed with cooler heads, greater activity,



HOW TO FALL NICELY.

and more experience in that line than their less fortunate fellows.

So, considering the extra dangers inherent in pig-sticking it would be well for the beginner to cultivate what art there is in falling, for all things are possible to the hog-hunter who knows how to fall.

The main thing is under all circumstances to keep hold of your reins, for three reasons : first, because it is at least a nuisance to be left horseless in the presence of an angry boar ; secondly, because it may sometimes save you from being dragged, if your foot catches in the stirrup ; thirdly, because the act of hanging on to the reins often gives the body a cant up at the critical part of the pitch and so saves a broken collar bone, by landing you on your back or the back muscles of the shoulder. Next, care should be taken to have hold of the spear in the manner above described and not to let go until death doth you part. The spear so held cannot stick the holder and is not likely to stick his horse. Even when a fall can be foreseen with absolute certainty it is still best to keep hold of the spear and not to throw it away.

*Throwing the Spear.*—A spear, especially if it be a short one, thrown away or dropped is a source of great danger to rider, horse, and companions ; it appears to be invariably attracted, point first, to the nearest animate body, like a needle to a magnet, and if the rider is going at speed it seems to be endowed with a demon life which prompts it to follow him like the proverbial South African Mamba, “ with leaps and with bounds.”

There have been very many horrible accidents due to sheer want of consideration or knowledge of this fact ; and it is on this account that most Tent Clubs have inserted in their rules a clause to the effect that “ on no account nor under any circumstances is a spear to be thrown.”

I once saw a man riding a pig which persisted in

running parallel to him on his near side at about two or three yards distance ; being unable to make his horse turn properly he tried the effect of throwing his spear like a javelin, with the result that after missing the pig the spear rebounded off the ground and went into the horse above the outside of the stifle on the *off* side and came up with the point projecting near the hip. After a few frantic kicks the horse sent the spear flying some 20 feet into the air, whence it came hurtling down, as the nigger would say, " not too far away " from another of the party who was at that moment coming up. The horse recovered, but ever afterwards seemed to connect his mishap with the presence of a pig and could never be induced to face one again.

Two men were once racing neck and neck for first spear, when one of them in his excitement threw his spear at the pig over the near side of the horse. The spear missed the pig and turning on the ground impaled the other competitor's horse, entering at the girth, and coming out near the root of the tail.

Colonel Newall records the incident of a spear being thrown which struck the boar's foot, rebounded, and severed the horse's windpipe ; and on another occasion a spear similarly thrown struck a stone and turned back on its own thrower, cutting him across the bridge of the nose and grazing his eyebrow. It is said that this sportsman was never seen to throw his spear after that occasion.

In most clubs there is also a strict rule against using the spear on the near side except in rare cases of absolute necessity for self-defence. It is a dangerous and unpractical proceeding.



*Receiving a Charge.*—When once the boar has been wounded all hands should combine to kill him, using every effort and affording all possible mutual and unselfish assistance to prevent his escape. Apart from the cruelty of letting him get away to die a lingering and painful death in a case where he is mortally wounded, it is a question of common safety if the wound is not fatal, since a boar that has been thus stricken generally takes to a life of solitude, and becomes soured and ferocious, attacking any living man or animal that may come across his path. But to kill so hardy and courageous a beast is not always as easy as it looks on paper, and the beginner must not expect to bring about this result without a fight for it ; a fight which, it is true, will give greater satisfaction to the winner than any other kind of duel.

“ There’s bliss in the scholar’s lore, my boys,  
In wine and golden store, my boys,  
But the joys of the whole do not thrill the soul  
Like the rush of the charging boar, my boys.”

In riding a boar that has felt the spear the hunter must be on the alert to receive a charge from him at any moment. On finding himself being pressed too closely, the boar will suddenly edge away from his pursuer glancing at him over his shoulder and collecting himself for his charge ; the next moment he will whip suddenly round and with ears pricked, eyes gleaming, and lips curling back from his yellow tusches will hurl himself headlong at the horse. The spear point must at this moment be dropped to meet him well forward in the neck ; if firmly held

the opposed impetus of horse and hog will drive it home, and a strong "shove off," as if the spear were a punting pole, and a firm closing of the right leg to the horse's side should bring all safely clear. The horse should on no account be pulled up to receive a charge, but at the same time he should be kept well in hand and under easy control.

The old pig-sticking manual I have quoted gives the following instructions with regard to dealing with a wounded boar: "A wounded boar," it says, "is a very formidable thing and it is often much better to let him escape than to run the risk of being made a cripple." This would appear to be strange advice from a pig-sticker, but on reading his experiences a little later on such procedure would, in his own case at any rate, be fully justified. With a party of friends he had succeeded in wounding a boar and bringing it to bay, and he thus describes the remainder of the encounter, a description which for simple and unqualified self-condemnation of a company of would-be pig-stickers, I venture to think "takes the cake." "The horse I rode would not go near him, and when I was at a considerable distance off he charged another horse with such ferocity that *mine* (*sic*) reared and plunged in such a violent manner as to throw me off; *two or three of the others were dismounted* nearly at the same time, and although there were many horses present that had long been accustomed to the sport, not one of them would stand his charge. He fairly *drove the whole party off the field*, and gently trotted into the grass jungle, *foaming and grinding his tusches*, which it was impossible to follow him in or to drive him from." (!)

It rarely happens that a horse is cut when moving fast, although I have known such a case, where a valuable Arab, galloping alongside the boar, received a sudden and fatal side cut in the belly, which severed the main gut in two places ; but as a rule horses are never severely cut when moving fast, owing to the fact that the boar has not time to make good his aim.

The usual point of the boar's attack when running parallel to or close to the horse is the shoulder or forelegs, and if the rider miss his stroke just before the moment of contact such a charge is very apt to pitch the horse heavily on to its head—a performance that the rider, as a rule, is not slow to imitate ; but on the other hand, it is the charge that is most easily met by the rider, and the effects of a spear well aimed at this juncture are generally very deadly. A boar charging from the off side at a right angle to the horse's forehand gives an opening for a most effective and fatal spear, though a somewhat difficult one to carry out with the short spear. As he comes on you must lean well down, and, the moment he is within reach, lunge it into him low down in the body just behind the elbow—the effect will be to roll him clean over with a mortal wound through the lungs ; if, as is also likely, you miss him, the effect will probably be that your horse comes head over heels and you awake, some days later, to find yourself recovering from a concussed brain and various minor fractures and contusions. *Experto crede.* Indeed, within four months in 1884, five such falls took place with similar results, one of them unfortunately terminating fatally.

Colonel James, C.B., was killed, a few years back, in the Berhampore district in a similar encounter, and, curiously enough, Mr. W. L. Thomas afterwards met with another such fall, happily unattended with fatal results, on almost the same spot. Mr. A. W. Cruickshank very nearly ended his mortal days and practically ended his pig-sticking days (to the great satisfaction of the porcine tribe in general) by being similarly thrown down by a boar.

A charge on the part of the boar on the horse's broadside is somewhat less dangerous to the rider than one directed against the forelegs, but if carried home is often fatal to the horse, as his entrails lie near enough to the skin to be deeply cut into by the boar's tusk; or, if the boar is a little late in his attack, it takes effect on the hock or stifle, and on account of its nearness to a joint such a wound is often most difficult to heal. A very favourite direction of attack for the boar is from the right rear. He attains this position by inclining off his line to the right when being pressed and then suddenly stopping, allows his pursuer to rush past, when he instantly reverses the conditions of the chase and becomes himself the pursuer.

In the latter kinds of attack the rider, if armed with a long spear, is comparatively helpless, whereas with the short spear he is able to receive them as easily as any other, and this constitutes one of the main advantages of the short over the long spear.

It it should happen that you get a fall and find yourself separated from both horse and spear in the presence of an angry boar it is best to lie still and "sham dead" till he moves away. Instances are

very rare of a boar attacking an insensible man ; indeed the only authentic case I can find is that of Colonel Reddy, who was attacked while insensible and so severely mauled that it became necessary to amputate one arm, and the other hand had a hole through it for the remainder of his days. Colonel Kinloch's shamming dead, as already related, was not quite a success as a ruse, but the boar had commenced his attack on him while he yet showed every sign of being a very live foe.

In view of such a predicament, the sportsman should always carry a good hunting knife attached to the front of his belt.

*Pig-sticking in Crops.*—Any charge that takes place in open ground may be confidently met by a man who has had practice in the use of the spear, but it is when fighting wounded boar in crops or among bushes, etc., that the majority of accidents occur to horses, as in this case they are moving more or less slowly, and are being watched by their enemy, who is hidden from the eyes of both rider and horse. For instance, in a dhall crop, the favourite refuge of a wounded pig, it may almost be reckoned as waste of good horseflesh to carry on the fight where everything is so entirely in the boar's favour ; he has a good view of the horse's legs and belly between the long thin stems of the plant, while he is protected from the hunter's view and spear by the thick overhead covering of foliage.

In ordinary crops where it is equally thick for the hunted as for the hunter the latter must be possessed of quickness to "pounce" where a movement of the foliage betrays the presence of the enemy, and

of adroitness in the use of his spear in any way that the circumstances of the moment may demand.

This fighting with the boar in thick crops is often decried as unfair on the horse, and is therefore in many hunts not practised. I had been pig-sticking for nearly two years before I discovered that it was perfectly feasible, and formed a delightful addition to the usual charms of pig-sticking, without half the danger attributed to it. Hunting and fighting a pig in thick crops naturally requires the hunter to be particularly sharp and quick with his eyes and spear, and would therefore find favour with "true men of spirit," and when once it has come to be regularly practised by them, it prolongs their all-too-short pig-sticking season until well into the rainy season, since their sport is not stopped by the general up-shooting of the crops.

*Attacking on Foot.*—The retreat of the wounded boar into a crop is only too often made the excuse for pulling up and for setting the coolies at him, and for the transgression of two unwritten laws of sport, viz., that one should never send an assistant where one would not go oneself; and secondly, that the sportsman should himself carry through what he has begun. Of course as often as not the boar may take refuge and come to bay in a place inaccessible or disadvantageous to a horse, and in this case the sportsman must proceed to tackle him on foot. This chapter of the chase is naturally the most exciting to the hunter, since it is fraught with more personal danger than any other. Williamson, writing on this subject early in last century, says: "It is an act of madness which many young

sportsmen practise, but which gives way either in deference to the severe admonition of rips and bites, or to that cooler mode of acting resulting from experience"; but as he also wrote the following in the same book, his remarks may safely be considered somewhat out of date: "I think I might safely wager that no native of Bengal nor any European resident there would undertake such a piece of rashness as to go out shooting wild elephants."

"Cossack," *Field*, 17th November, 1888, thus describes his attacking a boar on foot: "Throwing the reins to Abdullah, I walked towards the boar, holding my spear at the charge as I advanced, Abdullah the while encouragingly crying out to me, 'Khabardar, sahib! Khabardar! bara khirab janwar!' ('Take care, sahib—a very wicked animal'). The boar watched my approach, and, as I drew near him, up he rose, and giving a savage grunt, charged straight for me. His great head seemed to entirely cover his chest, and I saw that it was practically impossible for me to spear him in front; for if I should attempt to do so, I felt sure my spear would only strike his head, be knocked up, and he would be in at me. To await his charge until he should almost reach me, and then to spring aside and spear him as he rushed by, was, I thought, my best and almost sole chance; but I half feared that, being in heavy riding boots and tired from my hard ride, I should scarcely be quick enough. Long as it may seem in description, there was hardly time in reality for thinking or hesitating. In another moment the boar was on me. I took my chance, and stood his charge, as it seemed to

me, almost up to the point of my spear, and then, jumping quickly aside, ran the spear well home into his ribs on the left flank. There was a charm and novelty about the situation that one could not fail to appreciate. My great desire to make a close acquaintance with the African wart hog was now granted far more fully than I ever dreamt of, and I gazed with the deepest interest at this formidable-looking beast, now fixed on the other end of my spear—at its great tusches, and the large, unsightly fleshy protuberances on its hideous face, which struck me at the time as being as absurdly grotesque as it was ferocious and diabolical. There we stood, the boar and I, in this interesting situation for some moments—he at one end of the spear, eyeing me most viciously out of his fierce, wicked little eyes; I at the other, in admiration of his big tusches and general appearance, and wondering how I was to win against such an ugly-looking customer. Indeed, I felt by no means confident of coming off best in the encounter. However, the points were in my favour, and I determined to keep them. I was far too tired to run the risk of withdrawing the spear for another thrust, for I felt I could not be quick enough at such close quarters, and so decided to wait and see what the boar meant to do. At first, doubtless exhausted from his hard run and the blood that he had lost from his last wound, he stood quite still, making no struggle to get off the spear point, and seemed to be meditating on his next move, looking at me in a ‘tone of voice’ as if to say ‘Wait till I do get at you!’ He did not keep me waiting long, and soon commenced a



furious attack, at one time pressing furiously against the spear in his efforts to reach me, at another struggling and writhing to get off the spear head, champing and grinding his tusches, and foaming from the mouth in his rage, whilst I hung on like grim death to the other end of the spear, and endeavoured to bury its head deeper in the boar's side. In this, however, I was by no means successful; the spear head, having apparently struck against



A PUSH OF WAR.

the ribs, refused to penetrate deeper. During the struggle the shaft of the spear, although a strong bamboo, would bend at times in a highly unpleasant manner, and I began to fear that the possibility of its breaking was not improbable. And so the fight went on for several minutes, till at length, feeling my strength come back to me, I thought it was now my turn to take the initiative, and, during a pause in the boar's struggles, I rapidly withdrew the spear, and ere the boar could run in

at me, had driven it again into his side in a more vital place. It was quite enough—I had won. The gallant old boar, taking his death-wound without a sound, rolled over on his side, and with another rapid thrust I put the brave beast out of his pain.”

In attacking on foot it is always desirable that two or three should advance together to the encounter, as the pig in charging would by sheer weight send a single individual flying, even though his spear had gone through him.

I have known cases where a boar has charged three men advancing shoulder to shoulder against him, and although all their spears took effect he has floored them all simultaneously.

The great thing is to keep the spear point low, so as to enter his chest below the jaw. If it is held too high it is liable to glance harmlessly off his hard head or back, whereas even if it missed his chest and fell below him, the shaft wedged against the ground would still be some sort of a check to his onward rush.

To carry out successfully a dismounted attack requires a great amount of activity and mutual “backing up” on the part of the spearmen, of whom there should not be less than three.

In his “Camp Notes,” Frank Boyle thus paints an encounter on foot with a boar: “By day I have faced him; the sun’s rays sprinkle his dismal head; his small eyes burn with spite upon me, and seem verily to laugh with triumphant malice. See, see, the rigid bristles of the neck tremble and heave in an agony of rage; the big teeth snap: their foam squirts in your face. He has gathered

breath. He comes ! Now grasp your spear tight, bend to earth and pray, for rarely in his life doth one face deadlier risk than the charge of a black Eastern boar. That scream ! That ponderous rush ! A sudden weight dashes you to the earth, while the sun-flecked trees spin round, and the bamboos tear



THE ATTACK ON FOOT.

your flesh. You leap up ! You dash the blood drops from your face. Hurrah ! The boar lies prone with the good lance buried in his heart ! Rejoice, comrade, that neither you nor I have as yet felt that deadly sickness of a pulse-beat's length which comes over the doomed Shikari as his spear

point glides along the leathery shoulder of his foe. For him there is no help in the cruel sunny forest. Too many tragedies the flowers see, too many sudden fates, too many cries of agony they hear. The birds will twitter and the gemmed flies dance though a man's body lies underneath the trees."

On my return to India after some years of absence, I was a bit anxious, when it came to pig-sticking, as to whether my nerve still held good, for once you are apprehensive about the ground that you are travelling over and begin to think how you will pick your way, your doom as a pig-sticker is sealed. The only way to hunt the boar is to keep your eye on *him*, and not on the ground, and trust to your horse to do the rest.

Moreover, I had just been brought in to command my new regiment, and—well, you know what fellows are—I knew that they would be watching me and sizing me up with a super-critical eye, and my self-confidence was gradually dribbling away to zero.

The night before the meet I could hardly sleep for anxiety and was scarcely happy while waiting for a pig to break.

But the moment his dusky form appeared lolloping away through the long yellow grass I forgot my fears; I forgot everything except that the pig was before me, and I had a howling good run.

The pig, after being wounded, took to a belt of jungle, and fearing lest he should run through it without stopping, I galloped round to the far side to view him in case of his coming out. However, he did not come out, and we knew that he must be lying doggo inside.

We re-formed our party outside while the beaters went through the jungle in line to push him out. They came through all right, but with never a sign of the pig.

Feeling sure that he was still there, we turned the beaters about and sent them through a second time. Still no pig!

Knowing that he must be there somewhere, I dismounted, and, spear in hand, went in to the beaters myself. I was in the centre of the line, and when we reached the middle of the jungle I noticed that the beaters immediately on either side of me began to edge away outwards, and it was not difficult to guess that they knew pretty well where the boar lay.

I did not have to search long for him, for, without any warning, he suddenly charged me out of a bush. I had my spear lowered just in time to receive him, and the point went deep into his chest. But his enormous weight and impetus threw me over backwards, and I lay on my back, still clutching the spear and just able to hold him off at a sufficient distance by a few inches to prevent him from slitting me open.

The beaters, stout fellows, raised a mournful howl: "The colonel is killed!" and proceeded to show their respect for the deceased by leaving the jungle as quickly as possible.

But I was quickly relieved from my position by some of my young officers coming running in with their spears and polishing off the boar as he stood over me. Then they asked me, "Is this the way you always finish pig, taking him on foot?"

In order to account for the incident I gave them Martin Harvey's reply, "Of course; it is the only way."

That settled the question for the moment, but the worst of it was that after this I had to live up to my reputation, and whenever we got a pig badly wounded or at bay in a difficult place, we had to jump off and tackle him on foot.

Very soon, however, we not only got reconciled to this, but became desperately keen on it as an inspiring addition to the ordinary excitement of a pig-sticking run.

At the time of the regretted death of Pertab Singh I had written to him to ask for details of a form of sport in which I was told he indulged.

It was not every man's sport, but I was told that it ran in this line:—

On finding a panther's lair, which was generally an earth or cavern low among rocks, he drove in a strong stake at the entrance to the cave with a rope fastened to it. The other end of the rope was made into a noose, which he took in his hand as he crept very quietly and slowly into the lair.

Feeling gently in front of him with outstretched hand, he went on until he touched fur. Then he played at being a flea, and gently tickled the panther until he found what part of his anatomy he was touching, and gradually worked down to its foot, and very quietly slipped the noose round it. Then he struck a match and lit a squib. This naturally started a sort of earthquake, and he lay as flat as he could lie while the startled animal dashed out into the open. Here it flung itself head over heels

as the noose tightened and held it to the stake, and it was promptly dispatched by his assistants outside.

Pertab Singh was keen also on dealing with a boar on foot, and gave the following hints for it :—

“ When his tail goes up he is going to charge. As he comes at you cover his eyes with your left hand ; with your right seize his left ear and hold tight. Then change hands, draw your knife, and stick him ; or, if you want to catch him alive, catch his hind leg, roll him over and hold him.”

Quite simple, you see.

An instance of a bold attack on foot is thus recorded in the Meerut Log :—

“ Near Dhubarsi a pig was put up and ridden by the whole party. He finally charged S., and was well speared by him. He then retired into a patch of cover quite impracticable for a horse.

“ While the bold spirits of the hunt were taking off their coats, rolling up their sleeves and assuring each other that they really must finish him off on foot, a frantic row was heard within the clump. In dashed the bold spirits and found that Lang, who had previously gone in on foot after a panther, and had apparently not found it sufficiently exciting, had now gone in on all fours without a spear, while they were talking, and having seized the pig by the hind leg, was trying to drag him out.

“ The boar was very much annoyed, but, luckily for Lang, was distracted by the spear in him and a dog who kept going for his nose.

“ The bold spirits having pulled Lang off, succeeded in spearing and finally killing the hog.

“ This ended a ripping day.”

Another extract a few pages later says :—

“ Norton, the Pill, and the Policeman killed a pig after it had had some good sport with the Policeman. The latter, going *ventre à terre* at a nullah, met the pig exuding from it.

“ Horseman and pig fell into the nullah. The Policeman took cover behind the corpse of his horse, who was badly ripped on the nose, and levelled his spear at the swine.

“ The pig, seeing this, retired, and received his *coup-de-grâce* from the others.”

Yes, as I said before, pig-sticking is a rough, rude sport—but it is a mighty enjoyable one.



## CHAPTER XI

### SELECTION OF LOCALITIES

**I**NDIA.—To win success as a pig-sticker it is as well in the first place to have something to guide you in selecting a good field for your efforts, and then to know how best to accommodate yourself to the necessarily altered circumstances of living. Therefore, before proceeding to describe the art of riding to pig, I propose to lay before my readers a few notes on the various pig-sticking localities, not only in India, but in other countries as well where the sport has been tried ; and then to sketch out the usual arrangements made for living at those centres.

Taking India itself first as being *the* country *par excellence* for pig-sticking, the following are the best districts for the sport.

In Bengal Presidency there are Meerut, Cawnpore, Calcutta, Delhi, Muttra, Kurrachee, Lahore, Morar, Allahabad, Agra, etc.

All these places have their pig-sticking, or, as they are called, "Tent" Clubs, and also pig are to be found and are hunted in many of the outlying districts where regular clubs do not exist.

The *Calcutta Tent Club* is the oldest in Bengal, and has a famous record of sport. It was started

in 1862, and bears on its rolls the names of more eminent sportsmen than any other club, from the late Lord Mayo downwards.

The *Meerut Club* is the leading one of the whole of the northern part of India. It was started in 1865 by Messrs. W. Forbes and Neale. Its foundation and that of the original "Hog-hunter's Cup" are thus recorded :—

" Translation of part of a Cuneiform Inscription found at Germ-ok-taza ; supposed to be a portion of the Book of Spawt :—

" And it came to pass in those days, that Fawben was a ruler in the land, and collected the taxes for the king and administered justice to the people. And a great cry arose throughout the land from Delhi even unto Poot, and the people came unto Fawben saying : ' We are mightily oppressed by the unclean beast, and our bellies cleave unto the ground through fear of him ; for he hath increased and multiplied exceedingly, and trampleth down our vineyards and devoureth our corn, and no man can stand before him ; come now and help us, or we shall die, we and our little ones.' And when Fawben heard this, he was sore troubled and called to Nill the Scribe, and Nill the Scribe, having girded up his loins, came and stood and bowed down before Fawben. And Fawben said unto him, ' Write now unto my young men, and say unto them :—Why tarry ye in your tents whilst the unclean beast vexeth the land ? Are your spears rusty or your horses lame ? Ye are called mighty hunters but your mothers know not that ye are out, and ye tarry amongst your womenfolk that they may

cherish your poor feet. Give them now your garments and take ye theirs that they may come out and slay the unclean beast.' And Nill the Scribe wrote as Fawben commanded him. Then great shame fell upon the young men, and they smote their breasts, and rent their garments, so that the tailors rejoiced, and they said among themselves, 'Woe to us because of this thing. Verily our faces are blackened this day.' And Fawben wrote again to the young men, saying, 'Come out now unto me, all ye that may, and bring your spears and your horses, even the best that ye have, and we will purge the land of the unclean beast, even the Soor, and slay him from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, that the people may have rest.' And when the young men heard this their hearts were glad, and they made haste to do as Fawben had said. And there gathered together a great company to Shirpur, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, riding furiously upon one-horse chariots. Of the tribe of Topkhana came Adg that dwelleth upon the hill of ravens, the Hazligg and Robos the mighty rider, and Bish the son of the high priest; and of the tribe of Hooza came Mulvil the clerk and Bedol that owned the swift horses, and Barrur the beloved of women, whose head is like the sun; and Wuster the hairy man, and Dirzee and many others; and Taffy, the centurion of the spearmen, from the land where the people eat cheese roasted with fire; Hamilt the treasurer and Saptum the wise judge. And some of the tribe of Buff, the men that are clothed in scarlet, all of them desirable young men.

And Fawben erected tabernacles for the young men, and gave them to eat and drink as much as they would, for they were exceeding thirsty.

“ And Fawben gathered a great multitude of the tribe of Hind, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and they took staves and of instruments music and smote the bushes and shouted greatly, so that the heart of the unclean beast became as water, and he fled before them. And the young men having bound prickles on to their feet, pursued the unclean beast and smote him in the hinder parts, and covered him with shame ; and they strove greatly with one another who should first smite him with the spear, and they slew many, riding valiantly. And divers of the unclean beasts being possessed with a devil, turned upon the young men and sought to rend them with their tusks, and wounded many of their horses grievously ; but for such the young men stayed not their hands, nor did they cease to smite them till they had destroyed them utterly.

“ And Barrur, whose head is as the sun, smote one of the unclean beasts, and his spear was loosed from his hand and his horse fell upon the edge of the spear so that he died ; and men grieved greatly for the good horse and for the man, though the latter died not.

“ And as the young men returned from hunting, there come one to meet them, riding furiously, and when he came close to them they saw it was Nill the Scribe. And they asked him, ‘ Whence comest thou ? ’ And he answered, and said : ‘ I am come from riding the beast Behemoth in the land beyond Gusy, where I have slain many wild beasts, and

now I am come to help ye cleanse the land of the unclean animal.' And they said to him, 'Go to! Where now is thy brother scribe, he that rideth the horse that snappeth like a dragon?' And he made answer and said, 'Verily he could not come, but his heart is with you to-day.' And when the young men heard this, they were sorrowful and held their peace.

"And Fawben made a feast for the young men and said, 'Ye have well done this day, come now, eat, drink, and be merry.' And he gave them to eat of bull's flesh, and kid, and savoury meat, and sweet herbs and spices, and provided them water of the brook Simkin, which is also called dry; and they were exceeding thirsty. And after they had feasted, Fawben took a vessel of silver in his hand and stood up and said: 'Ye have done well this day, and have slain many of the unclean beasts, but there be many that remain to vex the land, so this cup shall be a sign to you, that ye shall not be sparing of your horses until ye have utterly destroyed the Soors.' And he gave the vessel of silver to Bedol, as a memorial, for his horse was very swift.

"Then Bedol stood up and said: 'This honour that Fawben hath done me, I am not worthy of it; is he not of the tribe of Brix?' and the young men shouted with one accord, 'Verily he is chief among the tribe of Brix,' and they danced and made merry before Fawben. And they continued this for three days, slaying the unclean animals by day, and making merry by night; and whatsoever they desired to eat or to drink, that did Fawben give

them; and they were exceeding thirsty. All this did Fawben the collector of taxes do, by reason of his desire to cleanse the land."

The remainder of the inscription is illegible.

The above names may be translated as follows :—

Fawben, Mr. Forbes, C.S. (Collector).

Nill, Mr. Neale, C.S. (Deputy Collector), Secretary of the Club.

Adg of Hill of Ravens, Lieutenant Ravenhill, Adjutant, A Brigade, R.H.A.

Hazligg, Lieutenant Hazlerigg, R.H.A.

Robos, Lieutenant B. Roberts, R.H.A.

Bish, son of High Priest, Lieutenant Phillpotts, R.A., grandson of Bishop of Exeter.

Mulvil, Mr. Melville.

Barrur, Lieutenant Seymour Barrow, 19th Hussars.

Wuster, Lieutenant Webster, 19th Hussars.

Dirzee, Lieutenant Taylor, 19th Hussars.

Taffy, Lieutenant Welshman, 19th Hussars.

Hamilt, Major Hamilton, District Paymaster.

Saptum, Hon. Mr. Sapt, Judge.

In addition to the above, General Travers, V.C., General Sir A. Hardinge, and Captain White, 15th Hussars, were distinguished members of the club. This club gives annually a Pig-sticking Cup to be run for after pig with the long spear, called (from the country in which it is contested) the Kadir Cup, and also a steeplechase cup for pig-stickers called the "Hog-hunter's Cup."

The Cawnpore Club was founded in 1869, and up till the last few years has had excellent sport. Under its auspices the Ganges Cup has been instituted, an annual cup like the Kadir Cup, but for men using

the short spear. It also gives a silver spear to the member who wins the greatest number of first spears in the season. Among its prominent members are Messrs. A. B. Chapman, A. W. Cruickshank, John Watson, C. Knyvett, Fishbourne, Captain Hayes, Hon. G. Bryan, etc.

The Allahabad Club was started in 1870 by Mr. J. C. Robertson and General Travers, V.C., and has always had a good record of sport. It had long before been known as a good country for pig, but until some hardish men came there it had been supposed to be unrideable. Its districts of Kyraghur, Puttra, the rocky hills south of Mejah, and Kohrar, are rough going, but favourite resorts of a very game breed of pig. Among its best men were Major Jeffreys, Messrs. G. Spankie, C. Knyvett, A. W. Cruickshank, Colonel Prinsep, and "Parson" Adams, V.C. This club has been specially favoured by the practical support of the chief landowners of the district, notably Mir Muhut, Ali Bahadur, and Sirdar Luchman Singh. But of late years the district has suffered from over-civilisation.

Mirzapore and Ghazipore in the United Provinces are reported as now good.

The Moradabad Tent Club has an interesting record for 1911, viz., 119 boar, 2 sows, 3 Para deer, 2 nilghai, 2 wild cat, 2 porcupines.

The Delhi Club started in 1870, and has an excellent sporting record, due in a large measure no doubt to the number and excellence of its hunt Shikaris. Dr. Kavanagh, A.M.S., Messrs. Lushington, Lynch, Bishop, Captains Tidy, Walford, and Jeffreys were some of its most successful members.

The club accounted for 385 boar in 1912. Biggest boar, 35½ inches.

In Behar and Chumparun and Tirhoot districts there is no regular club; but the planters of the district are all sportsmen of the first water, and included men like Archie Hills, Jem M'Leod, Vincent, and others. They have occasional meets, at which strangers are received with something more than mere hospitality. The jungles are chiefly of grass, and are beaten out by coolies and elephants. In addition to the common big grey and black boar, and the small shaggy one, there is hereabouts a reddish kind, which has a peculiar way of making for the rider's leg when it charges. "Walers" are the best horses for these plain districts.

In Berhampore there is no regular club, but the planters of the country meet frequently, chiefly in the cold weather for two or three days, and generally manage to account for ten to fourteen boar among a dozen or so of them. The country is open, and the jungles are of tiger grass and null. There are many overgrown, ruined villages, which are favourite breeding-places of the pig; these are never disturbed, and consequently the supply of game is always up to the desired mark. Messrs. Hills, Fergusson, and Malcolm are the leading sportsmen.

At Jubbulpur and Jhansi sport is to be had.

In Bombay Presidency and the Nizam of Hyderabad's dominions, are the famed Deccan Districts of Poona, Aurungabad, Hyderabad, Julna, Ellichpore, Sholapur, Nagpur, Ahmedabad, Ahmednuggur, etc. The Poona Tent Club was in its prime some



thirty years ago, and numbered among its leaders General Holland, Colonel Harris, General Hogg of Siroor, and many other well-known spears; but the march of civilisation has cut up its somewhat limited country with railways, etc., and driven out the pig.

The "Nuggur" Hunt at that time also held a high position, supported by such sportsmen as Sir F. Sowter, Messrs. Cameron, Rawlinson, etc.; but its country has of late years been over-improved, from a pig-sticker's point of view. General Forster, with "Tom" Gibbon, and Oliver Probyn made the last good bag there many years ago (*viz.*, eleven boar in the Katney Ghât). But there are, on the other hand, fresh tracts of country opened up in which good hunting can yet be had. Dr. Gaye, with one friend, in 1883, killed no less than fourteen good boar (some of 35 inches, none less than 32 inches) on the Leena.

The sportsmen of Sholapur have revived the old club, with every prospect of great success.

The Ahmedabad Tent Club's books date back to 1857, and show a steadily increasing record of sport. Colonels Le Geyt, Pottinger, and Hancock won their spurs with this hunt, and Dr. Boustead will long be remembered for the exceptionally big boars he usually brought to bag.

In Madras there is not much pig-sticking country.

In Assam and Burmah, as in many other parts, pig is plentiful, but the ground impassable. On the Brahmapootra the pig are abundant, in fairly open country, but as it consists for the most part of paddy fields, the ground is only passable in dry

weather, and is then so hard, slippery, and fissured, that it is unrideable even to men like Colonel Pollok, accustomed to cotton soil.

The churs of the Brahmapootra are favourite resorts of pig, and much good sport has been got among them.

General Wardrop sums up his preference for locality in these words, "Give me a Bengal hog in Guzerat country."

*Pig-sticking for Sportsmen from England.*—In these days of cheap and rapid travel, India and its hunting grounds lie at no great distance from the sportsman in England.

Indian hotels are, as a rule, to be avoided, being dear and dirty. At all large stations there are good residential clubs, and at small stations there are small Government rest houses, or dâk bungalows.

The best time to go out, as far as the sport itself is concerned, is March, returning in July. This happily fits in well with sporting ties in England, since it comes between hunting and the autumn shooting.

The selection beforehand of the district to which he intends to go for sport should be an important item in his preparations, but the sportsman should satisfy himself by writing to the secretary before he finally decides on any particular one. The sport of each club varies from year to year.

If the sportsman has a friend in that part of India he will do well to instruct him to procure him the requisite number of horses by the date of his arrival.

A trained Waler can be got for about Rs.1,500 to Rs.1,800, or a country bred at about half that price.

The monthly cost of keep, including wages, forage, etc., is about Rs.50.

Boots and breeches, and all saddlery and spear heads should be taken out from England; all other articles can be obtained just as well on the spot.

*Africa.*—In North Africa pig-sticking may be got in Morocco, round about Tangier. Sir Drummond Hay, the late British Resident, has done an immense amount on behalf of the sport, but it is feared that since his departure the protection he had obtained for the pig of the district has lapsed.

The natives of the country, from the Sherif of Wazan downwards, are very keen, and therefore furnish excellent beaters, but the danger is that their keenness may lead them into shooting the pig as they used to do before Sir Drummond Hay obtained the right of preserving. The country is chiefly low scrub bush, and the boar are fast and plucky, and very large, one of 40 inches having been killed.

M. Donatien, writing of this “chasse à course,” says: “L’homme le mieux préparé pour cette chase est un matelot gris sur un cheval aveugle.”

Steamers run to Tangier, and numerous lines run to Gibraltar, whence communication with Tangier is easy. Good horses for the work can be hired on the spot or bought. The sportsman should take his own spears.

*North East Africa* offers good pig-sticking in the

Somali country near Zaila. This is best reached from Aden. A place called Udhawadivi, some 25 miles from Zaila, used to be best for sport, and the country is open and pig plentiful and plucky.

*South Africa.*—In South Africa good sport was procurable a few years ago some 70 miles to the



UN MATELOT GRIS SUR UN CHEVAL AVEUGLE.

westward of Pretoria, in the Transvaal. Sir Arthur Cunynghame, an old hand at the game in India, compares the African sport most favourably with that of Asia. There are two kinds of pig to be met with in South Africa, viz., the Bush Hog (*Cheiro-potamus Africanus*), called by the Dutch the Bosch Vark, and the Wart Hog, so called from the peculiar excrescences on the sides of his face. The wart hog

stands nearly as high as the Indian pig, but is more hairy and of a lighter and redder colour. He has a shorter neck and heavier head. His upper tusches are larger than the lower, being about 9 inches long and very massive ; the lower tusches are much like those of the Indian boar but not so curved. Wart hogs are, however, very uncommon now near civilised parts. In the interior wilds they are common enough, and a sportsman taking a horse and spear with him should have good sport, especially as they are to be met with out in the open by day.

*Australia.*—Pig exist in some parts of Australia and New Zealand, but chiefly in unrideable country. There are parts of Australia, however, where pig can be found and ridden. These are the descendants of tame pig that have reverted to wild stock.

The Hon. Harold Finch-Hatton, in his interesting book “ Advance Australia ! ” describes the sport he got in Queensland, by which it would appear that the pig there are quite as able to run and to fight as those of India, and the ground is apparently no less “ interesting,” being overgrown with long grass in which the trunks of fallen trees lie hid in large numbers. From his book I cannot help extracting the following strange adventure :—

“ The author and his brother had ridden and killed a boar, when they discovered that Mr. Rice, the third man of their party, was missing. However, before long a ‘ cooee ’ from the ridges away to the right, about a quarter of a mile off, told us of his whereabouts. We set off, and when we came up we found Rice standing with a broken spear in his

hand, examining the carcase of a still more enormous boar than the one my brother had killed. He had run him for about three-quarters of a mile, and in trying to spear him he had broken his spear, leaving only about 5 feet of the shaft. A little further on the boar had 'bailed up' on the top of a ridge, and stood with his legs wide apart and the foam dropping from his huge tusks, and looking altogether such a discouraging sight that nothing would induce Rice's horse to go near him. Whereupon he coolly got off and grasping the remains of his spear walked straight at the boar without, as he afterwards said, the slightest notion of what either he or the animal was going to do. Of course the boar charged, and as the brute came at him Rice slung the spear at him with all his force and with infinite precision. It entered the animal's chest and he ran right on to it, driving it into his heart and falling dead on the spot. It was a most miraculous escape for Rice, for if he had not killed the boar it is pretty certain the boar would have killed him."

Pig-hunting in New Zealand is described by Sir George Baden-Powell in his book "New Homes for the Old Country": "The pig was found by the first settlers, in the beginning of this century, in large numbers and already wild in many parts of the country, although it had only been introduced by Captain Cook and the earlier navigators. It is, by many, believed to prey upon lambs and is therefore warred against. It is still very common, inhabiting the thick scrubs . . . owing to the nature of the country, the pigs are only to be got at on foot. Two good dogs are used to find and bail him up ;

and he is then put an end to by means of a strong dog kept in hand for the purpose, or by the use of spears, or by aid of gun or pistol. . . . The boars frequently have very formidable tusches and the sows bite severely."

*Sandwich Islands*.—I am indebted to W. H. Purvis, Esq., of Kukuihaele, Hawaii, for the following account :—

"I have grand sport pig-sticking in the island of Hawaii. We find pig in a rolling country, with good turf going, plenty of dead stumps, and trunks of trees destroyed by the cattle—an entirely wild country. The pig are a wild breed, indigenous, but probably crossed with tame pig. The boars are very heavy, short in the legs on the plains, but leaner and quicker up the mountains. No measurements have as yet been taken, but the approximate weight of a good boar is 400 lbs. I have tusches of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches, but have seen them larger. The wild pig seldom visit plantations or cultivation. As a rule we go out three spears together, with a few natives mounted—our method being to ride in a well-extended line of a quarter to half a mile across the country, until a boar is sighted, usually found asleep under a log or bank. All ride for him when started; our endeavour is to head him off any sheltering bush in the neighbourhood. The spear we use is a bayonet or leaf head (from Toulon) on a male bamboo shaft (from India). I was the first to begin the sport—1881—but had no personal experience, and was greatly in need of a good book on the sport. We first used green coffee plant shafts, with heads made by the local blacksmith. An

average day, out for a few hours, always gave two or three boars. I have got as many as 13 pig in a few hours, 7 to my own spear. I never got within striking distance without the pig charging. They are particularly fierce and cunning. Occasionally they charge before they are chased at all. On one occasion in trying to turn a sow for my fox terriers to come up to, she charged and seized my toe in her mouth, letting go only when the dogs attacked her in rear. We never take dogs out spearing as they get in the way of the horses. We do take them when we go pig-shooting in the thick bush. My fox terrier 'Mika,' great at pig, met his fate by one blow from a pig which cut his throat right through to the neck-bone, as cleanly as if cut with a razor. The horses we use, which are usually from 14 to 15 hands, are island bred—of a race originally introduced by Vancouver—probably Mustangs crossed by good imported sires from Australia and America. The horses grow quite keen in the sport, one I used always with snaffle-bit now gets so excited on seeing a pig that I lose all control, his one endeavour being to come to close quarters. In old days, natives, taught originally by Spaniards from America, were great adepts at lassoing pig from horseback. In regard to season, one goes out pig-sticking equally well all the year round."

*North Mexico.*—Another form of pig-hunting is practised in Northern Mexico, where good sport is to be had in riding after Peccary pig and roping (lassoing) them.

In Germany, Belgium, Austria, Russia, Albania, and Switzerland, boar exist, but almost entirely in



forests or unrideable country. The most likely places are in the neighbourhood of Creuznach, Wiesbaden, Coblenz, but no pig-sticking proper has been carried out at these places as far as I am aware.

During the Great War a sporting general of my acquaintance did some boar-hunting in France, mounted and armed with a revolver : but he is too modest, or at any rate too reticent, to say much about it.

## CHAPTER XII

### LIVING IN CAMP

**C***CAMP Life.*—Every station near which pig are to be found has its Tent Club. This is an association of the sportsmen of the place for carrying out the preservation of the pig, and successful hunting.

A Master and Committee are usually appointed to conduct the affairs of the club, the Master being also secretary and treasurer.

The club possesses a mess tent, utensils, and servants, also a head Shikari with perhaps some assistants. Once a week a meet is held at a place appointed by the Master after consultation with the Shikaris. The mess is set up there and beaters engaged. The members send their own tents and horses, and make their own way out to the rendezvous on the evening previous to the hunt.

The following rules are similar to those regulating most Tent Clubs :—

1. The affairs of the club to be managed by a Committee consisting of three members, including the Master, to be elected as vacancies occur.

2. The Committee are responsible for the general management of the club, and it is their duty to arrange for meets as often as sport can be procured.

3. The tent club book to be circulated among the

members before every hunt. Thursday to be the club day.

4. Any gentleman desirous of joining should send his name to the Master.

5. Members stating their intention of going out and not going to be charged expenses for that day at the discretion of the Committee. A member coming out without giving warning is liable to a fine of 1 R., at the discretion of the Committee.

6. For each meet, in the absence of the Master, the Committee shall appoint a member to transact the business for the day, and his arrangements, as regards placing the spears, the number to ride each pig, beating, etc., must be adhered to. He shall also be responsible for seeing the coolies paid.

7. A general meeting shall be held at the beginning and close of each hunting season for inspection of accounts, etc.

8. Beaters will be paid for by a charge (which will be settled by the Committee) against all members present; but extra expenses, such as presents to men cut by pigs, etc., shall be paid by the fund.

9. Other tent clubs and regiments wishing to have a day in the tent club district may be entertained as the Committee may decide. If they are entertained as guests a general charge will be made against all the members of the club for the expenses of the meet.

10. That no member of the tent club go out pig-sticking without sanction from the Committee, so that other members may join if they choose.

The amount of entrance fee and subscription, of

course, varies according to the size of club, distance and nature of covers, and extent of pig preserving done and renting of jungle.

For the assistance of those intending to start or form clubs a quotation of the subscriptions of a few existing clubs might be useful.

In the *Calcutta Club*, three gold mohurs (48 Rs.) is the subscription for the season, the fund so raised pays the current expenses of the club, e.g. hire of elephants and beaters, pay of Shikaris, carriage of mess, etc.

The cost of messing is divided among those who mess at each meet.

In the *Muttra Club* a monthly subscription of Rs. 12 pays current expenses ; messing being divided among those present at each meet.

In the *Meerut Club* there is an entrance fee of one gold mohur (16 Rs.), and a subscription of 20 Rs. for the season.

With this the club pays for beaters, Shikaris, tents, carriages, tolls, use of dāk bungalows, etc. Each member present at a meet pays 2 Rs. a day for food, also a share of the aggregate expense of wine and servants.

In the *Delhi Tent Club* the entrance donations for hunting members are 5 Rs. ; subscription for hunting members, 2 Rs. monthly ; non-hunting members, 1 R. monthly ; non-resident members, monthly subscription, 1 R. ; hunting members during off season, 1 R. monthly.

*Camp Equipment.*—Scores of books now exist on Indian sport which give with great completeness the best hints for camping in that country. I will,

therefore, only venture to give a few of the points that will be found useful by the pig-sticker.

Mr. Sanderson, in his book, says :—

“ Roughing it when there is no necessity, and there seldom is, nowadays, in India, is a mistake which only the inexperienced fall into.

“ A great principle in camping out to be borne in mind is that the sportsman should make himself and *his followers* as comfortable as possible.

“ Small tents rather than large. Night fires to windward. Sleep three feet off the ground, and use mosquito curtains. Change wet clothes. Smoke in a mist as a preventive against fever.”

These hints may, with advantage, be followed by every sportsman.

Camping out can always, in India, be done with a certain amount of comfort, but particularly by pig-stickers, because, as a rule, their sport takes them in rideable countries where bullock wagons (hackeries) can move, carrying their equipage.

The secret of getting a great amount of willing work out of your servants in camp is to pay some attention to their comfort as well as your own—and their wants in this respect are very small. A small shelter tent, an extra ekka (country pony cart) for their goods and chattels, and a trifling money allowance for every day spent in camp are quite sufficient to make a pig-sticking expedition welcome to them. At the same time it does not pay by any means to pamper them.

Mr. Sanderson recommends *small* tents; that is because small tents are easily carried, do not require an extra staff of men to pitch them, and

when properly arranged are quite as cool and comfortable as large ones.

Tents can be procured in India far better than in England. Cawnpore is the best place for getting them. A tent for a pig-sticking camp must have a double fly or roof to keep out the sun ; in fact, it is all the better to have a treble fly, or some blankets spread over the roof.

The " Cabul " is a very convenient little tent, measuring 6 feet by 8 feet interior floor space, weighing (with pegs and poles) 80 lbs.

The " Field Officer's Cabul " is a larger size of the same, measuring 12 feet by 12 feet, weighing from 120 to 160 lbs.

These tents can be fitted for hot weather work with a *tattie* or screen of damp khus grass in place of the door, and, having a ridge pole, can have a small punkah swung from it.

The " Swiss Cottage " is the tent which I prefer to all others. It is 12 feet square, with a bath-room attached, and a verandah in front, and eaves at the sides (useful for shelter of saddlery, etc.). Both side walls may be made of tatties with windows let in and a good punkah can be swung from the ridge pole. This tent weighs 140 lbs.

A small thermantidote for pumping cool air into the tent is worth the outlay.

A folding arm-chair, camp table, bed, wash-hand stand, tub, camp lamp, etc., are, of course, required.

Should you be going into camp where there is no mess provided, leave the selection of cooking utensils, etc., to your cook. He knows best what

he requires (wonderfully little, as a rule), and to attempt to fit him out with cooking pots after your own heart would probably bring about similar results to those of the experiment of supplying coolies with wheelbarrows for making a railway; they filled their barrows and then carried them on their heads as they had been accustomed to do with their baskets.



A SHIRT PUGGREE.

*Clothes.*—With regard to clothes the following are usually worn: A well-fitted pith solar topee (and see that it is pith and not paper), with tapes to tie it on with. Tapes or chin-straps should go over the top of the topee. If fastened inside they break away, and may leave you hatless in a blazing sun—as I was once, and had to finish the run with my shirt bound round my head as a puggree. A Norfolk jacket of homespun or other light and cool

texture, with a pad made to button on *outside*, as a protection for the whole of the spine from the sun ; have the jacket fitted with button-holes and buttons on both sides in front, so that it can be buttoned *open*, and held to the body by a waist-band, leaving your chest open to the air. The jacket should be grey or other non-conspicuous colour in order not to catch the pig's eye ; in many clubs white coats are particularly forbidden on this account.

Spurs should be of the very shortest, because in riding through jungle, etc., one's feet are frequently caught and pulled round by bushes in such a way that the spurs, if long, are liable to score the horse, and long spurs are liable to trip one when tackling a boar on foot.

A hunting knife secured in its sheath by a spring or strap should be carried for self-defence, in case of being left dismounted without a spear, in the presence of an angry boar. It is best worn where knifing-people like the Albanians carry theirs, attached horizontally to your belt in front. It won't then hurt you in a fall, and is handy.

A policeman's whistle (audible two miles) is also a useful appendage for calling up coolies when you have killed, or are badly hurt, or for directing the line of beaters when to advance or when to halt in cover.

Light cords and brown butcher boots.

*Saddlery*.—Saddlery should be taken out from England.

There is no worse economy than to buy cheap inferior saddlery, and good saddlery is not obtainable in India.



Light hunting saddles with a narrower tree than that usual for an English horse. The ordinary double and single bridles, breastplates, etc. It is advisable to take also spare girths and stirrup leathers, as well as English horse-brushes.

All the best London saddlers now understand what kind of saddlery is required for India, but as far as my experience goes, none of them can beat Sowter, of the Haymarket.

Good saddlery will always fetch its value when put up for sale in India.

*Diversions in Camp.*—In the hot weather the hunting hours are from early dawn up till about nine o'clock in the morning, and in the evening from five till dark, the rest of the day being passed in your tent sketching, dozing, and reading, with occasional "goes" of claret cup, etc. If you prefer not to waste this time altogether, it is a good practice to take a few books and dictionary of any foreign language you may wish to be learning. A certain amount of work is also got through in the way of preserving heads, etc., of the pig killed that morning, but this is usually the work of Shikaris or a man taken out for the purpose. A rook rifle is a useful addition to your camp equipment.

For an artist, whether in drawing, photography or modelling, the camp gives exceptional opportunity and subject.

The evenings in camp are not, as a rule, long, and they are made much shorter where there are men ready to make things lively with a song or two. The following are samples of what is popular in this line, and many more are to be

found in the back numbers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*.

Non-musical men should remember that they are perfectly able to learn the words of a song, and that a recitation is far more acceptable than a badly-sung song, and forms a pleasing variety in an evening's programme of music.

Two popular songs begin as follows :—

“ OVER THE VALLEY AND OVER THE LEVEL.

*A. W. Cruickshank.*

“ Over the valley, over the level,  
Through the dâk jungle, ride like the devil.  
Hark, forward ! A boar ! Away we go,  
Sit down and ride straight : Tally ho !

*Chorus*—Over the valley, etc.

“ He's a true bred one—none of your jinking,  
Straight across country, no time for thinking.  
There's water in front ! there's a boar as well !  
So damn the nullah, and ride like hell.

*Chorus*—Over the valley, etc.”

“ HERE'S TO THE BOAR.

*Air*—“ Bonnie Dundee.”

“ We've eaten our dinner, we've drunk to our fill,  
Our horses are bedded, the camp is all still ;  
We've just time for a pipe and to send the glass round,  
To-morrow, by dawn, we must be on our ground.  
Come, fill up your cup as full as you can,  
Come, fill up a bumper each pig-sticking man,  
And drink to the boar, with his grizzled old jowl,  
' May we meet him to-morrow,' and ' Hell to his sowl.' ”

*Chorus*—Come, fill up your cup, etc.

"The beaters are in and the parties are out,  
 Our senses are tingling at every shout.  
 Will the boar be a big one, or will he be small?  
 Will he break out to our side, or break not at all?  
 Stop! the mare's ears are pricked! what is it she sees?  
 A dusky form steals from the shade of the trees;  
 He stops—then away for the open he hies,  
 Displaying his form to our gratified eyes.

*Chorus*—Come, fill up your cup, etc.

"We give him a start just to make his line clear  
 And then hell for leather we ride for 'first spear.'  
 He sees us and jumps a deep bumba and wide  
 In his wake we splosh in and climb out the far side.  
 He lays back his ears and puts on his best pace,  
 He knows that he's running a life or death race;  
 He jinks right and left, through the thorn brake he tears,  
 All in vain, for he soon feels our sharp stabbing spears.

*Chorus*—Come, fill up your cup, etc.

"Though wounded and bleeding he's game to the last  
 And makes one more charge as the foe rushes past,  
 But the firmly-held spear stops the rush that he tries,  
 And backward he totters, sinks over and dies.  
 And now when the monster lies dead on the ground  
 There's one thoughtful man sends his whisky flask round,  
 And we drink to the boar—good to run and to fight,  
 And who never says die till you've killed him outright.

*Chorus*—So fill up your cup, etc."

*Preserving Trophies.*—Voltaire says: "Le corps d'un ennemi mort sent toujours bon," but he had had no experience of a pig-sticker's camp. Once let a bad smell get a fair start, and not only is it impossible to drive it out, but it is impossible to find where it originates.

When the camp is being pitched a certain spot

should be assigned for depositing the pig, when they are brought in, at some distance to leeward ; and stringent orders should be given against the pig or any portions of them being brought near the tents. Natives are very fond of hanging up junks of the meat in trees and bushes until it becomes "seasoned" and half cooked by the sun, and the natural consequence is a smell, which can only be described as *awful*. The uninitiated Englishman will come out of his tent with his handkerchief to his nose, and look everywhere but the right place for the cause of it. Man is said to be *ἀνθρῶπος* ("one who looks upwards"), but when he is looking for the cause of a smell, however "high" it may be, he invariably looks about low down for it.

As soon as possible after the boar has been killed he should be "gralloched" and carried off to the appointed spot outside the camp. He will there be cut up ; his head going to the spearer, and his flesh distributed among those of the villagers, servants, and beaters who are not prevented by their caste from eating pork.

Before removing the pig from the spot where he was slain he should be measured. Some people measure him when he is brought into camp, but such measurement is not reliable, as the muscles of the legs and shoulders will have been unduly stretched and stiffened in carrying him slung by the feet from a pole.

To measure correctly lay the pig on his side, place one stick upright on the ground touching the withers and another at the heel where the horn joins the hair, and measure the distance between

the two sticks in such a way that the measuring tape is not curved, and so lengthened by contact with the body. His length should be measured on the same principle.

If it is desired to preserve the head to be set up, it should be cut off with a good long neck.

The skin should then be slit down the centre and stripped off the skull, taking care not to injure the part round the eyes. The skull can then be cleaned by a native, care being taken not to lose the lower jaw-bones.

Wash the skin well in soap and water and split the lips and skin of the ears from the inside as far as you can, removing as much meat from them as can be filled in afterwards with wool and not be detected from outside when the head is set up. Put the skin in a chattie, or large jar, of carbolic acid and water, until it is required to be set up.

The skull should be boiled in water; this will bring off the flesh, etc., and will loosen the tushes.

These should be taken out, well oiled and plugged with wax or grease, and refixed in the jaws.

The skull should be attached to a wooden shield bracket by a wooden neck of proper length and inclination.

The jaws should then be fixed with wire. The appearance of the head will be more effective if they are left open. Fill the eye cavities with putty and insert glass eyes. Roll wool or tow round the wooden neck and under the jaws, and model the muscles of the nose, face, gums, and tongue, in putty on the skull.

Take the skin out of the solution (where it may

have been left with safety for six weeks) and soap it well with arsenical soap. Put wool in the ears. Draw the skin on to the skull and stitch up the slit. Tack the end of the neck on to the shield. Manipulate the whole into proper shape, and brush the bristles before the head becomes set and dry.

To make arsenical soap mix into a paste with water :

- 5 drachms of camphor.
- 4 ozs. of arsenic.
- 4 ozs. of white soap.
- 12 ozs. of carb. potash.
- 4 ozs. of slaked lime.

If it is only required to extract the tushes, chop out the jaws and boil them till the tushes are loosened and come out readily. Natives are very apt to try to force them out, and in so doing to break them. When taken out they should be plugged and coated with wax or grease, as they are apt to dry up and split into fragments in a few days in hot weather. In a damp climate they last perfectly well.

Small tushes make good labels for decanters, having a silver plate attached to them and being hung round the neck of the bottle by a small silver chain.

A pair of good upper tushes make a good stick or umbrella handle, or one single upper or lower tusk makes a good crutch handle for a stick. Briggs, of St. James's Street, thoroughly understands mounting them.

Two large upper tushes may be made into a photograph frame with legs formed by two lower tushes.

The Kadir Cup, 1883, is a plain silver cup with three double handles, a pair of big under tushes forming each handle.

A dog collar can be made with a pair of large under tushes connected by silver hinge and hasp. Such a collar was worn by "Beetle."

*Surgical Notes.*—Besides knowing how to cure heads, etc., it will often be found a most useful accomplishment to know how to cure yourself, or friend, or follower, in the event of accident or sudden illness.

It is not till an accident happens (as it usually does when least expected, and with no professional assistance at hand), that one realises one's utter helplessness, and vainly reproaches oneself for never having devoted an hour or so to learning how to give "first aid" to sick or injured.

Sunstrokes and heat apoplexy are possible, and dislocations, fractures, sprains, contusions, concussions, and gashes are frequent in the pig-sticking field; it is, therefore, incumbent on a pig-sticker to know how to deal with them pending the arrival of a doctor, and to be provided with a few necessary appliances for so doing.

An important addition, therefore, to your camp equipment should be a book of "Ambulance" lectures and instructions, and a pocket case containing triangular bandage, tourniquet, antiseptic plaster, lint, ointment, needles, silk, tape, pins. There are several forms of suitable pocket cases in the market, notably the "St. John's Ambulance" case.

The following notes on the treatment of the more

likely accidents might be copied into a pocket-book if an ambulance book is not available :—

## SUNSTROKE

*Symptoms.*—Insensibility, headache, and dizziness.

*Treatment.*—Raise head ; open clothing near neck ; cold water douche on head and neck ; no stimulants.

## HEAT APOPLEXY

*Symptoms.*—Insensibility, stertorous breathing.

*Treatment.*—Raise head ; strip ; cover with wet sheet ; cold douche ; no stimulants.

## FRACTURE OF LIMB

*Symptoms.*—Contortion, crepitation.

*Treatment.*—Straighten limb, bandage in extemporised splints ; if an arm, put in sling ; if a leg, bind to the other leg. Give weak stimulant.

## FRACTURE OF COLLAR-BONE

Put pad in armpit and bind arm to side. Weak stimulant.

## WOUNDS

Bleeding to be stopped.

*Blood from a vein* comes dark coloured and with steady flow. Lay patient on his back. Apply cold water and pressure by bandage over the wound itself, that part of the body being raised.



*Blood from an artery* comes bright red in jets. Find the artery at some point between the wound and the heart; press it with thumb against the bone if possible. Apply tourniquet immediately above this point if the bleeding is checked by it.

A tourniquet is extemporised by placing a round stone on the artery and fixing there with a handkerchief passed round the limb, knotted, and screwed tight with the aid of a stick through the loop.

#### DISLOCATIONS

Some years ago, when I was in Cashmere, some villagers brought me in a young man on a stretcher,



A DISLOCATED SHOULDER.

who, they said, had fallen off a high rock and had broken his back and was dying. I soon found that he had only dislocated his shoulder and had got a few bruises, and seemed therefore to think that he was about to die.

It was his right shoulder; therefore I pulled off my right shoe and sat down alongside him, hip to

hip. I put my stockinged heel into his arm-pit, got hold of his wrist with my hands and pulled with all my force till the bone at his shoulder jumped back into its socket.

He fainted away with the pain and shock, and his friends thought that I had really done for him, and I was almost in for a nasty time with them. But I told them all would now be well, and when he came to a few minutes later and found his arm all right nothing was too good for me with them all. But this is a very common accident when pig-sticking, and is easy to deal with when you once know how and if you do it at once.

#### PUNCTURED WOUNDS

Stop up with cotton or linen and bandage tightly.

#### LARGE CUTS

Should be pinned or stitched up (see page 199) as already described for horses.

A stretcher may be extemporised, if no charpoy is handy, by laying two coats end to end, on their backs, on the ground ; turn the sleeves inside out ; pass two spear shafts through the sleeves, each shaft going down one sleeve of each coat ; button the coats across. Place the stretcher so formed *alongside* the patient for putting him in.

The value of some knowledge of first aid is emphasised in the report of one single meet in the Kadir, where one man had his shoulder dislocated, another strained his back, another broke his collar-bone,

and one man and one coolie were mauled by a panther.

"The panther, on being pursued by Short, charged and bit him in the right thigh, but was quickly followed up by the other spears and killed. A coolie at the same time was badly clawed. The latter was properly dressed with first-aid dressings, but Short, thinking he was only scratched, did nothing to his own leg beyond dabbing some carbolic on it, and continued hunting. . . . That night Short was in great pain, and next day went into Meerut. The following day he went into hospital, and was operated on. Gangrene had set in, and he was very dangerously ill; but thanks to the doctor's skill, he recovered after over a month on his back."

#### CONCUSSION

This is a very common complaint in the pig-sticking field, and yet it is seldom dealt with in first-aid books. It is well to realise, however, that the worst thing you can do is to give stimulants or to move the patient. I once had an unfortunate experience of coming to after about twenty minutes' insensibility and feeling so fit that I hacked part of the way home that same evening and drove a considerable distance in a carriage, with the consequence that next day I was pretty bad, and remained so for a couple of months. Had I lain still in the same place—for I was close to camp at the time of the accident—I should have probably been all right in the course of a day or so. Twenty-four

hours' rest and perfect quiet are advisable in every case where a man has lost consciousness even for a short period.

*Fracture of the skull* is, of course, a far worse business. The symptoms generally show, besides insensibility, bleeding or clear fluid running from the ears or nose, accompanied sometimes by stertorous breathing. Here the only thing is to keep the patient where he is and erect a shelter or tent over him, and apply cold water bandages, or ice if possible, to the head, and wait for the doctor.

#### APPENDICITIS

This is another surprise packet that is frequently sprung upon the sportsman in camp and which needs immediate treatment ; but again the first-aid books are silent on this subject. The symptoms are a sharp pain about two inches to the right of and below the navel and a rising temperature after feeling seedy and not digesting food. The temperature is the invariable sign. The patient usually lies with the right leg well drawn up to ease the pain. This is a usual symptom. The immediate treatment is hot fomentations and no food whatever for the patient. Keep him quiet and send for the doctor.

#### QUINSY

When I was in the Andes I heard of two Englishmen who had died there not long before from choking by quinsy, simply because there was no one by who

knew what to do in such a case. It is generally a very sudden business, and if no doctor is available it is well to know how to deal with it. It is caused by a rapid swelling of the tonsils until they block up the air-passage of the throat.

Hot fomentation is the immediate remedy. I have assisted in a case where we had to lance the tonsil which had completely blocked the passage. In such case you hold the patient's tongue down with a spoon handle, get somebody to throw a light with a looking-glass into the back of his throat, and with a lancet or tip of a penknife wrapped round with a rag make a small incision in the tonsil—and stand clear when the matter bursts out!

An improvised fomentation which Dr. Lakin tells me is used in Lancashire is to boil potatoes in their jackets, then put them into a stocking and roughly smash them and place the stocking round the neck and ears, and then cover up with a blanket over the head (Indian fashion). You can get the true fomentation effect by wringing out a piece of flannel in hot water and applying it to the neck and then putting the stocking and potatoes on top.

## CHAPTER XIII

### RULES AND COMPETITIONS

**P**IG-STICKING Rules.—A few extracts from the rules of one or two of the leading Tent Clubs would perhaps give the novice more concisely the chief points of discipline of the sport.

#### *Nuggur and Deccan Hunts*

1. The Master always to be obeyed.
2. Silence at the jungle side. No moving after being once posted.
3. No followers or spare horses to be allowed at the cover side.
6. Anyone taking first spear is, if possible, to follow up his pig until it is killed.
9. Any rider jostling another or carrying his spear improperly to be fined one gold mohur (16 Rs.).
11. Any member shooting a pig to be expelled the club.

#### *Cawnpore and Delhi Clubs*

2. Throwing the spear is strictly prohibited.
3. No first spear can be claimed unless blood is shown.

4. A spear delivered on the near side will not be allowed to count unless the pig charges.

5. A spear given to an undisturbed pig, standing or lying, will not count for "first spear."

6. Every member taking a "first spear" must remain with his pig till it is dispatched; should he be absent at the death the tushes belong to the second spear, unless the absence was caused by accident.

7. Should a slightly wounded pig escape and during the day be again found and killed, the tushes belong to the first spear of the second finding.

8. In a run it must be remembered that the bag is the first object, the taking of first spear secondary to it, and no jostling, crossing or unfair riding will be allowed. When the rider is fairly over a pig he must be allowed his chance, and the others must wait on him for a turn. Any unfair riding will cause forfeiture of claim to first spear.

9. No member of one party may start after a pig which another party is riding, unless called on to assist.

10. All questions of disputed "first spears" to be settled by the majority of those present. Where no decision can be arrived at the tushes are to be divided.

11. Members are particularly requested not to wear white.

Of course there are rules against riding undersized boar, the usual limit being 28 inches.

I can't help quoting, as a typical meet, concisely and pleasantly recorded, this extract from a log of the Meerut Tent Club, which deals incidentally with a case of an undersized pig.

“ Result of meet of 7 days for 14 men and 67 horses :—

“ 24 boar  
2 panthers  
1 rider badly mauled  
1 beater badly mauled  
1 broken collar-bone  
1 dislocated shoulder  
1 back sprung  
Only four horses *hors de combat*.”

One regrettable incident has also to be recorded:—

While the line pursued its weary way towards camp, what was at first thought to be a rabbit was flushed. On closer inspection it was pronounced to be a rat. Undeterred by cries of “ Shame ” from the left, some members of the right party, on the open Maidan, in broad daylight, under no provocation, committed a ghastly atrocity.

One of the members thus accused of slaughtering an undersized boar added this qualifying explanation: “ The historian has not spoken the truth regarding this very unfortunate occurrence. The writer, who was standing and looking on, was suddenly charged without provocation, and had to spear in self-defence ” (!)

*Competitions*.—If a pig-sticker is desirous of proving his ability he has the opportunity of doing so in the annual pig-sticking contests which take place in Bengal and Bombay. In Bengal Presidency three cups are run for annually, one at Meerut, one at Muttra, and one at Cawnpore. In Bombay the Bheema Cup is run for.



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| Date.                 | Owner.                                    | Horse.   |
|-----------------------|---|--|
| Not run<br>after pig. | 1867 Mr. Biddulph .. ..                   | g.a.h. Sheikh.                                     |
|                       | 1868 Capt. Ravenhill, R.H.A. ..           | b.w.g. Ranger.                                     |
|                       | 1869 Capt. Ravenhill, R.H.A. ..           | b.w.g. V.C.  |
|                       | 1870 Capt. Philips, 4th Hussars           | g.a.h. Jurham.                                     |
|                       | 1873 Capt. Studdy .. ..                   | g.a.g. Cato.                                       |
|                       | 1874 Capt. White, 15th Hussars            | g.a.h. Mo, g.a.h.<br>Hindoo, left in<br>final tie. |
|                       | 1875 Mr. Jeffreys, R.A. ..                | b.a.h. Bobby.                                      |
|                       | 1876 Capt. White, 15th Hussars            | b.a.h. Joe.  |
|                       | 1877 Capt. St. Quintin, 10th<br>Hussars.  | g.a.h. Vivian.                                     |
|                       | 1878 Major Grant, 4th Hussars             | b.w.n. Kate Kearney.                               |
|                       | 1879 } No cup on account of               |  |
|                       | 1880 } Afghan War.                        |  |
|                       | 1881 Mr. Grenfell, 10th Hussars           | ch.a.b. Maidan.                                    |
|                       | 1882 Hon. G. Bryan, 10th Hus-<br>sars.    | g.a.h. Grey Dawn.                                  |
|                       | 1883 Capt. Baden-Powell, 13th<br>Hussars. | ch.c.b. Patience.                                  |
|                       | 1884 Maj. Reir, R.H.A. ..                 | b.c.b. John o' Gaunt.                              |
|                       | 1885 Maharaj Rana Dholepore               | b.a.h. Red Prince.                                 |
|                       | 1886 Mr. J. Rees .. ..                    | ch.c.b.g. Jack.                                    |
|                       | 1887 Major Clowes.                        |  |
|                       | 1888 Major Mahon, 8th Hussars.            |  |
|                       | 1889 Captain Le Gallais, 8th<br>Hussars.  | b.w.m. Phillippine.                                |
|                       | 1890 Captain Kanwell, R.A. ..             | b.cb.h. Lacys' Knott.                              |
|                       | 1891 Mr. Oakes, 5th Lancers ..            | br.w.g. Jinks.                                     |
|                       | 1892 Mr. West, 5th Lancers ..             | br.w.g. Dancing<br>Master.                         |
|                       | 1893 Captain Blane, R.H.A. ..             | ch.a.h. Scottie.                                   |
|                       | 1894 Captain Fanshawe, O.L.I.             | b.a.p. Bydand.                                     |
|                       | 1895 General Gurdut Singh ..              | b.w.m. Sylvia.                                     |
|                       | 1896 Mr. Edwards .. ..                    | b.w.g. Outcast.                                    |

| Date.                                | Owner.  | Horse.                     |
|--------------------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| 1897                                 | Mr. Gillman, R.H.A. ..  | br.w.g. Huntsman.          |
| 1898                                 | Mr. Dunbar, 5th D.G. ..   | br.w.m. Lola.              |
| 1899                                 | Mr. Allhusen, 9th Lancers   | b.w.g. Santoza.            |
| 1900                                 | Mr. Clementson .. ..  | b.w.g. Forest King.        |
| 1901                                 | Mr. Warre-Cornish, 17th<br>B.L.   | Hermia.                    |
| 1902                                 | Colonel Seeva Singh ..  | g.a.h. Governor.           |
| 1903                                 | Captain Cameron, C.I.H. ..  | b.a.g. Mouseque-<br>taire. |
| 1904                                 | Mr. Livingston Learmonth,<br>15th Hussars.                                      | ch.w.g. Eldorado.          |
| 1905                                 | Mr. R. Grenfell .. ..   | b.w.m. Barmaid.            |
| 1906                                 | Mr. Ritchie, 15th Hussars   | Bobs.                      |
| 1907                                 | Major Vaughan, 10th Hus-<br>sars.   | Vedette.                   |
| 1908                                 | Lord Kensington .. ..   | Twilight.                  |
| 1909                                 | Mr. Vernon, 60th Rifles ..  | Fireplane.                 |
| 1910                                 | Mr. Paynter, R.H.A. ..  | Hawk.                      |
| 1911                                 | Mr. Bromilow, 14th Lan-<br>cers.  | Battle Axe.                |
| 1912                                 | Captain Gatacre, 11th Lan-<br>cers.   | Karim.                     |
| 1913                                 | Mr. Sherston, 11th Lancers  | Magistrate.                |
| 1914                                 | Captain Medlicott, 3rd<br>Skinner's Horse.                                      |                            |
| 1915 }<br>1916 }<br>1917 }<br>1918 } | The Competition was dis-<br>continued during the<br>Great War, 1915 to<br>1918. |                            |
| 1919                                 | P. Marsh, I.C.S. .. ..  | Lady Kate.                 |
| 1920                                 | Capt. C. West, R.A. ..  | Bombay Duck.               |
| 1921                                 | Capt. Davison, 2nd Lan-<br>cers.  | Doleful.                   |
| 1922                                 | Capt. Baldwin, 11th-12th<br>Lancers.  | Blue Baron.                |

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### *Hog-Hunter's Cup—*

| Date. | Owner.                             | Horse.  |
|-------|------------------------------------|---|
| 1919  | Capt. H. Wilson .. ..              | Johnson (ridden by Capt. Evans).                      |
| 1920  | Capt. West, R.A. .. ..             | Bombay Duck.  |
| 1921  | Major Hendry, XI.-XII. Cavalry.    | Brigadier.  |
| 1922  | (Heavy Weight) Capt. Freer, R.H.A. | Lottery.  |
| "     | (Light Weight) Capt. West, R.A.    | Bombay Duck (ridden by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales). |

*Ganges Cup.*—The “Ganges Cup,” value about 500 Rs., is given annually by the Cawnpore Tent Club. The following are its conditions :—

“Anyone entering a horse must be a subscriber to the Cawnpore Tent Club for the current season. Catch-weights. Owners up. Any owner unable to ride must put up a weight not less than his own, provided that in no case shall any owner be compelled to put up more than fourteen stone. Spears not to exceed  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, and to be used over hand.

“To be run for about the first week in April. The exact date will be notified hereafter. The contesting spears to be divided by lot into parties of not more than four.

“The parties will, as far as possible, be so arranged that any owner entering two horses will be able to ride them both. With this object every owner entering more than one horse must declare before

the parties are drawn which is his first, second, etc., horse.

“ The parties to be started by an umpire, who will accompany them. The takers of the first spear in each party to contest for the final spear and cup. It is not necessary for the first spear that the pig be killed. No spear delivered on the near side to count.

“ Any dispute arising about first spear to be left to the decision of the Committee, as to whether the course be run again or not. The Committee reserve to themselves the power of excluding any horse.

“ First entry, one gold mohur.

“ Second entry, up to and including the day before the race, two gold mohurs.”

The following are the winners of the Ganges Cup :—

| Date. | Owner.                                  | Horse.                     |
|-------|---|----------------------------|
| 1875  | Mr. W. C. Wyllie .. ..                  | b.a.h. Uriah the Hit-tite. |
| 1876  | Mr. A. W. Cruickshank ..                | b.a.h. The Moor.           |
| 1877  | Hon. C. Cavendish, 10th Hussars         | b.w.g. Fop.                |
| 1878  | Mr. C. F. Knyvett .. ..                 | g.cb.g. Wild Tommy.        |
| 1879  | Mr. G. T. Spankie .. ..                 | b.w.m. Princess.           |
| 1880  | Hon. G. Bryan, 10th Hussars ..          | g.a.h. Uncle G.            |
| 1881  | Capt. Longbourne, 6th Regt. ..          | g.a.h. Barsac.             |
| 1882  | Hon. G. Bryan, 10th Hussars ..          | g.a.h. Uncle G.            |
| 1883  | Maharaj Rana Dholepore ..               | ch.a.h. Red Prince.        |
| 1884  | Capt. K. M. M'Laren, 13th Hussars.      | b.w.m. Kate.               |
| 1885  | Not run.                                |                            |
| 1886  | Sirdar Indurbir Sing .. ..              | b.w.m. Hagarene.           |
| 1887  | (No meeting owing to too dense jungle.) |                            |

Eleven contests, in which six Arabs, four Walers, one country-bred were winners.

*The other Cups.*—The “*Bheema Cup*” was given annually by the Poona Tent Club, to be contested with long spear.

It has unfortunately not been contested the last year or two on account of scarcity of pig, opposition of land-owners, and want of countenance generally.

The following were the rules under which it was conducted :—

1. Catch-weights, owners up. In the event of an owner having two horses in one heat or being disabled he may put up a rider, who must be a member of the Poona Hunt, and of not less weight than himself.

2. Contesting spears to be divided into parties of four, and the takers of first spear of each party to contend for final spear and cup. Spears not to exceed 8 feet in length.

3. To take first spear it is not necessary that the hog should be killed, but blood must be drawn.

4. Spears to be delivered on the off side only, unless by a left-handed man, who must declare before starting.

5. An umpire will accompany each party, who will, if possible, settle all disputes, but who can, if in doubt, submit the point to the Hunt Committee.

6. Any rider making a frivolous objection, or claiming first spear when the claim thereto cannot be substantiated, will be fined one dozen of champagne.

7. Foul riding is not allowed. Intentional collision between riders or horses constitutes foul riding, and conviction thereof will disqualify.

8. To avoid an owner having two or more horses

in one heat (except the final), each owner will on entering name his horses as first, second, or third. The *first* will be drawn with the horses of those who have one entry. The second horses will be divided into heats, and the third and fourth be made up into heats according to numbers.

The following are the winners of the Bheema Cup :—

| Date. | Winner.                    | Horse.              | No. of starters. |
|-------|----------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| 1881  | Capt. Hore .. ..           | b.a.h. Butterfly .. | 28               |
| 1882  | Mr. Marriott, Poona Horse. | b.a.h. Mercury ..   | 35               |
| 1883  | Mr. N. Symons ..           | g.a.h. Woodpigeon   | 22               |
| 1884  | Mr. J. L. Symons ..        | b.w.g. Kestrel ..   | 13               |

Four contests, in which three Arabs and one Waler were winners.

*The Gujerat Cup.*—The Gujerat Cup was started in 1885, on the discontinuance of the Bheema Cup.

| Date. | Winner.              | Horse.              | No. of starters. |
|-------|----------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| 1885  | Mr. N. Symons ..     | g.a.h. Woodpigeon   | 18               |
| 1886  | Captain M. B. Salmon | g.a.h. Shahbaz ..   | —                |
| 1887  | Mr. H. G. Bulkley .. | b.a.g. Templer ..   | —                |
| 1888  | Mr. J. L. Symons ..  | w.g. Albatross ..   | —                |
| 1889  | Mr. Birdwood ..      | w.m. Kate Coventry. | —                |

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## THE GUJERAT CUP—*continued.*

| Date. | Winner.   | Horse.                          | No. of starters. |
|-------|---|---------------------------------|------------------|
| 1890  | Captain H. Capel-Cure,<br>61st Regiment.            | Placid Joe ..                   | —                |
| 1891  | Maharana of Dholpur ..                              | w. Donegal ..                   | —                |
| 1892  | Maharana of<br>Dholpur<br>Maharaja of<br>Patiala    | Arab Sarang ..<br>Phyllis .. .. | —<br>—           |
|       | } Divided   |                                 |                  |
| 1893  | Maharana of Dholpur ..                              | Sarang .. ..                    | —                |
| 1894  | Captain Beresford ..                                | ch.w.g. Flying<br>Dutchman.     | —                |
| 1895  | Mr. F. L. Wallace ..                                | Phoenix . ..                    | —                |
| 1896  | Colonel E. Locke Elliot                             | —                               | —                |
| 1897  | Major Mills, Dublin<br>Fusiliers.                   | Eng.t.b.m.<br>Clarissa.         | —                |
| 1898  | Captain Goring-Jones,<br>D.L.I.                     | b.w.g. Do weel ..               | —                |
| 1899  | Mr. A. Hewlett, C.I.H.                              | b.w.g. Larrikin ..              | —                |
| 1900  | No meet.  |                                 |                  |
| 1901  | Meet abandoned.                                     |                                 |                  |
| 1902  | No meet.  |                                 |                  |
| 1903  | No meet.  |                                 |                  |
| 1904  | Captain J. H. M. Davie,<br>Royal Scots.             | " B.P." .. ..                   | —                |
| 1905  | Major Edwards, 33rd<br>Light Cavalry.               | ch.w.m. Mermaid                 | —                |
| 1906  | Captain Sir J. Mil-<br>banke, 10th R. Hus-<br>sars. | b.w.g. Cockchafer               | —                |
| 1907  | Mr. Medlicott, R.F.A..                              | g.s./a.g. Result<br>II.         | —                |
| 1908  | Mr. D. Graham ..                                    | br.w.g. Sparten ..              | —                |
| 1909  | Captain H. Medlicott,<br>3rd Skinner's Horse.       | Result II.                      | —                |

THE GUJERAT CUP—*continued.*

| Date. | Winner.                                    | Horse.            | No. of starters. |
|-------|--|-------------------|------------------|
| 1910  | Lieut.-Col. Forbes ..                      | b.w.m. Polly ..   | —                |
| 1911  | Nawab of Radhanput ..                      | bl.w.m. Nagan ..  | —                |
| 1912  | No meet.                                   |                   |                  |
| 1913  | Rajah of Baria ..                          | b.w.m. Express .. | —                |
| 1914  | Mr. G. C. G. Gray, 3rd<br>Skinner's Horse. | Sher Dil .. ..    | —                |
| 1915  |  |                   |                  |
| 1916  |  |                   |                  |
| 1917  |  |                   |                  |
| 1918  |  |                   |                  |
| 1919  |  |                   |                  |
| 1920  |  |                   |                  |
| 1921  |  |                   |                  |
| 1922  |  |                   |                  |

THE MUTTRA TENT CLUB

If I am wanted after leaving this world, please call up "Koila Jheel, Muttra." That is where I had my sporting Paradise a good many years ago. Muttra was then a nailing centre for pig-sticking, but like many other places it has had its ups and downs. The record for our stay there (1882-1884) was 428 pig. After that the average ran to about 210 per annum. The Royals made the record bag of 400 in 1910-1911. Little was done after 1914 till the Tent Club was reorganised in 1919 by Major Gannon. He was succeeded by Captain Scott-Cockburn in 1921, when the bag went up to 144,



## 304 PIG-STICKING OR HOG-HUNTING

and in the following year to 240. This increase enabled the Muttra Cup competition to be revived, which had been instituted by the Inniskillings in 1913.

The Muttra Cup is for teams of three from any Regiment or Tent Club, and is won by the team which kills the greatest number of pig in a given number of runs. This involves finding a great number of pig that are rideable and in country that is fair ; but it is a very sporting contest. Up to 1921 the scarcity of pig had prevented its being run ; the winners after this were :—

|         |    |                       |   |
|---------|----|-----------------------|---|
| 1921 .. | .. | 7th Hussars ..        | { Major Thornton, M.C.<br>Captain Weatherall,<br>O.B.E.<br>Captain Chandos-Poole.                 |
| 1922 .. | .. | Lucknow Tent<br>Club. | { Major Yorke, D.S.O.,<br>R.H.A.<br>Mr. T. F. Martin, R.H.A.<br>Mr. Heber-Percy, 16th<br>Lancers. |



THE FINISH : OR, THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

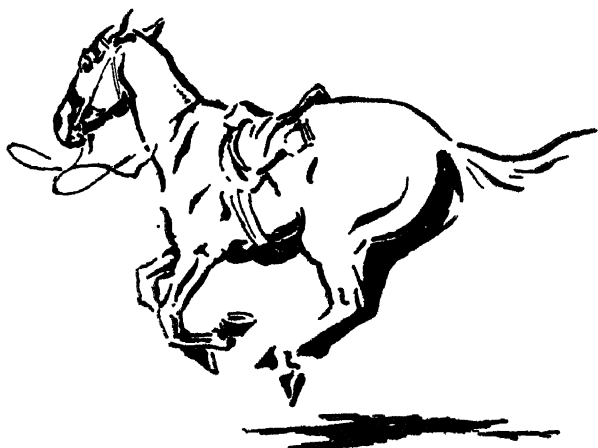
## ENVOI.

Well, reader, I have carried you thus far (that is, supposing that you have cared to stick to me so long).

If you are inclined to go on with the chase, you have, in General Wardrop and "Modern Pig-sticking," a far better and fresher mount awaiting you than the old crock who now leaves you.

With all my heart, I wish you

A SPORTING RUN AND A WORTHY FINISH !



GOOD-BY-EE.



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